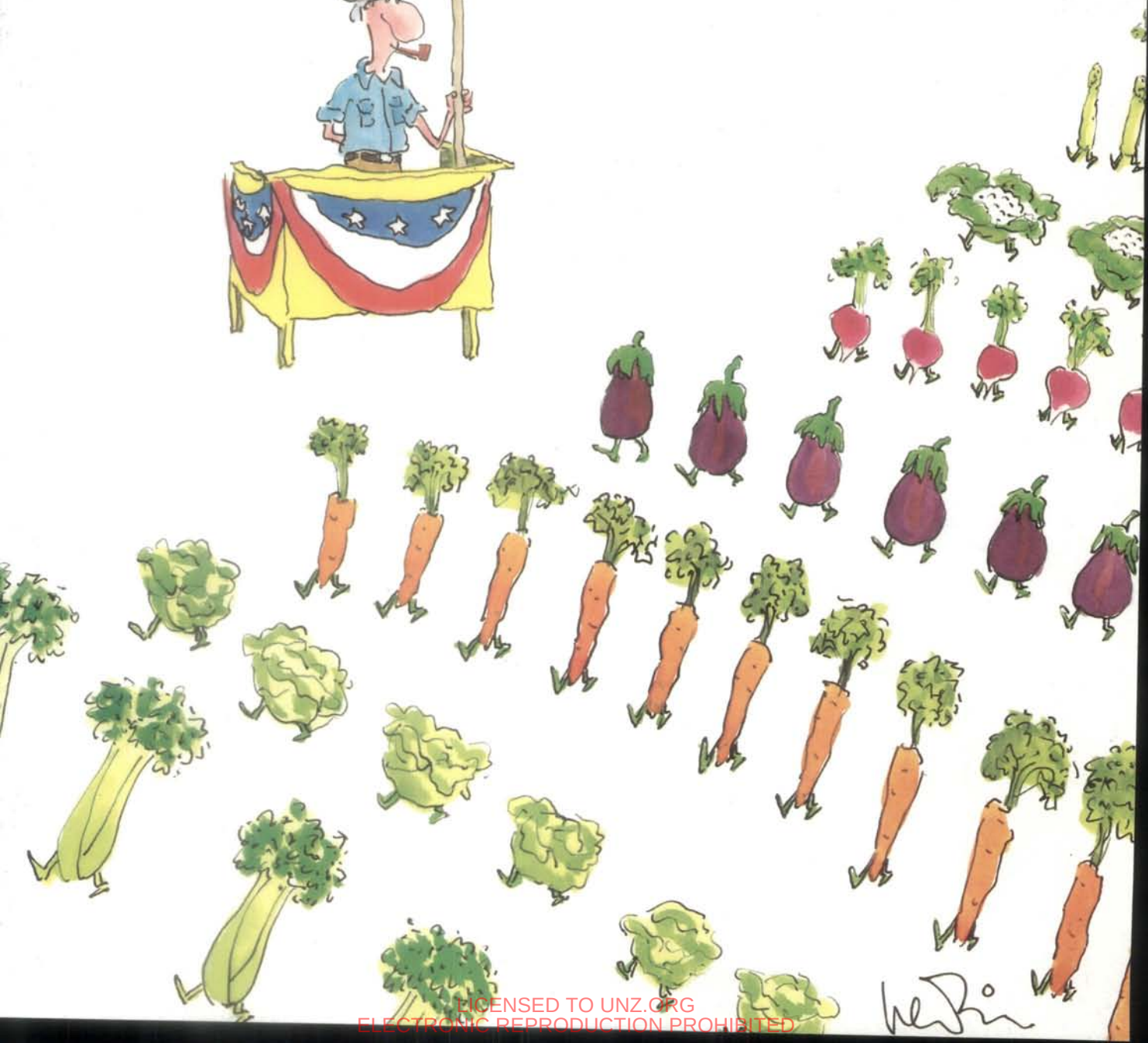


Sept. 6, 1982

THE

Price \$1.25

NEW YORKER





A few of the things you should know about Coach® Belts

Coach® Belts are classic Glove Leather belts that are well constructed and beautifully detailed.

Coach® Belts are made by the same people who make Coach® Bags – produced in the same factory, made out of the same leather and stitched by the same sewing machine operators.

Coach® Belts are made in a range of men's and women's widths and sizes. There are ten colors of Glove Tanned Cowhide to choose from as well as an assortment of leather-trimmed wools and linens in colorful racing stripes and solids.

Coach® Belts – whether they are made entirely of leather or in combination with natural fibers – all have the same crisp, traditional saddlery look that is unmistakably "Coach."

Coach® Belts are distinguished by their authentic solid brass hardware, each buckle individually cast in sand.

Coach® Belts have been made in the same basic models with the same classic harness buckles for over ten years. Many fads and trends have come and gone in that time, but these belts have never gone out of style.

If you cannot find the Coach® Belt you want in a store near you, you can order it directly from The Coach® Store in New York. For Catalogue, write or call: The Coach® Store, 754 Madison Avenue, New York City 10021. Telephone: (212) 594-1581.

The American Look

Sportive elegance

typically American

sweater-and-skirting

with the luxurious touch

and texture of chenille,

a romantic palette

of jade green.

To wear, with

typically American assurance

over a shimmering blouse

of pale green charmeuse.

The buttoned cardigan jacket in
a chenille of rayon-acrylic-silk-nylon,
accordion pleated acrylic-polyester-
nylon skirt, bowed blouse
of acrylic-nylon charmeuse.

The three-part suit by Vivanti
in sizes 6 to 14, 170.00.

Third Floor, Lord & Taylor,
Fifth Avenue at 39th Street—

And at all Lord & Taylor stores.

Call us toll-free 800-223-7440

In New York State 800-522-5195

(except area code 212).

In New York City and information

(212) 391-1199

All, 24-hours a day including Sunday.



You can thank Lord & Taylor for The American Look

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas
THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AGNES OF GOD—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE BROWNING VERSION and **THE TWELVE POUND LOOK**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 12.)

CHARLOTTE SWEET—A spoof of Victorian music hall that is occasionally amusing, but more often just silly. The libretto is by Michael Colby and the music by Gerald Jay Markoe. The young company performs valiantly and with some skill. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Presenting **JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN**, an adaptation by Bradley Rand Smith of Dalton Trumbo's novel of the same title. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 1-2, at 8.)

THE DEATH OF VON RICHTHOFFEN AS WITNESSED FROM EARTH—This musical spectacle about the First World War was written, composed, and directed by the astonishing Des McAnuff. The production, on Douglas W. Schmidt's impressive setting, steams along for a little over an act and then is swamped by its own theatricality. The acting is admirable. John Vickery is Von Richthofen, Bob Gunton is Hermann Göring, and Robert Joy, Mark Linn-Baker, Jeffrey Jones, and Robert Westenberg appear in other roles. (8/23/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5.)

THE DINING ROOM—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Janet Maylie, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DREAMGIRLS—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE FOX—An adaptation, by Allan Miller, of D. H. Lawrence's story about two women who live on a farm in rural England and whose

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

lives are disrupted (to say the least) by the intrusion of a mysterious young soldier. The time is November of 1918. Under the direction of Mr. Miller, the performance is all it should be, and the script embodies both Lawrence's strength and his weaknesses. With Jenny O'Hara, Mary Layne, and Michael Horton. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 19.)

GENIUSES—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GHOSTS—Liv Ullmann, John Neville, and Edward Binns head the cast of this Ibsen play with an adaptation by Arthur Kopit. Directed by Mr. Neville. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Sept. 5: Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. PINAFORE*.

... Starting Wednesday, Sept. 8: Victor Herbert's *THE RED MILL* (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS—A musical spoof of the 1960 Roger Corman film of the same title. The book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman, and the music is by Alan Menken. Originally presented at the WPA Theatre earlier this year. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIVINGSTONE AND SECHELE—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Rynlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MASTER HAROLD... AND THE BOYS—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age schoolboy's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NINE—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	27
"THE KILLION" Ian Frazier	32
"A TELEPHONE CALL ON YOM KIPPUR" Isaac Bashevis Singer	34
"A SUMMER NIGHT" (POEM) Douglas Dunn	36
OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS (MABEL MERCE) Whitney Balliett	40
"IN MY OWN BACK YARD" (POEM) David Young	42
A REPORTER AT LARGE (HAWAII—PART II) Robert Shaplen	50
THE CURRENT CINEMA Pauline Kael	96
MUSICAL EVENTS Nicholas Kenyon	100
BOOKS Naomi Bliven	104
BRIEFLY NOTED	106

COVER: Arnie Levin

DRAWINGS: Charles Saxon, Joseph Mirachi, William Steig, Stan Hunt, George Price, Warren Miller, Robert Mankoff, Ed Arno, Peter Steiner, Arnie Levin, Thomas B. Allen, James Stevenson, Barney Tobey, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Al Ross, Frank Modell, Edward Koren, Roz Chast, Mort Gerberg, Jack Ziegler

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

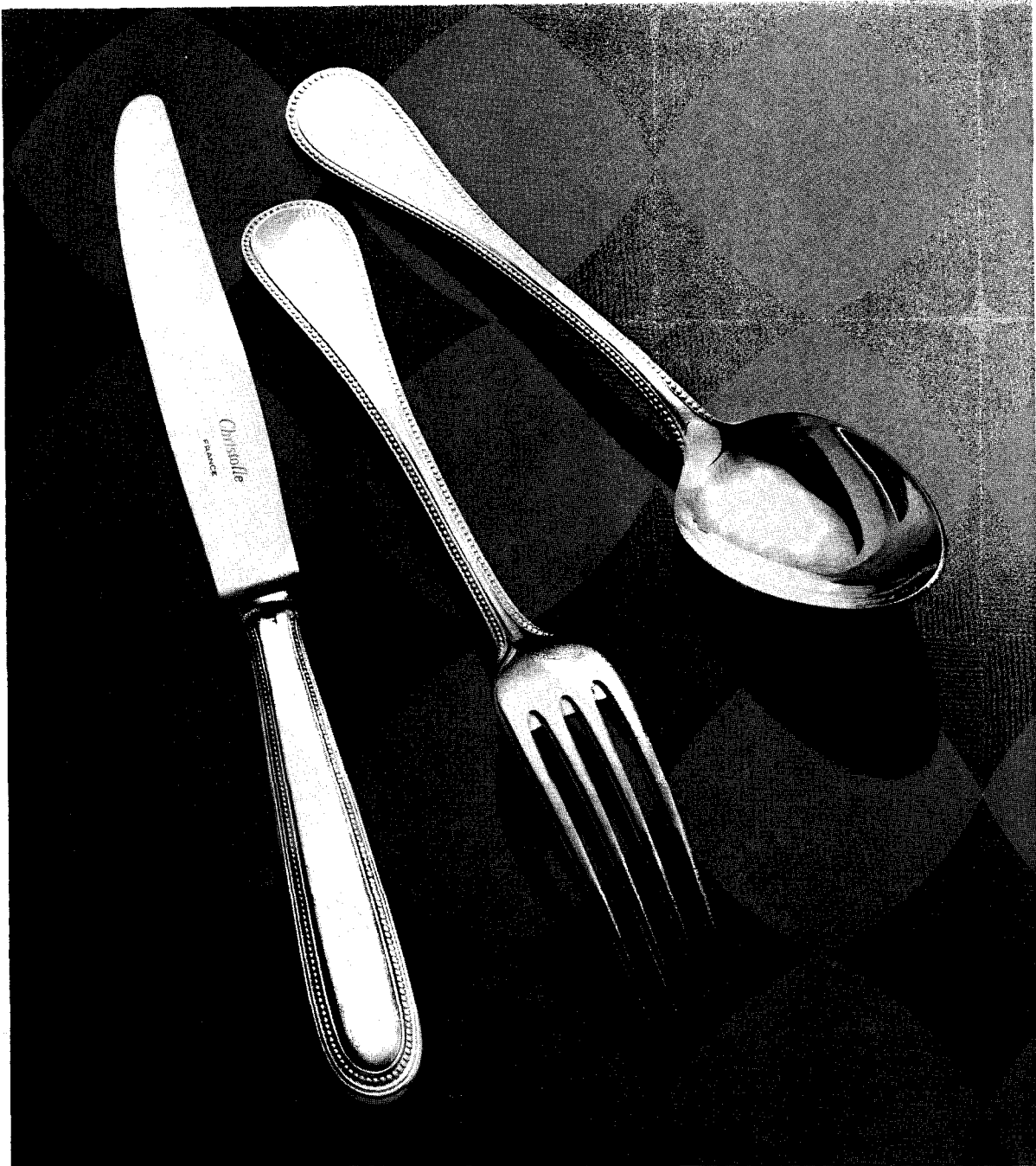
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman, George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bose, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 29, September 6, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$28.00; two years, \$46.00. In Canada, one year, \$34.00. Other foreign, \$40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

The Elegant Alternative



There is a choice now. Christofle silverplate. Probably the only kind that approximates the weight, balance and design of the best solid sterling.

Classic styles, distinguished by the refinement and imagination that have made Christofle the premier silversmiths in France since 1830.

Christofle

Orfèvre à Paris

PATTERN SHOWN: PERLES AT HAHNE'S, WESTFIELD AND LIVINGSTON • J.W. ROBINSON'S, LOS ANGELES • FOLEY'S, HOUSTON • RICH'S, ATLANTA • MARSHALL FIELD'S, CHICAGO • MACY'S CALIFORNIA • LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PRESENT LAUGHTER—Noël Coward's somewhat autobiographical comedy stands up very well after almost forty years, though the production, directed by and starred in by George C. Scott, takes gross liberties with the spirit of the play. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabe substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinee performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—Patti LaBelle and Al Green in a return engagement of the musical taken from the Book of Matthew by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 9, at 6:30, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 3. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**AMADEUS**: Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (URIS, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CLOUD 9**: Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **CRIMES OF THE HEART**: Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Kathy Danzer, Caryn West, J. Smith-Cameron, Tim Choate, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **EVITA**: A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,296 performances so far. (Sullivan Street



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT**: Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2.) ... **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**: A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES**: A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU AND THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**: "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **A SOLDIER'S PLAY**: The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through

Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) ... **SOPHISTICATED LADIES**: Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **WOMAN OF THE YEAR**: Raquel Welch heads the cast. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursday, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 6.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pals-son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9. No performances Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 1-5.)

DANCE

ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—Seven programs of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 8-10, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11-12, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.) ... **Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.**

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** heads a trio; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and his trio will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **ART FARMER**, the crisp, clean flugelhorn wizard, works with pianist **FRED HERSCH**, bassist **RAY DRUMMOND**, and drummer **AKIRA TAMA** through Sunday, Sept. 5; Monday, Sept. 6, will belong to alto saxophonist **MONTY WATERS**; and on Tuesday, Sept. 7, **EMILY REMLER**, an exciting young guitarist, will arrive with a trio. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, rock, folk, and blues singer and guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN**; Thursday, Sept. 9, bluesman **JOHNNY COPELAND** and the **Blasters**; and Friday, Sept. 10, **MONTEITH & RAND** and **ANDRÉ DE SHIELDS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: bassist **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** through Saturday, Sept. 4; pianist **LARRY WILLIS** on Sunday, Sept. 5; and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** beginning Monday, Sept. 6. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON**, who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a

teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and her bassist, **STEVE LA SPINA**, provide summer music at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Closed Friday through Monday, Sept. 3-6.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ**, who was influenced by Tatum and Chopin, is at the piano in this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Sept. 1, the Swingers, Rocket 88, the Rich Buckland Band, and Fred's Band; Thursday, Sept. 2, the Reason Being, Hot Kapers, Nikko Toy, and the Boogles; and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 3-5, **ALAN VEGA**. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country or Western-swing bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team. Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, singer **CHRIS CONNOR** will fill in for Alberta Hunter. Sundays through Tuesdays, **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Sept. 1, Joe and Antoinette McKenna; Saturday, Sept. 4, **SKYLINE**, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA's** bluegrass band; and Saturday, Sept. 11, Charged Particles, with Marty Cutler. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertoire for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two nightly, except Sundays. Wednesdays, other combos play from five-thirty to eight-thirty: On Sunday, Sept. 5, **GEORGE KELLY** will play tenor sax with his **JAZZ SULTANS** from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**NAT ADDERLEY**, an entertaining raconteur and an earthy, bluesy cornettist, has joined forces with the driving alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** and a razor-sharp rhythm section—pianist **LARRY WILLIS**, bassist **WALTER BOOKER**, and drummer **JIMMY COBB**—through Sunday, Sept. 5. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** will bring in her trio. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Sept. 1, rural-blues archivist **JOHN HAMMOND**; Thursday, Sept. 2, Sal Ritz and the Back-Street Band; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, singer **MARIA MULDAUR**; Thursday, Sept. 9, singer and bassist **RICK DANKO**; Friday, Sept. 10, the Aztec Two-Step; and Saturday, Sept. 11, Judy Gorman-Jacobs and Serious Bizness. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's

just good business. The live music: Wednesday, Sept. 1, singer Connie James; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 2-4, singer Jo Grinage and pianist Joe Knight; Monday, Sept. 6, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, and guitarist **TED DUNBAR** will team up; and on Tuesday, Sept. 7, singer Ebony Jo-Ann will arrive for a five-night visit. On Sundays, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY** works with a bassist. Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

GREGORY's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays and Tuesdays, **CHUCK WAYNE**, whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio; Wednesdays through Sundays, bassist **NABIL TOTAH** performs with guitarist **JACK WILKINS**, pianist **MIKE LONGO**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. Both groups begin playing about ten. Pianist Don Golsen works nightly except Sundays from five to ten; on Sundays singer Kitt Moran and pianist Mike Moran have the floor.

GRIFF's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Bassist **STEPHEN ROANE** and pianist **NOREEN GREY** are here through Friday, Sept. 3; on Tuesday, Sept. 7, the Leslie Pinterchik trio will move in. Music Tuesdays through Fridays from eight to midnight and Saturdays from nine to one. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 4-6.

HANRATTY's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD**, a stride specialist, translates just about everything that passes through his mind into a stride-piano solo. On Saturdays, **JAKI BYARD** fills in at the piano for him. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine.

JIMMY RYAN's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. **HANK JONES**, the elegant pianist who is big brother to Thad and Elvin, performs with bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** through Saturday, Sept. 4. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, **ROLAND HANNA**, who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, will come in with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND**. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** provide the piano-bass music on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 1, Texas Jewish cowboy folkie Kinky Friedman; Thursday, Sept. 2, Chicago blueswoman **KOKO TAYLOR** and Chicago bluesman **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON & THE LONERS**; and Monday, Sept. 6, **NRBQ**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

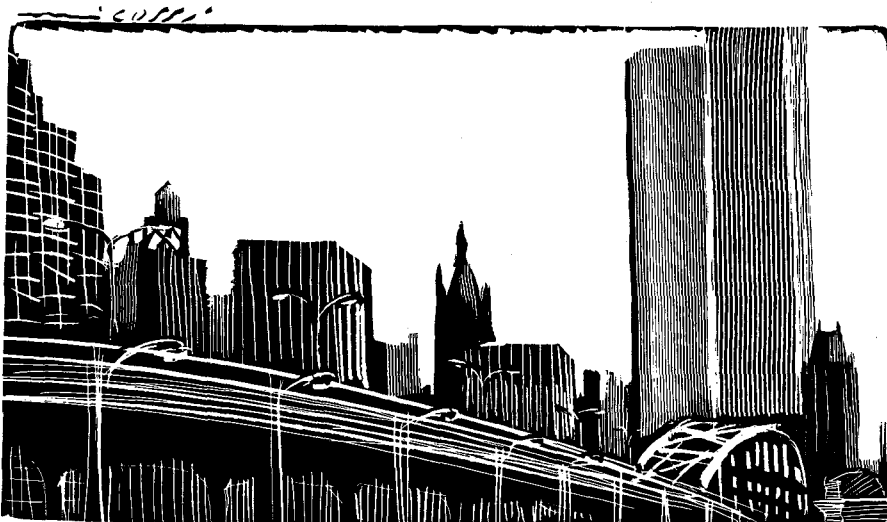
LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively. The solid lineup: Bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN's** very fine quintet, **TOP SHELF**, through Saturday, Sept. 4; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 5-6, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his macho Latin-jazz quintet, with vocalist **JON HENDRICKS** dropping by on Sunday; and beginning Tuesday, Sept. 7, singer **MORGANA KING**. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MARTY's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view, through Saturday, Sept. 4, of **NANCY WILSON**. On Friday, Sept. 10, **MEL TORMÉ** will return for a month-long stay. Shows Mondays through Thursdays (except Sept. 6-9) at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MAX MORATH** is playing ragtime piano with a ragtime quartet through Saturday, Sept. 4. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** will begin performing concert-style sets in which she'll play piano and sing "Peel Me a Grape," "The Pro Musica Antigua," "I'm Hip," and other tunes in her soft, clear, direct, uncomplicated voice. Shows begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays from nine to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Thursday, Sept. 2, blues and rock guitarist **ARLEN ROTH**; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric violinist; and Wednesday, Sept. 8, singer Toby Altman. Music from ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Sept. 1, wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his quintet and Kathleen Adair & the Guitar Choir; Thursday, Sept. 2, comic **HENNY YOUNGMAN**; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, Dan Hicks; Sunday, Sept. 5, R. & B. saxophonist **BENNY MOROUSE**; Wednesday, Sept. 8, Friends & Enemies; Thursday, Sept. 9, Archie Bell & the Bell System Show Band; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MC GHEE**. Shows begin at nine-thirty



Lancôme presents
NUTRIBEL
Nourishing Hydrating Emulsion

All-day nourishment that brings beautiful new life... renewed elasticity to your skin.

Fluid as a lotion, rich as a creme, and so sheer it penetrates instantly. Silky skin is all that remains.

Nutribel's nutrient-rich formula is the key—bringing linoleic acid's* nourishing action plus selected moisture agents directly, deeply into your skin for renewed elasticity that lasts 24 hours.

One application daily is all you need for beautifully supple, youthfully radiant skin.

Nutribel means beautiful nourishment.



LANCÔME
PARIS

The Nutribel Deep Penetrating Facial Treatment
is available at the Saks Fifth Avenue Lancôme Institut de Beauté

*Stabilized in Jojoba Oil; complex patent pending.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LANCÔME



NUTRIBEL
Nourishing
Hydrating Emulsion

LANCÔME

2.4 fl. oz./71 ml

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and midnight. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Wednesday, Sept. 1, Johnny Thunders and Lou Miami & the Kosmetix; Thursday, Sept. 2, **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS**; Friday, Sept. 3, Our Daughter's Wedding; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 6-7, the **ENGLISH BEAT**; Wednesday, Sept. 8, **FINN & THE SHARKS** and **BMT**; and Thursday, Sept. 9, James White & the Blacks. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and the **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting and irresistible music to lindy to through Saturday, Sept. 4. On Sunday, Sept. 5, trumpeter, singer, and arranger **SY OLIVER**, along with his bouncy dance septet, will move in. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, Sept. 1, **Black Flag**; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, **Burning Spear**; Monday, Sept. 6, **Pa-dant-iks**; Tuesday, Sept. 7, **Divine**; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9, **DAVE EDMUNDS**, the reedy-voiced English rock-and-roll singer; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, **Talk Talk**. Shows usually begin after midnight.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Sept. 1, Gerardo Velez & Mixed Nuts; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 2-5, a heavy-weight quintet consisting of bassist **RON CARTER**, saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH**, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON**, and drummer **ART TAYLOR**; Monday, Sept. 6, the **Widespread Jazz Orchestra**; and Tuesday, Sept. 7, **Bush Rock**. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle: Thursday, Sept. 2, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAYA BAHIA BAND**; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, **PÉ-DE-BOL**, a power-samba band; Sunday, Sept. 5, and Thursday, Sept. 9, **Brazil 2000**; and Tuesday, Sept. 7, Tony Semifusa's quartet. Wednesdays are given over to guitarist, singer, and arranger **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room with very good weekend music. Friday

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, will belong to bassist **MICKEY BASS** and his quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP**, His Nattiness, leads a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 5; on Monday, Sept. 6, the pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will guide a trio; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 7, trumpeter **BUCK HILL**'s quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues club with occasional Irish music, too. **BIG JOE TURNER**, a real live history of Kansas City blues, sings here Wednesdays through Saturdays from about nine, with some fine, sturdy help from tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, guitarist **BILLY BUTLER** (a master of sliding blues chords and a veteran of the Bill Doggett recording of "Honky Tonk"), and a sufficiently bluesy quintet. On Sunday, Sept. 5, fiddler Paddy Reynolds and ballad singer Jim O'Connor will perform Irish tunes from six until two.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, Sept. 1, the Staff and the Symbols; Thursday, Sept. 2, the Brakes and the Blenders; Friday, Sept. 3, the Swing and Knucklehead Smith; Tuesday, Sept. 7, the Outsides and the Mistakes; Wednesday, Sept. 8, the Corps and Charlie Midnight; Thursday, Sept. 9, the Race and Zero Boys; Friday, Sept. 10, the Messengers; and Saturday, Sept. 11, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloane and the Nitecaps. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the downstairs room presents salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on Sept. 6, **Papo Lucca y Sonora Poncena** and **RAY BARRETTO**'s orchestra will be present with guest soloist **SONNY FORTUNE**. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, jazz tap dancers **Honi Coles** and the **Copasetics** will perform in the Top of the Gate at eight-thirty and eleven. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this, the most famous jazz club in the world. Alto saxophonist and composer **ARTHUR BLYTHE** is here with his quartet through Sunday, Sept. 5, and Mr. Blythe's wonderfully full-but-not-too-filling lush tone simply must be heard in a live performance. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, pianist **MAL WALDRON** will arrive to work with tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**, and trumpeter **IDREES SULIEMAN**. Mondays remain **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Brazilian pianist and

composer **DOM SALVADOR** heads up a trio through Monday, Sept. 6; on Tuesday, Sept. 7, singer **CAROL SLOANE** will arrive with pianist **MIKE ABENE** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are **Hank Johnson** on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **Kuni Mikami** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Bebopping pianist **JOE ALBANY** and his quartet, which features **JIMMY KNEPPER** on trombone, are on hand through Monday, Sept. 6; on Tuesday, Sept. 7, the proceedings will be turned over to saxophonist **Percy France**. Music from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALSA CONCERT—El Gran Combo, Oscar D'Leon, Johnny Ventura, Willie Colon, and Hector LaVoe. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 4, at 8.)

YES MONTANO—Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 2 and 8:30.

JOHNNY MATHIS—With Jeannine Burnier. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 8.)

KEISHA ST. JOAN—With Marvin Horne, Peck Morrison, Walter Perkins, and others. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, Sept. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SUPERFEST—Aretha Franklin, Ashford and Simpson, Stephanie Mills, Dazz Band, and Smokey Robinson. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 11, at 7:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: **Charli Persip & Superband**. . . . Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 2-4, at 10, 11:30, and 1: **Cedar Walton**, **Al Haig**, **Buster Williams**, **Billy Hart**, and others. . . . Sunday, Sept. 5, at 10 and midnight: **John Hicks** big band. . . . Monday, Sept. 6, at 7: **Lloyd McNeill** quintet, **Charles Davis** sextet, and **Bill Hardman-Junior Cook** quintet. . . . Thursday, Sept. 9, at 10, 11:30, and 1: **Joe Gardner** quintet. . . . Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: **Lee Konitz** nonet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

WILLIAM GLACKENS (1870-1938)—Drawings, among them views from his studio on Washington Square. Through Sept. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CANDACE HILL-MONTGOMERY/REVEREND HOWARD FINSTER—A two-room installation combining painting, sculpture, and photography. / Works using found objects, with descriptive texts by this retired minister and repairman from Summerville, Georgia. Through Sept. 22. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens at noon.)

PAUL JENKINS—Recent watercolors. Through Saturday, Sept. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAVID MILNE (1882-1953)—A show of paintings and drawings by a Canadian artist who lived in New York from 1903-16 and absorbed numerous modern influences here, notably from the work of Cézanne, Prendergast, and Matisse. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) populate the Battery Park City Landfill in



Since 1715.
One of the world's more
civilized pleasures.



To send a gift of Martell in the U.S., call 800-528-6148.
Imported by The Jos. Garneau Co., N.Y., N.Y. © 1981.

The Burberry Look



Sheltering under the 'Burbrolly' in the internationally famous Burberry check, Lord Lichfield and Lady Annunziata Asquith wear the traditional Burberry trenchcoats for men and women. Available from leading shops and stores throughout the country.

For list of stockists contact: Burberrys International Limited, Suite 1714, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104. Telephone: (212) 246 2570.

Where to find 'The Burberry Look'

Available from the Burberry stores in New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

Also available at the following fine stores:

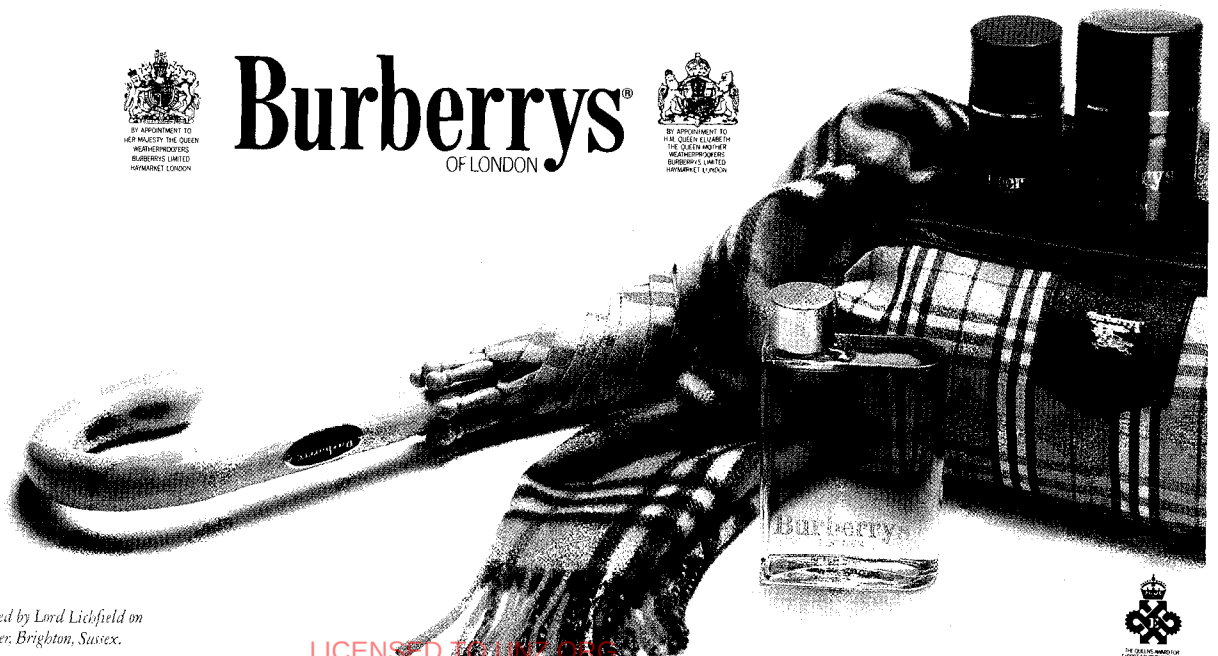
Baltimore, Maryland Octavia	Jackson, Michigan Jacobson Stores	Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Harold's
Boston, Massachusetts Jordon Marsh Zareh	Kansas City, Missouri Jack Henry	Orbach's Squire Shop
Chicago, Illinois Baskin Clothing Company Brittany Ltd. Capper & Capper Marshall Field Mark Shale/Al Baskin	Lexington, Kentucky Rodes	Palo Alto, California Tearney's
Cleveland, Ohio Peer Gordon	Little Rock, Arkansas M. M. Cohn	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Boyd's Wanamaker
Columbus, Ohio Investment Clothiers Lazarus	Los Angeles, California Marie France Lew Ritter	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania Kaufman's
Dallas, Texas Abercrombie & Fitch Carriage Shop Neiman-Marcus Sanger Harris	Milwaukee, Wisconsin Berman Bach	Portland, Oregon Nordstrom
Denver, Colorado The Buccaneer Perkin-Shearer The Regiment	Minneapolis, Minnesota Donaldson's Juster's Sims Ltd.	Providence, Rhode Island William Harris
Greenville, South Carolina Rush Wilson	New York, New York B. Altman Barney's Bergdorf-Goodman Bloomingdale's Bonwit Teller Cosmos Boutique Lord & Taylor Macy's Saks Fifth Avenue	San Francisco, California I. Magnin Macy's S.F.
Hartford, Connecticut	New Haven, Connecticut J. Press	Seattle, Washington Littler's Nordstrom
Stackpole, Moore, Tryon	Newport Beach, California At Ease	Southampton, New York Dandelion Too
Houston, Texas Norton Ditto Sakowitz		Summit, New Jersey Roots
		Tampa, Florida Maas Brothers
		Washington, D.C. Britches of Georgetown Garfinckel's Raleigh's

*'Burberry' and 'Burberrys' and the device of an Equestrian Knight in armour are the registered trade marks of Burberrys Limited, London.
Every genuine Burberry garment contains a label incorporating a registered trade mark of Burberrys Limited.*



Burberrys®

OF LONDON

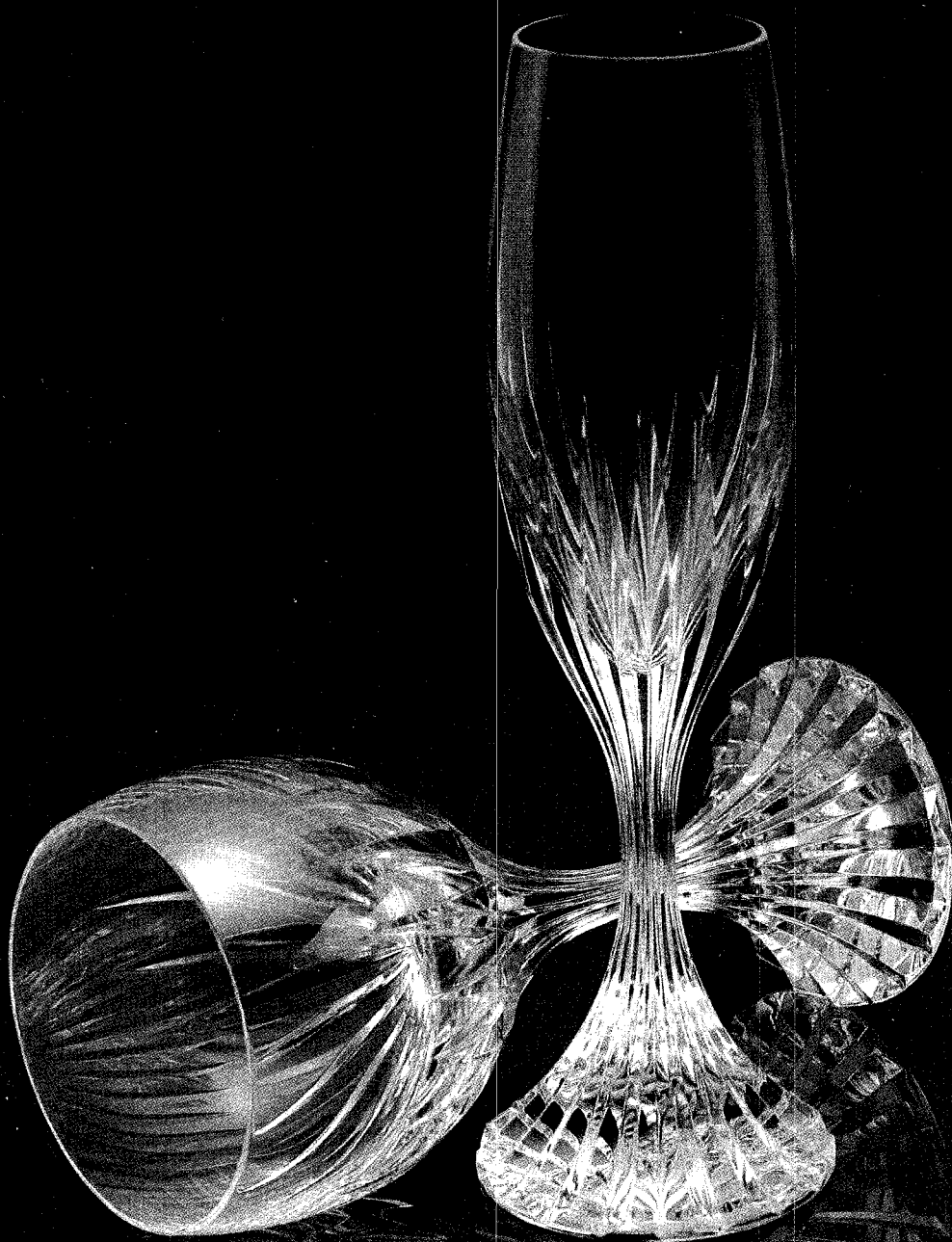


Photographed by Lord Lichfield on Brighton Pier, Brighton, Sussex.

LICENSED TO USE ONE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Baccarat. Why say more?



At selected stores and **BACCARAT** 55 E. 57 St. N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Scott Pfaffman, Jody Pinto, and David Saunders. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, lithographs, maps, and posters of Paris (Whistler), Rome (Muirhead Bone), Martini (Gauguin), and other far-off spots. The earliest prints date from the seventeenth century; the latest are from the early twentieth. Through Friday, Sept. 10. . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show, mounted by the Whitney Museum, saluting Universal Limited Art Editions' twenty-fifth anniversary: lithographs, etchings, and other works by those who worked under the late Tatyana Grossman's aegis, among them Frankenthaler, Dine, Motherwell, and Rauschenberg. Through Sept. 28. Another show of ULAE prints is currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Four large figurative paintings in oil by Otto Dix, and eight watercolors by Egon Schiele are included in a showing of works by half a dozen German Expressionists. Through Oct. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER**, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Conceptual drawings, color renderings, and models for the proposed rehabilitation of four subway stops that serve Astor Place, Eastern Parkway, Lincoln Center, and Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Third Street. . . . Another renovation exhibit, this one of projects actually under way, of photographs and drawings detailing restoration work planned for three landmark churches in New York City: St. Mark's In-the-Bowery (built in 1799), the Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields (1821), and the Church of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity (1847). Both shows through Sept. 25. (Closed Friday, Sept. 3.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Dufy, Marini (paintings), Arp, Archipenko (sculptures), and Moore (drawings and sculptures) are among the twentieth-century artists whose works are on view. Through Sept. 30. (Closed Friday, Sept. 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ERICH SALOMON (1886-1944) / BEAUMONT NEWHALL—Candid prints of statesmen and politicians. Through Sept. 12. / Architectural subjects, landscapes, and portraits of Henri Cartier-Bresson, Ansel Adams, and other photographers by the art historian. Through Sept. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORRIS WARMAN—Mostly candid shots of Winston Churchill, William Faulkner, Fiorello LaGuardia, Edith Piaf, Rex Stout, and thirty-three other notables, taken by a former *Herald Tribune* photographer. Through Sept. 30. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Three prints each by thirty-three Chicago photographers. Through Sept. 24. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A joint exhibit of Rhode Island architectural drawings, 1825-1945, which has been divided chronologically between the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Athenaeum). Through Sept. 15. . . . About sixty Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. . . . The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—While the museum's renovation and expansion project continues, about half of the permanent collection remains on view (on a rotating basis), along with the three shows currently being offered: Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other, the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . "New Work on Paper 2," the second in a series of exhibits of drawings by contemporary artists, contains examples (some of which are executed directly on the wall) by Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Mario Merz, A. R. Penck, and Giuseppe Penone. Through Sept. 21. . . . A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Universal Limited Art Editions. Through Sept. 17. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the depiction of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). Through Sunday, Sept. 5. . . .

A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other

hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than two hundred hand-colored fashion prints representing the sartorial trends followed by men, women, and children from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. . . . A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, with additional items chosen to demonstrate how lace patterns have been translated into patterns for wrought-iron gates, embroidery, and contemporary baskets. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

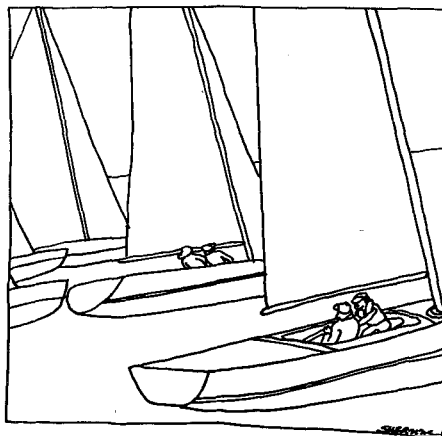
JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of fifteenth-century Dutch and Flemish illuminated manuscripts (among them the 1440 "Hours of Catherine of Cleves"); religious drawings (including one attributed to Hieronymus Bosch); and illustrated printed books (Ovid's "Metamorphoses" accompanied by woodcuts). Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Saturday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection is noting the centennial of the Irish writer James Stephens with a show of manuscripts, letters, and first editions that represent his work as a poet, adapter of Irish folktales, and BBC broadcast-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Labor Day, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—The fall season will open on Tuesday, Sept. 7, with a one-week engagement of a new production of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," after which the company will move into repertory continuing through Sunday, Nov. 14. There will be alternating casts: Elizabeth Hynes, Susanne Marsee, Joseph Evans, and Alan Titus, or Karen Huffstodt, Carol Gutknecht, Bruce Reed, and Louis Otey. Scott Bergeson will conduct both casts. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

CAROLINE STOESSINGER—Piano, in an all-Dvořák program, with Elizabeth Coss, soprano, and the Composers String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8.)

MUSIC TODAY—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Percy Grainger, Nicholas Thorne, Leonard Rosenman, and Alban Berg. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8.)

DAVID DEVEAU—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

BRAZIL NIGHT IN NEW YORK—Two concerts to be presented on Saturday, Sept. 11. At Avery Fisher Hall, at 8, João Carlos Martins and Arthur Lima, in a joint piano recital entitled "Bach Meets Chopin." ... At Alice Tully Hall, at 11, Mr. Lima and seven other musicians in a program of improvisational serenades, known in Brazil as chorinhos.

IN THE COUNTRY

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The final program of the season will be performed by Maria Benitez Estampa Flamenca. (Lee, Mass. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2-3, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 4-5, at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 7:35. ... Cincinnati, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 4, at 7:35; and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 1:35. ... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Monday, Sept. 6, at 2, and Tuesday and

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Wednesday, Sept. 7-8, at 8. ... Milwaukee, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 9-11, at 8.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Rutgers vs. Syracuse. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Friday, Sept. 3, at 7:30.) ... Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 4, at 6:30.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Denver Broncos, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Sept. 4, at 8.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 5.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Sept. 1, through Monday, Oct. 11. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 4; the Flower Bowl Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 5; the Jerome Handicap, Monday, Sept. 6; the Astorita, Wednesday, Sept. 8; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Friday, Sept. 10; and the Maskette, Saturday, Sept. 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) ... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturday at 11:20.) ... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Nightly at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. ... **MEADOWLANDS**: Racing begins Monday, Sept. 6, and will run through Friday, Dec. 31. Post time opening week will be Monday, Sept. 6, at 1:30; Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 7-10, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 11, at 1:30 and 8. The Rutgers, Monday, Sept. 6. ... **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Tuesday, Sept. 7, through Monday, Oct. 18.

RUNNING—The Fifth Avenue Mile will start at 5 on Saturday, Sept. 4, at 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Tulsa, in the final game in the North American Soccer League's quarterfinal playoff series. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday, Sept. 1, through Thursday, Sept. 9, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Sept. 10, at 11; Saturday, Sept. 11, at noon; and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 4. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6. ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, except Labor Day, when

post time will be 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 20.

ET ALIA

INTREPID SEA-AIR-SPACE MUSEUM—The Second World War aircraft carrier Intrepid is now permanently berthed in Manhattan and has opened to the public the hangar and flight decks, as well as parts of the island superstructure. Among the exhibits are a collection of historical aircraft; a technological display of man's future in sea, air, and space; and a review of the Intrepid's thirty-eight-year history. (Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. 245-0072. Daily, 10 to 8.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. A merry, summery production in Heidi Landesman's delightful setting, with Allen Shawn's enchanting score. Among the good actors are William Hurt (Oberon), Michele Shay (Titania), and Jeffrey DeMunn (Bottom). James Lapine directed. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra in a Beethoven-Rachmaninoff program, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Sunday, Sept. 5, at 8.)

WALKING TOUR—"East Sixties: Mansions and Clubhouses," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 5, starting at Hunter College, Park Ave. between 68th and 69th Sts., at 1:30. For information, call 534-1672.

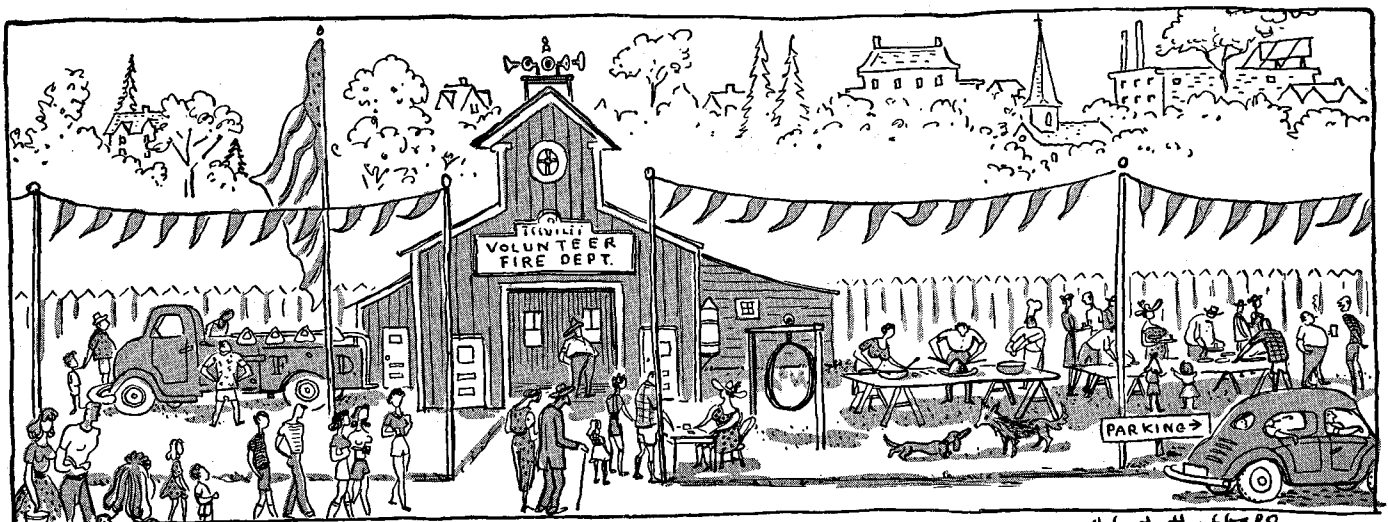
WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, Sept. 4-6; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11-12; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19, from noon until sundown.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Sept. 12 (day). Cleveland, Sept. 20-22 (night). Boston, Oct. 1 (n) and Oct. 2-3 (d). ... **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Sept. 17-18 (twi-night doubleheaders) and Sept. 19 (day). Montreal, Sept. 20 (night) and Sept. 21 (d). Philadelphia, Sept. 24 (n) and Sept. 25-26 (d). Pittsburgh, Sept. 27-28 (n). Chicago, Sept. 29-30 (n). ... **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS**: Start Oct. 5. ... **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS**: Start Oct. 6. ... **WORLD SERIES**: Starts Oct. 12 in the home park of the National League champion.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 18**: Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point; Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; and Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge. ... **SATURDAY, SEPT. 25**: Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca;



Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester; Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 2:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point; Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover; Fordham vs. Pace, at Fordham; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at Piscataway; and Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 9:** Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence; Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton; Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham; Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge; Rutgers vs. Army, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Boston University, at New Haven. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 10:** Manhattan vs. Maritime, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—SUNDAY, SEPT. 12: Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 19:** Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. . . . **MONDAY, SEPT. 20:** Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Giants Stadium. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 26:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Pittsburgh, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 3:** Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 10:** Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.

HOCKEY—AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Oct. 6. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all exhibition games): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Sept. 30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Rangers (exhibition game), Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Oct. 8.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (362-6000): The season will open on Sept. 20, with Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," and will run through April 16. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424):** Opening performance of the New York Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta conducting, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ American Philharmonic Orchestra, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Chorus of the World, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Oct. 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459):** American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ I Musici, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Oct. 8-9. . . . ¶ Nathaniel Rosen, cello, Oct. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911):** Aston Magna, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Tapiola Choir, Sept. 16. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410):** Eugene List, piano, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Sept. 28-29. . . . ¶ Judith Blegen, soprano, and Håkan Hagegård, baritone, Oct. 5. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949):** Guarneri Quartet, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Oct. 9.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "A Doll's Life," a musical with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Larry Grossman. George Hearn, Betsy Joslyn, Peter Gallagher, and Edmund Lyndeck head the cast. . . . ¶ Colleen Dewhurst will star in Ugo Betti's "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . ¶ "Cats," a musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber, imported from London, is based on T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats."

OTHER DATES—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ The New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 24 at Alice Tully Hall and Avery Fisher Hall, and then continues at Alice Tully Hall, Sept. 25-Oct. 9. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Fall Antiques Show, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Sept. 30-Oct. 3. . . . ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 8-17.

A few facts about our Own Make cotton oxford shirts



If you want the original
button-down shirts we
introduced to America,
remember they're only
at Brooks Brothers,
and made only by us.

Featuring
exclusively-woven
cotton oxfords and
a generous cut,
each features our
famous full-roll
button-down
Polo collar.
Choose solid blue,
white, pink, ecru,
yellow, stone or peach,
sizes 14½ to 17½, \$29.50
And candy stripes of
blue, yellow or wine on
white, 14½ to 17, \$32
Both with long sleeves
32 to 36.

To order, call toll-free 1-800-247-1000.
In New Jersey, 1-800-272-1035.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys

Atlanta • Bal Harbour • Boston • Chestnut Hill • Chevy Chase
Chicago • Cincinnati • Dallas • Detroit • Ft. Lauderdale
Houston • Indianapolis • Kansas City • King of Prussia • Los Angeles
Newport Beach • New Orleans • New York • Northbrook • Palm Beach
Paramus • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • San Francisco • Scarsdale
Seattle • Short Hills • Stamford • Troy • Tysons Corner • Washington, D.C. • Tokyo

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Sept. 5: "The Wolves" (1971; directed by Hideo Gosha; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

From Sept. 7: "Station" (1981; Yasuo Furuhata; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Sept. 2: "Bananas" (†) and "Sleeper" (†).

Sept. 3-4: "Love and Death" (†) and "Annie Hall" (†).

Sept. 5-7: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†) and "Bananas" (†).

Sept. 8-11: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Manhattan" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Sept. 2: "Rocky III" (†) and "History of the World—Part I" (†).

From Sept. 3: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Sept. 2: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

From Sept. 3: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"The World According to Garp" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher. From Sept. 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

Theatre 3: "The Road Warrior" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Sept. 2: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

From Sept. 3: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"The World According to Garp" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Diva" (†).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Last Tango in Paris" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.

Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King. From Sept. 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Road Warrior" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 2: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher. From Sept. 3: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl.

Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Nest" (Jaime de Arminan; in Spanish), with Hector Alterio and Ana Torrent.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tempest" (Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 2: "Annie" (†).
Sept. 3-9: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D. From Sept. 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "The Road Warrior" (†).

Theatre 2: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 7: "The Judge and the Assassin" (1975; directed by Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Michel Galabru, and Isabelle Huppert. From Sept. 8: "Decision to Win" (1981; in Spanish), made by the Cero a la Izquierda Film Collective, in El Salvador.

Theatre 2: Sept. 1: "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters. From Sept. 2: "Last Tango in Paris" (†).

WAYVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Theatre 2: "Annie" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves. From Sept. 3: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels," 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 9: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 10: "Mephisto" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 9: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From Sept. 10 (tentative): "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Annie" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Diner" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Barbarosa" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Sept. 2: "Ordinary People" (†).

From Sept. 3: "Tempest" (Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†). From Sept. 10: "Xica" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.

Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels," 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 2: "Annie" (†).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "The World According to Garp" (†). From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "The Road Warrior" (†). From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 9: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 2: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher. From Sept. 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner. From Sept. 3: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King. From Sept. 3: "Reds" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 2: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong; and "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†). From Sept. 3: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young; and "History of the World—Part I" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 2: "The Beastmas-

When the Rolleiflex SL 2000F entered the European marketplace it was cited as "the first historically significant 35mm SLR concept in over 30 years."

And shortly after, there were over 6000 backorders. Such response took more than just another 35mm SLR camera.

The Rollei SL 2000F introduced to 35mm photography such things as built-in eye and waist level view finders. Seventy-two exposure film magazines, inter-

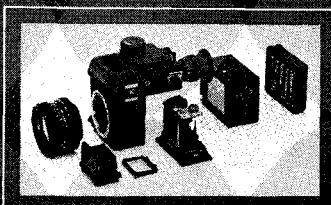
changeable in mid-roll. And built-in (not add-on) motor drive.

Its lenses were designed by Carl Zeiss. And as you would expect, it's made in Germany.

It's a camera designed for that level of photography, which in the final analysis, is advanced by artists, not cameras.

If you care about photography, you'll enjoy just seeing the Rollei SL 2000F. Which means, you'll probably own one.

With over 75 different 35mm SLR cameras on the market, thousands of people in Europe were willing to wait for this one.



Rollei

BERKEY
Berkey Marketing Companies
25-20 Brooklyn Queens Expressway
Woodside, NY 11377
PHOTO

Suggested retail price as shown: \$1,500.00 / Look for packages clearly identified as legally imported with all duties paid by Rollei Division of BMC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ter" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer. From Sept. 3: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhause), with Ken Wahl.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 2: "Six Pack" (directed by Daniel Petrie), with Kenny Rogers. From Sept. 3: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

Theatre 2: "The World According to Garp" (†).

Theatre 3: "Rocky III" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†).

Theatre 5: "Through Sept. 2: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From Sept. 3: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.

Theatre 6: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 2: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher. From Sept. 3: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

LOEWS STATE I AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.

Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

RIVOLI I AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 2: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley, and "Cannibals in the Streets." From Sept. 3: "The Incubus" (John Hough), with John Cassavetes.

Theatre 2: "The Road Warrior" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 2: "Star Wars" (†). From Sept. 3: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhause), with Ken Wahl.

Theatre 2: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 6: A program of jazz films.

S • M • T • W • T • F • S										
			1	2	3	4				
5	6	7	8	9	10	11				

From Sept. 7: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; directed by Marcel Ophüls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Sept. 1: "The Getting of Wisdom" (1977; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan; and "Caddie" (1976; Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Helen Morse.

Sept. 2: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Sept. 3-4: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Sept. 5: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Sept. 6: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Sept. 7: "Kwaidan" (1965; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Sept. 8: "Love on the Run" (†); and "Like a Turtle on Its Back" (1981; Luc Béraud; in French), with Bernadette Lafont and Jean-François Stevenin.

Sept. 9: "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "My Life to Live" ("Vivre Sa Vie"; 1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Sept. 10: "The Rose" (†) and "Divine Madness" (†).

Sept. 11: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 1: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.

Sept. 2-3: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.

Sept. 4: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Sept. 5-6: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Sept. 7-8: "The French Lieutenant's

Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "The Story of Adèle H." (†).

Sept. 9-10: "The Innocent" (†) and "Death in Venice" (†).

Sept. 11: "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), both with the Marx Brothers.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 2: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunckhorst.

Sept. 3-4: "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

Sept. 5-7: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "Young Frankenstein" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn.

Sept. 8-9: "Rich and Famous" (†) and "Old Acquaintance" (†).

Sept. 10-11: "The Groove Tube" (1974; Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase; and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Road Warrior" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA I, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 3: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.

Sept. 4-6: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, Jessica Harper, and Gerrit Graham; and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.

Sept. 7-8: "The Ladykillers" (†); and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

Sept. 9-11: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "I Vitelloni" ("The Young and the Passionate"; 1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, and Franco Interlenghi.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 3: "Gigi" (1958; Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold; and "Can-Can" (1960; Walter Lang), with Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.

Sept. 4-6: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. Both in 3-D.

From Sept. 7: "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

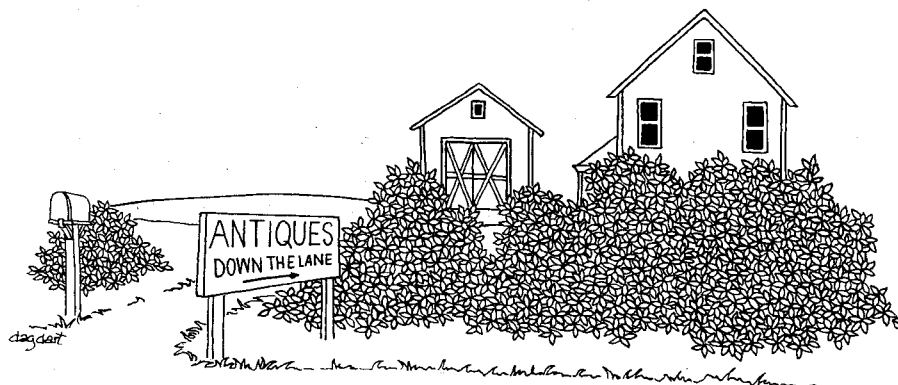
Sept. 1: "Broadway Melody" (1929; Harry Beaumont), with Charles King, Anita Page, and Bessie Love; and "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter.

Sept. 2-4: "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Sept. 5-6: "A Thousand Clowns" (†) and "Annie Hall" (†).

Sept. 7-8: "Dead End" (†); and "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart.

Sept. 9-11: "East Side, West Side" (1949; Mervyn LeRoy), with Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, and Van



Heflin; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 1: "The Member of the Wedding" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon deWilde; and "Pinky" (1949; Elia Kazan), with Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters.

Sept. 2: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach; and "He Walked by Night" (1949; Anthony Mann and Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady.

Sept. 3-4: "The Great Dictator" (1940) and "Modern Times" (1936), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Sept. 5: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné, in French), with Jean-Louis Barault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Sept. 6: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Garment Jungle" (1957; Vincent Sherman), with Lee J. Cobb, Kerwin Mathews, and Richard Boone.

Sept. 7: "The Sleeping Car Murder" (†); "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in

French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard; and "Les Assassins du Dimanche" (1956; Alexandre Joffé, in French), with Jean-Marc Thibault.

Sept. 8: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (†); and "Queen of Outer Space" (1958; Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming.

Sept. 9: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.

From Sept. 10: "Eboli" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 1: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Sept. 2: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

Sept. 3-4: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler,

and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Sept. 5: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Sept. 6: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.

Sept. 7: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953) and "Mon Oncle" (1958), both films in French, directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Sept. 8: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Kluge" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

Sept. 9: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior," 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Sept. 10-11: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (†) and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (†).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANNIE—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Greenwich Playhouse, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.... ♣ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 2.)

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (R.K.O. Century Art; Sept. 3-4 and Sept. 8-11.... ♣ Regency; Sept. 5-6.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (R.K.O. Century Art; Sept. 1-2 and Sept. 5-7.)

BARBAROSA—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years—it may seem a little loose at first, but it gets better and better as it goes along and you get the fresh, crazy hang of it. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence; he has an aura—his scruffiness is part of his grace. As the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him, he's like the dragon in the fairy tale who threatens the community (and keeps it strong). The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who gets in trouble with his in-laws and has to run off to hide; he joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to

becomes an apprentice desperado. Busey is a magical shambles; as the farm boy he's an outlaw-galoot—Mark Twain might have dreamt him up. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking; Willie Nelson doesn't need to sing here—the whole picture is a ballad. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (8/9/82) (Cinema 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—The movie-makers pile on the coy Americana; they appear to have distrusted anything original in the material—the movie is adapted from the long-running Broadway musical based on Larry L. King's 1974 *Playboy* article about a crackbrained crusading TV newsmen who attacked a time-honored brothel with such fervor that the authorities had to force the madam to close it. The film's rambunctiousness is off-color yet wholesome, in the worst sense; this is the sort of movie romp in which the frolicking prosties can hardly wait to jump into bed with the fellas. But dimples, wigs, bazooms, and all, Dolly Parton is phenomenally likable as the madam; her whole personality is melodious, and her acting isn't bad at all, even though the director, Colin Higgins, has made her chest the focal point of her scenes. She has the charm to transcend her own cartoonishness and the additional portion inflicted on her. As the local sheriff, Burt Reynolds doesn't give an ostentatiously bad performance—just his usual low-key, embarrassed-to-be-up-here-doing-this-dumb-stuff performance. While Reynolds underplays and looks mortified, Charles Durning, as governor of Texas, steals the honors with his "Sidestep" song-and-dance routine—a demonstration of how a corrupt-to-the-bone politico evades answering probing questions and takes joy in his own slippery skill. This sequence is the only part of the movie that's satisfyingly shaped and has a musical-comedy rhythm. With Dom DeLuise, Jim Nabors, Theresa Merritt, and Lois Nettleton. The script is by King and Peter Masterson (who wrote the Broadway show) and Higgins; seven of the fourteen songs that Carol Hall wrote for the stage version have been retained, and two new ones by Dolly Parton have been added. (8/9/82) (Criterion Theatres.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo To-

gnazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema; starting Sept. 3.)

DEAD END (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once-celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick, Claire Trevor as his old girlfriend who has turned whore, and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sydney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. Directed by William Wyler; cinematography by Gregg Toland; screenplay by Lillian Hellman. (Regency; Sept. 7-8.)

DEATH IN VENICE (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carryings-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9-10.)

DINER—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

DIVA—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmina Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

DIVINE MADNESS (1980)—Essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes, but like Craig Russell, she seems to have a whole troupe of people inside. In this film, shot on three successive nights at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, she tells jokes (she may be better at bawdiness than any other woman entertainer alive) and she sings. She really gives a song a workout—she may swing it, wail it, shout it, rock it, and throw in some scat, gospel, funk, and punk. She's an emotional whirligig, and the film is hugely entertaining, though the best numbers come at the beginning; the last quarter—when Midler comes on as a boozing bag lady who is trying to capture the bird of happiness—has a sodden inspirational quality. Directed by Michael Ritchie; cinematography by William A. Fraker. (11/10/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 10.)

EBOLI (1980)—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of the remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worm intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the Church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, Léa Massari, Paolo Bonicelli, and Alain Cuny. This film was made as a four-part presentation on television; when it opened here in 1980, it had been cut to two hours. The new version (showing here) runs about three and a half hours. Seen in its full form, the material is more political and much more coherent, and Volonte's performance is even finer. In Italian. (Thalia; starting Sept. 10.)

E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (R.K.O. Century Art; Sept. 5-7.)

HISTORY OF THE WORLD—PART I (1981)—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks's staging is often flaccid and disorderly, and even when he and the dozens of other comics in the cast are racing about the movie feels static. It's powered by its performers, though, and their way with a joke; some of the routines are golden shtick. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a stand-up philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. The graceful painted vistas are by the special-effects wizard Albert J. Whitlock. (6/29/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 2.... ♫ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 3.)

THE INNOCENT (1976)—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of energy and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast, but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end he's all over the place, acting. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. With Marie Dubois as the Princess, Marc Porel as the novelist, Rina Morelli as Tullio's mother, Claude Mann as the Prince, and Massimo Girotti and Didier Haudepin. From a script by Susi Cecchi D'Amico, Enrico Medioli, and Visconti; cinematography by Pasqualino De Santis; art direction by Mario Garbugli; costumes by Piero Tosi. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9-10.)

THE LADYKILLERS (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes

a grotesque fantasy of murder. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost done in by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a horrendous gang that includes Peter Sellers as Harry, the plump, awkward teddy boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. As her victims are, in some ways, even less real than she (she, at least, is as real as a good fairy), the disasters that befall them are extravagantly funny. With Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Danny Green, Jack Warner, and Frankie Howard as the barrow boy. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick, written by William Rose. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 7-8.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith.... ♫ Film Forum; starting Sept. 2.)

THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS (1960)—Amateurish yet funny, in a gross way. A simpleton (Jonathan Haze) who works in a florist shop has a prize plant that becomes a voracious blood-seeking man-eater. It cries, "Feed me! Feed me!" The film is notable for the performance that Jack Nicholson gives in a minor role; as a pain freak who is in ecstasy in a dentist's chair, he shows the comic intensity that later made him a star. Produced and directed by Roger Corman, from a script by Charles B. Griffith. (Thalia; Sept. 8.)

LOVE AND DEATH (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (R.K.O. Century Art; Sept. 3-4.)

LOVE ON THE RUN (1979)—A film in François Truffaut's autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on the screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity



How dare The Glenlivet be so expensive?

How dare we place such a premium on our 12-year-old Scotch? The same reason vintage wines and fine cognacs are so expensive. Superior taste. Just one sip and you'll know that The Glenlivet has a taste that's decidedly superior.

The Glenlivet is Scotland's first and finest single malt Scotch. Nothing but 100% Highland malt whisky, distilled from natural spring water and fine malt barley, aged in oaken casks, just as it always has been.

Only our time-honored methods can truly achieve The Glenlivet's unequaled taste. A taste that sets it apart. Its smoothness, body and bouquet are qualities found only in this unique Scotch.

Of course, you may elect to purchase a good Scotch that's less expensive. But for a truly superior taste, you have to pay the greater price.

The Glenlivet
12-year-old unblended Scotch.
About \$20 the bottle.



PURE WOOL. PURE PENDLETON.®



TOWN & COUNTRY CLOTHES

In a word, stunning. The sweep of shawl over tunic blouse over skirt. Everything exclusive, of course. In the incomparable beauty of our softest pure virgin wools. At fine stores. Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, OR 97207. Welcome to our world.



PURE VIRGIN WOOL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Jean Renoir; every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 8.)

MANHATTAN (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (R.K.O. Century Art; Sept. 8-11.)

MEPHISTO—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays off-stage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 10.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX COMEDY—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulist and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. (7/26/82) (Baronet... Cinema Studio; through Sept. 9.)

MY DINNER WITH ANDRÉ—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glitter-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN—This formula romantic melodrama, which involves the regenerative moral powers of military discipline, seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. He has a headlong style; he gives the picture so much propulsion that it gains a momentum of its own. It's crap, but crap on a motorcycle. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in the Northwest, near Puget Sound. Gere pushes himself to go as far as he can, and he has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

and punished him. But after he has broken down—when you expect him to be emotionally transfigured—he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Winger convinces you that this girl really believes her life would be empty if she didn't share it with the hero. Gossett plays the sergeant bone-hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith as the hero's friend and Robert Loggia as his father, and there are entertaining flashes of Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. They all work under a handicap: the script, by Douglas Day Stewart, is schematic in the manner of TV drama, circa 1955. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE (1943)—Trashy fun, on an unusually literate level. One of the rare dry-eyed "women's pictures," it features bitchery and keeps its passage of self-sacrifice fairly tart. Bette Davis is an admirably tough-minded, no-nonsense serious writer, and Miriam Hopkins is her flouncy, butterfly-brained friend, who, out of envy, becomes the author of slovenly big best-sellers. Adapted from John Van Druten's play, it spans eighteen years of their love-hate friendship, including a glorious scene in which Davis shakes the catty, hysterical Hopkins. John Loder is Hopkins' husband, who wants to leave her for Davis; Dolores Moran is Hopkins' rebellious daughter; Philip Reed is a playboy seducer; and Gig Young is the young man who falls in love with the middle-aged Davis. With Esther Dale, Anne Revere, and Roscoe Karns. Directed by Vincent Sherman. (Remade in 1981, as "Rich and Famous," see below.) (Cinema Village; Sept. 8-9.)

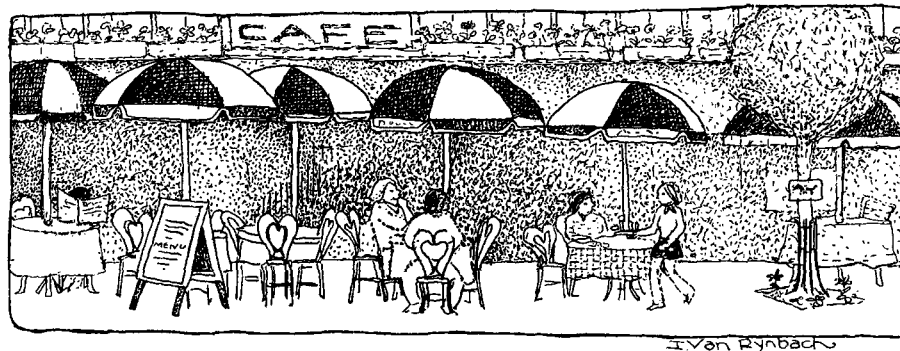
ORDINARY PEOPLE (1980)—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. From time to time, the father, with a nervous tic of a smile, tries to make contact with his son and urges him to see the psychiatrist recommended by the hospital where he was treated after a recent suicide attempt. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his debut as a film director,

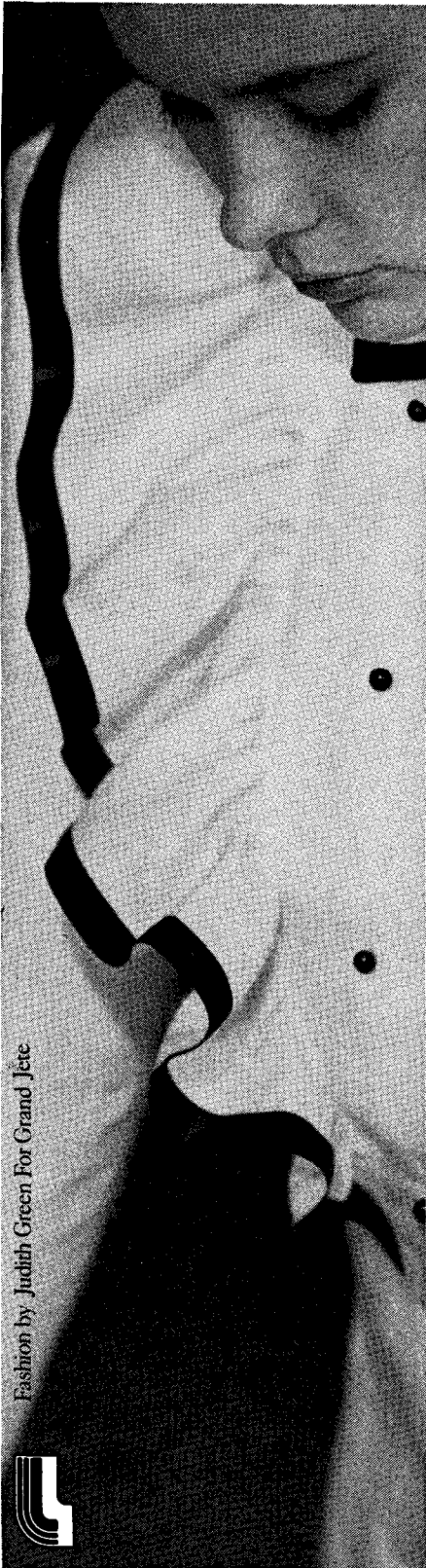
Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as the idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (Loews Paramount; through Sept. 2.)

POLTERGEIST—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-foot-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Toho Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, and Embassy.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of Princess Leia in "Star Wars" (see below)—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy... 72nd Street East; Sept. 3-9.)

REDS—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor





Fashion by Judith Green For Grand Jete

Centuries of tradition.
Woven into the
fabric of your life.



BAIRD

IRISH HANDKERCHIEF LINEN

© 1982 HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS LTD.
104 WEST 40 ST. N.Y., N.Y. 10018

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 3.)

RICH AND FAMOUS—Twenty years in the lives of two women writers, pals from their college days. Jacqueline Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Candice Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother, she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors, and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. The bland Bisset is unvaryingly intense; she reads her puffed-up lines straight, and all with the same intonation. If she doesn't know that the picture is a comedy, this may be because Gerald Ayres, who wrote the script, seems to mean everything he has her say. (Her character is intended to be fearfully intelligent.) Bergen is much the livelier, but her caricature of a shallow bitch is too busy; she's a good sport rather than an actress, though she probably does as much for the role as anybody could. This remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance" (which was based on John Van Druten's 1940 play) isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy. Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was hoped for. It's a tawdry self-parody. With David Selby, Hart Bochner, Steven Hill, Matt Lattanzi, Fay Kanin, and Michael Brandon, who makes an uncredited appearance as the man who has sex with Bisset in an airplane washroom. Among the guests in the party scenes are Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy, Roger Vadim, Paul Morrissey, Ray Bradbury, Nina Foch, and Gavin Lambert. (10/26/81) (Cinema Village; Sept. 8-9.)

RICHARD PRYOR LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 2.)

THE ROAD WARRIOR—With Mel Gibson, directed by George Miller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, and 8th St. Playhouse. ... Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 9.)

ROCKY III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummeled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primi-

tive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith. Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/81) (Criterion Theatres. ... St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 2.)

THE ROSE (1979)—Bette Midler plays "the Rose," a character loosely based on the singer Janis Joplin, who died of pills, alcohol, heavy drugs, and tiredness in 1970. The director, Mark Rydell, puts Miss Midler's considerable talent at desperate odds with the film itself, by trying for wall-to-wall finale—one long seamless high. When Miss Midler's Rose is not screaming to be heard somewhere in the bad music, she is screaming in anger, or in tears, or in alcoholic fugue states, or in a phone booth shooting heroin—all hyper, none of it really in Miss Midler's own style. With Frederic Forrest as the Rose's AWOL Army-sergeant lover, Alan Bates as her manager, and Harry Dean Stanton as a country-and-Western composer. (Bleeker St. Cinema; Sept. 10.)

SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast. The most amazing people keep turning up: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Joseph Anthony, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, Louise Beavers, Alan Baxter, and many others. Too bad Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the story, didn't give them more to do; W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10-11.)

SLEEPER (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (R.K.O. Century Art; through Sept. 2.)

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (1966)—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderesses and Yves Montand is the detective. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 7.)

STAR TREK II: THE WRATH OF KHAN—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get through to you. (6/28/82) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

STAR WARS (1977)—As of now, the biggest box-office success in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhaust-

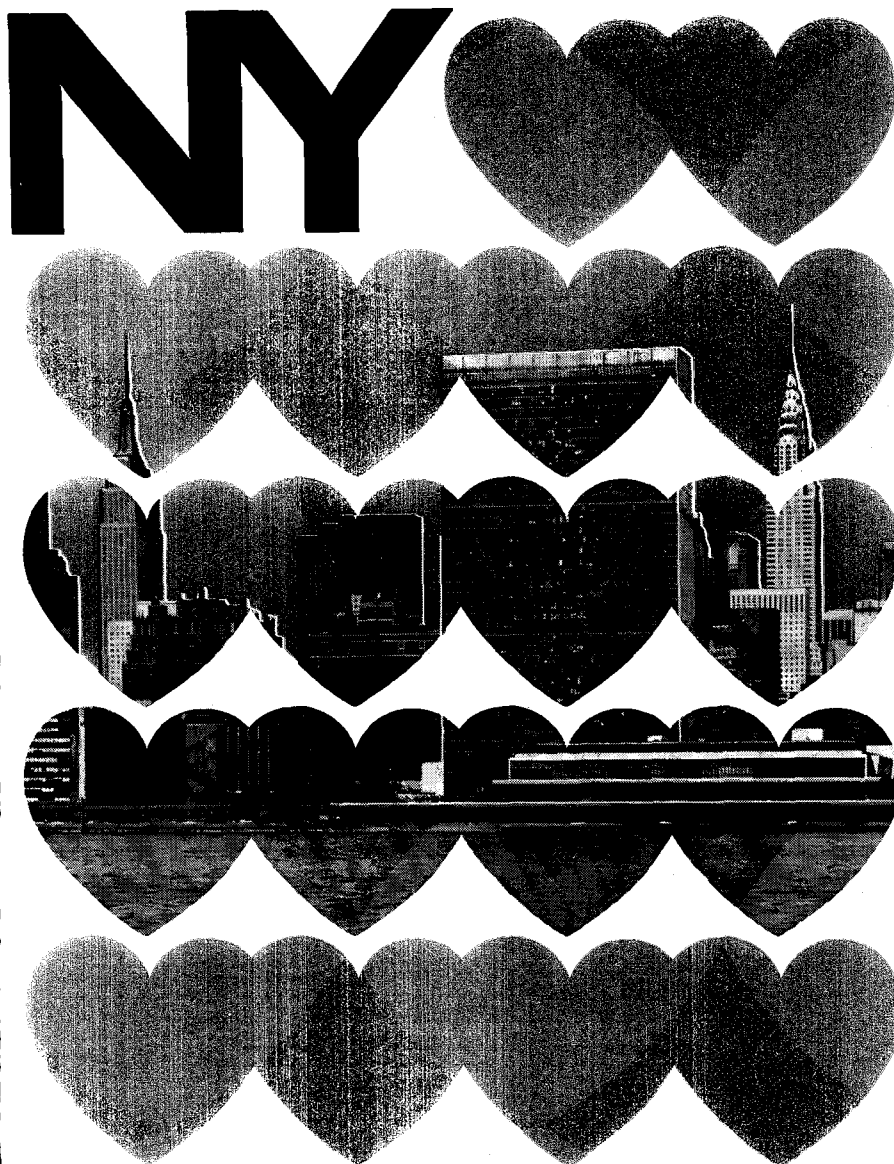
ing, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Sept. 2.)

THE STORY OF ADELE H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut had never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7-8.)

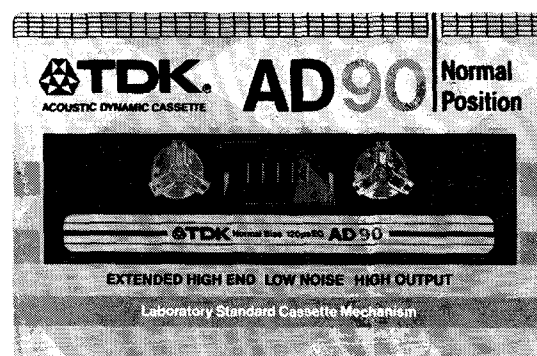
THE THIN MAN GOES HOME (1945)—This came late in the series but it's still fairly cheerful. It features William Powell, Myrna Loy, Asta, and Anne Revere, who, carrying a rifle and wearing a felt hat that looks as if it might have been discarded by a janitor, makes a fascinating lunatic. Directed by Richard Thorpe; Robert Riskin and Dwight Taylor did the writing; Karl Freund did the cinematography. With Helen Vinson, Gloria DeHaven, Lucile Watson, and Harry Davenport. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10-11.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Regency; Sept. 5-6.)

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. This isn't necessarily bad—Hill's pastel, detached, and generally meaningless comedy may, in some ways, be preferable to the baroque apparatus that Irving constructed—but in recounting the book's key incidents Hill and Tesich lay bare the pattern of mutilations in the plot. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. The masochistic gifted-victim game has been played in recent American writing on just about every conceivable level, but Irving's novel is still something special: he created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it, and the film is faithful to Irving's "vision." With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres... Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 9.)



New York loves TDK. Especially TDK AD cassettes. They're the normal bias cassettes with the bright high end and low noise level... ideal for portables. And they come with TDK's full lifetime warranty. Uptown and downtown, TDK cassettes deliver a brilliant performance. The only kind of performance that New Yorkers love.



Music lives on TDK



**From our opening ad
September 8, 1907
Dallas Morning News**



Neiman-Marcus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

I walked out into the garden the other morning on the way to breakfast to breathe the early-morning freshness, to enjoy the early-morning scents and colors. I stopped halfway down the path to marvel at a dewy peach-pink rose as real as any rendered by Redouté—and heard a kind of roar. It was a roar that seemed muted and gentled by distance to not much more than a murmur, but it was clear, strangely sharp and clear. I stood and strained my ears. A heavy truck a mile away? A bulldozer at still another new subdivision on the other side of the ridge? A small plane high overhead? The faraway roar came closer. Something made me turn my head. And I saw it: a tiny blur of dark and a tiny flash of flaming red, poised in the air no more than a foot from my eyes. It was a hummingbird.

Street Writing

ONE recent evening, we spent an interesting couple of hours observing the fate of a strip of wet concrete that lay unprotected in front of the Food City on Columbus Avenue at Seventieth Street. Wet concrete, we noted, provides a simple and efficient test of human character, separating those with a streak of devilishness from those temperate souls who have never had the urge to write on a wall or carve their names on a tree. We found that it is impossible to predict how a man or a woman will behave on being confronted by an unguarded stretch of newly poured concrete; nothing in a person's dress, sex, age, haircut, or apparent relationship to the

world indicates whether or not he is the type to make a sudden change from a normal to an unusual street position (standing to squatting), grab an implement, and start engraving his initials. In the time we spent in front of Food City—which was closed for the night, its dimmed lights giving a lunar glow to a line of honeydew melons in the window—we saw in the behavior of passersby a sort of small drama of conscience. We saw Columbus Avenue strollers succumb to the temptation to write in the concrete; we saw temptation pondered and successfully resisted; and we saw manifestations of outrage at those who had succumbed. As the evening fleets of taxis raced down the avenue toward midtown, we watched a well-groomed man of perhaps sixty, wearing a pin-striped summer-weight suit and carrying a briefcase with gold initials on the side, pause, stare at the concrete, and then, without a hint of self-consciousness, bend down in a dignified swooping motion and scratch two initials with the end of a pen that he produced from his jacket pocket.

(We couldn't see if the letters were the same as those on his briefcase.) He studied his handiwork for a second and then walked briskly away. A young man with thinning curly hair who was wearing a Pac-Man T-shirt stepped in a gingerly fashion into the center of the concrete with his eight- or nine-year-old daughter, who had blond braids and was wearing starched overalls and a battery-powered light-up visor. They began writing their names. "Put a heart around mine, Daddy, please?" said the little girl, hopping up and down.

A deeply suntanned man, bare-chested under an unbuttoned shirt, came strolling by with a tall woman in bloomers and started berating the father and daughter for writing in the concrete. "It's disgraceful," he said. "How would you like someone to come and write his name on the walkway to your apartment? How about in your living room?" The bare-chested man seemed to have just finished dinner at one of the restaurants on Columbus Avenue, and to be in a bumptious mood; he spoke loudly and at length to the father, the daughter, and the rest of a little group that had quickly gathered around the strip of wet concrete, and he moved on, finally, with the self-satisfied gait of one who feels himself to be entirely in the right.

"What a loudmouth!" said the curly-haired father to his daughter, who had been standing with her lips contracted as if she were about to burst out laughing. "Don't listen to *anyone* who goes around with his belly button showing."

The number of people around the stretch of concrete was growing, and enough of them were crouching to give it the look of a minor archeological site. Two young women, both wearing pedal pushers and sneakers,



excused themselves as they elbowed their way past us. One of them wrote a name and surrounded it with a sketch of a canine creature.

"Is that a dog or a coyote?" we asked.

"A coyote," she said, walking away rapidly.

A bearded man in his sixties or seventies who was wearing hiking boots and a pair of very short shorts in an Army camouflage pattern paused to study the scene with a disdainful expression on his face. "It's absolutely the same thing as writing graffiti in the subways," he remarked to a woman dressed entirely in yellow, who had been watching for a while. "Most of these people complain about subway graffiti, but look at them now. And it's so egotistical. Everyone is just writing names and initials."

"It's not egotistical, it's romantic," said the woman in yellow. "Look at this." She pointed to an inscription that read "Peg is a Goddess."

"They look like adults making mud pies," said the bearded man, with another disdainful glance at the writers.

A group of black teen-agers on bicycles paused to watch the scene for a minute and then rode whooping toward the Park. An Oriental woman in a red T-shirt came up to a young man who had just finished scratching two sets of initials within a heart. "I think it's terrible that you people walk through our neighborhood and deface the sidewalks," she said. "You wouldn't like it if this happened on your street."

"But this *is* my street," replied the young man, who had an angular jaw and was wearing the kind of thick rubber sandals that Californians call beachwalkers. "I live in that apartment building over there, and I always thought that this was one of the most boring sidewalks I ever saw. Anything is an improvement."

Like most impromptu public events in New York, the sidewalk-writing session soon attracted the police. When a patrol car pulled up in front of Food City, members of the small crowd around the concrete began a swift mass sidling movement toward the street corner, their faces as guiltily blank as those of a pack of schoolchildren caught scribbling in the halls. "Hey, you!" a policeman shouted at the dispersing crowd, and one conscience-stricken man in jogging

clothes turned his head. "Come here, you!" the policeman thundered, and the jogger, who was wearing a Walkman with the earphones like a collar around his neck, came slowly back to stand in front of the officer.

"Did you know," the policeman said in a sarcastic voice, "that there's a law against defacing public property? Didn't you think that what you were doing just might be against the law?"

"Everybody else was doing it," said the jogger.

"And if everybody went and jumped off the Empire State Building, I suppose you'd do *that*, too!" the policeman said, looking slightly sheepish as he uttered this age-old retort of nannies.

The officer dismissed the jogger (who settled his earphones defiantly on his head as he walked away) and told the remaining loiterers to move along.

For the next few hours, patrol cars hovered around the concrete strip, and any late-night saunterer on Columbus Avenue who felt a surge of temptation as he looked at the concrete had to keep it to himself. Walking in front of Food City next morning, we found that the orgy of lawlessness of the night before had resulted in a tangle of names, initials, and hearts, including one verse (unreadable) and several drawings (including the coyote). As we strolled down the avenue a few nights later, we saw that the letters in the concrete had already been worn faint by the passage of feet and by the friction of grocery boxes delivered to the market. By now, like the results of most minor sins, the concrete writing is a scarcely visible part of the daily landscape.

Yves Montand

WE had a chat with Yves Montand, film star, political activist, and *chanteur extraordinaire*, when he paid a brief visit to New York last week to check on arrangements for his forthcoming one-man show at the Metropolitan Opera House. Montand has pursued a dual career—as a singer of popular songs and as an actor in films—and his return to the music-hall stage last October, at the Olympia in Paris, after an absence of nearly thir-

teen years set off waves of nostalgia that turned the engagement into a national event. Tickets sold out three months in advance, the show was recorded for an album and taped for television, and the audiences turned out to be considerably younger than anybody had anticipated. We arranged to meet M. Montand one morning when he was discussing technical matters with the Metropolitan's stage crew, and can report that his celebrated baritone is in excellent shape (his English is shaky, so he will frequently sing a few lines to make a point) and that the man himself—trim and explosively energetic at sixty—is still an improbable mixture of theatrical shrewdness and political idealism. We shook hands with him, and then, listening as he discussed microphone placement with an assistant stage manager, we recalled how, over the years, his involvement with causes has sometimes made it difficult for him to work in the United States. He signed the Stockholm disarmament resolution in 1950, supported a left-wing peace movement until the Russians invaded Hungary in 1956, and opposed the French in Algeria and the Americans in Vietnam, and he has condemned American-supported dictatorships in Greece and Chile, and Russian intervention in Afghanistan and Poland. On the morning we met him, he was wearing a gray suit, a white shirt, a navy-blue tie, and a small red Solidarity pin, which, we presently learned, had been given to him by Lech Walesa.

When the stage details had been settled, M. Montand, who moves with the nervous, precise grace of a trained dancer, conducted us to a nearby office and explained that he was on his way to Brazil for a four-concert tour. "They asked me to come for many years, but I always refused," he said. "But now Brazil is opening toward democracy a little bit, so I said, 'O.K., it's a pleasure for me.' It is not really a pleasure, though. I think there will be very large crowds and I think they will kill me with kindness."

We asked him to describe some of the material he had selected for his one-man show, and he replied—in a mixture of French and English—that he had chosen twenty-nine songs, ranging in mood from very light to very serious. "You must construct a program so that the audience is entertained," he said. "But at the same time *my* audiences must become involved with

TO OUR READERS

With our issue of September 13th, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* will be raised to \$1.50.



"I know that look. It's about time for Felice to say 'There's a touch of fall in the air.'"

ideas, with some of the problems we face in the world. So I sing some of the very old songs—'Luna Park,' 'Le Carrosse,' 'Gilet Rayé'—that are not really so old in terms of what they say, and in some cases I have changed the orchestration to make them sound a bit different. There are other songs—'Battling Joe,' 'Le Chef d'Orchestre Est Amoureux'—that play well theatrically. And there are also eight new songs—some very harsh, some sentimental—that have texts from Baudelaire, from Nâzım Hikmet, a revolutionary Turkish poet I met once in Prague, and from Jacques Prévert, an old friend and a marvellous poet, who is now dead. Last year, after I had signed the contract for the Olympia show, I woke up every morning and said, 'Yves, you're crazy. Why do you take such a big risk after all these years? What are you trying to prove?' Something pushed me back on the stage. It's not ambition. It's not money. I think it's the *électricité* that

comes from contact with a live audience. And then I began to think, How will I start the show? And I remembered 'Je Vais à Pied,' a classic musical-comedy song by Francis Lemarque that I hadn't done in twenty years. That puts me in contact with the audience, and then I follow with 'Malgré Moi,' a short poem by Jacques Prévert that more or less describes my current state of mind. It begins, '*Embauché malgré moi dans l'usine à idées, j'ai refusé de pointer. Mobilisé de même dans l'armée des idées, j'ai déserté.*' ["Signed up against my will in the factory of ideas, I have refused to punch a time clock. Drafted in the same way into the army of ideas, I have deserted."] I do not look for certitude in the world anymore. There are so many contradictions in the left wing and the right wing that the man who says he's comfortable in politics has got to be lying. This is a very harsh and dangerous world we live in; as Koestler says, what is changing very

fast is our imaginations, not our consciences. When I'd decided on that poem, I said to my good friend Jean-Loup Dabadie, 'Listen, the poem is very strong, but if you can't write an equally strong song to come after it I can't build my show, because I must set the proper mood. I have to warn the audience that some of the songs that follow—such as "Casse-Têtes" and "Mon Frère"—are protests against cruelty and violence in the world and the indifference with which it is confronted.' So he wrote the lyric for 'L'Addition,' which is my *pierre angulaire* [cornerstone] for the whole evening. It's a list of all the things that have been added and subtracted in my life, good and bad: family, friends who are gone, children who go out into the world and push us. It doesn't provide any answers. It just says watch out, we cannot be complacent about the things that are happening around us. And near the end when I say the list '*égale un homme en équilibre*'—

M. Montand jumped from his chair and balanced, swaying, on an imaginary tightrope—"that means me. I don't *prefer* to be this way—it's uncomfortable—but the fact is I'm less trusting than I used to be."

"How do you end the show?" we asked.

"With 'Les Feuilles Mortes' and 'À Paris,' two songs I've been singing for thirty-five years," he replied. "'Les Feuilles Mortes' comes from my second movie, 'Les Portes de la Nuit.' I took a part that was written for Jean Gabin, and I'm no good, because I can't understand a thing. The movie was a flop, but out of the score came this wonderful song, with a lyric by Jacques Prévert. 'À Paris,' which has the same kind of universal appeal, came to me about that time, very unexpectedly, when Francis Lemarque, the same guy who wrote 'Je Vais à Pied,' arrived at my home one day, sat down at the piano, and played maybe a hundred choruses of words to a melody he'd just composed. Two days later, when I selected some of the verses and sang it onstage, I knew I had a hit."

We asked M. Montand what the future might hold.

"Who knows?" he said. "I have film commitments, but I have also dis-

covered a new audience of young people. It's very moving to me to see young girls cry when I sing 'Clémentine,' or 'La Bicyclette,' or even 'Les Feuilles Mortes.' When I'm onstage, I consider myself to be an artisan—someone who builds a mood for the audience just as a carpenter builds a table. It's very tense, nervous work, and it requires deep concentration. I always go to the theatre four hours early, and little by little I detach myself from what is going on around me, so that I can become completely involved in the evening's performance. Then, when I go out onstage to sing, nothing else counts for me in the rest of the world."

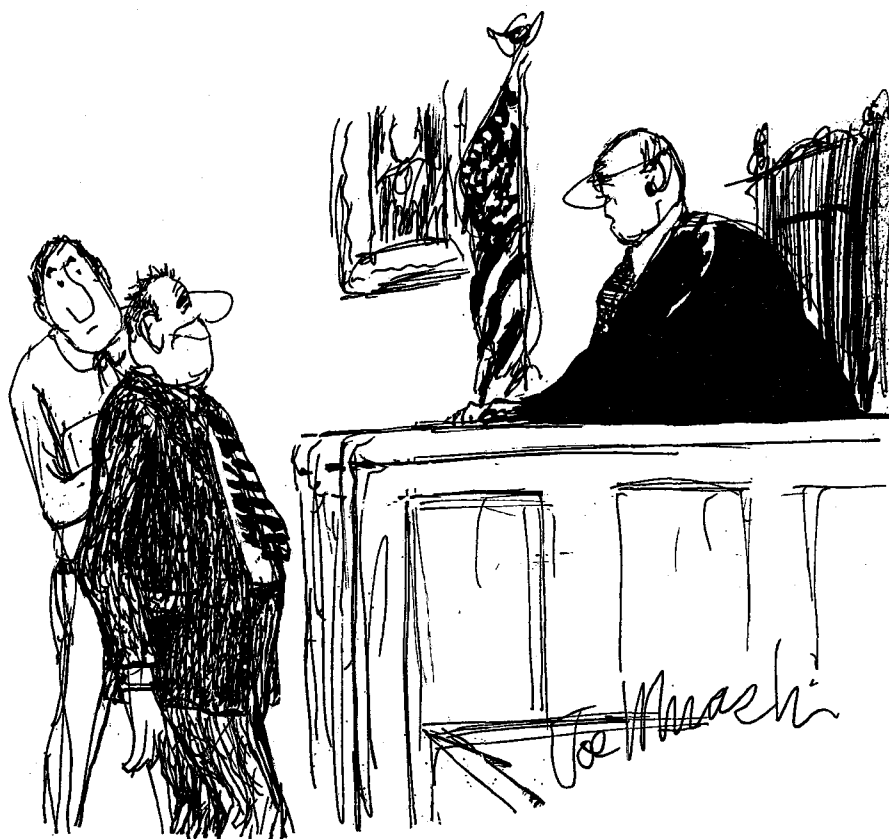
Neither a Borrower . . .

DAY ONE: "Welcome! I'm sure I'll get to know all your names very soon." That line—along with too sharp pencils, new clothes, and a certain air of anticipation mixed with queasiness—always means that summer is over and school is back in session. And indeed it was for the twenty-three young men and women of Credit Course 8-2, who gathered late last month on the tenth floor of Chase Manhattan headquarters, in lower

Manhattan. They were about to begin a course that in only two hundred days would prepare them, in the words of Second Vice-President Charles Minnaar, "to go out there and lend some money."

Much more than grade schools, or even colleges, banks care about structure, and therefore much of the first morning was spent scrutinizing flow charts of the Chase organization, with which the students, being new employees, were unacquainted. First, Mr. Minnaar lectured from a detailed diagram of the credit-training program. Later, Stanley Burns, a vice-president, came in and passed out copies of a hierarchical schematic for the entire bank. There in the lower-right-hand corner was Mr. Burns himself, tied in to other sectors of the bank by various lines. "Let me comment first on the vertical line," he said, and he went on to explain that he reports directly to the man who is in charge of credit policy for all of Chase Manhattan. Then he conducted a tour of the rest of the blueprint, saying things like "Asia is run by Bill Flanz." Mr. Burns also passed around and explained in some detail the same flow chart that Mr. Minnaar had earlier discussed, but all the members of CC8-2 were too polite to mention it.

War stories filled a good deal of the first morning, since most of those teaching in the program had spent several years out in the field making loans. Mr. Minnaar told about a deal for Saudi aircraft that he swung, while working from Canada, with the aid of the Bahrain division; the moral of his story was that "networking" would be a big help to future lending officers. John Haberkern, who, we gathered, ranked somewhere between Mr. Minnaar and Mr. Burns, related a very long story about a deal he had tried to set up between Iran and Japan, the moral apparently being that it was a damn lucky thing, given the appearance soon thereafter of the Ayatollah, that some Chase higher-up had nixed most of the loan. Mr. Haberkern also said that when *he* was a baby banker, like the students in CC8-2, Chase had him review the credit line of a customer who imported pigs' ears from Mongolia, shaved off the bristles, and used the bristles to make expensive paintbrushes. We weren't entirely sure of the moral of this story, but one that occurred to us was: If you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, for heaven's sake don't throw it out.



"No, I would not feel differently about it if I went out and had a few beers with you."

Each of the morning's three speakers warned the class about some things to watch out for. "Since most of you aren't married, don't be surprised if they deduct thirty-five or forty per cent of your salary," Mr. Minnaar said. Mr. Haberkern cautioned that failure to average at least a seventy on the series of exams during the course would "result in termination from the program." And Mr. Burns told a very funny story about how, in the space of a few months, he had been forced out of his house by a fire, got off the phone to find that someone had "taken items that belonged to me, not him or her," damaged his car in a large pothole on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, been burglarized once more, broken a tooth on a foreign object in his cereal, and been accidentally locked out on his own roof for several hours with his wife, who was eight and a half months pregnant, and their three-year-old daughter while more than a hundred people watched from the street.

The students—and we have never seen a better-behaved, more attentive class in all our life—laughed at every one of the appropriate moments, and never too hard. The men, who numbered fourteen, looked a good deal alike, in person (most cut their hair about a quarter inch above the ear and wore pinstripes or blue blazers) and on paper (their résumés showed a distinct tendency toward golf, tennis, and squash, although one young man professed to enjoy "wargaming"). There was a tad more diversity among the nine women (one knew both Polish and Russian, and another had an undergraduate degree in "natural psychology"). Most of the class seemed eager; a student named Jonathan Stone, for instance, told us he was "very happy with Chase," even though initially he had been "torn between securities and commercial banking."

DAY TWO: We missed an early-morning session devoted to the history of credit in general and Chase in particular but arrived in plenty of time to join CC8-2 for a tour of the Chase vault. Like any other field trip, this one took some organization. Several students had forgotten their brand-new photo I.D.s, and that caused a short delay while they retrieved them from their desks. Finally, everyone was on hand, and the class set off for the deepest basement of the bank, where a hermetically sealed nine-hundred-and-eighty-five-ton vault



Summer Romance

holds the Chase treasure. After rigorous security precautions had been taken (including the stowing away of all suit jackets), each student was handed a reproduction of a 1961 newspaper story that described the vault as not only the world's largest but also as "A-bomb proof" and, to boot, "virtually impregnable." During the visit, the class saw a tile floor that rises, discolike, at the touch of a button to prevent the vault door from opening; many older men and women employees cutting coupons from various securities ("The people they hire to do this are mostly retired, so there is much less chance of their walking off with anything," Katy Rossow, a team manager in the credit-training program, said, adding, "A young guy just might decide he wants a Ferrari"); and a machine—a sort of automatic thumb—that flips with tremendous speed through coupons and bills and then records how many there are. On the other side of the vault from the securities were the gold and silver deposits. Many class members, quoting the current prices of gold and silver, tried to guess the fortune inside the steel cage where the metals were stored.

DAY THREE: After slogging through twenty pages of memos and balance sheets, the students were ready to consider the application of Frills, Inc., a mythical maker of children's dresses, for a loan. When the session, which was led by an energetic instructor named Maria DeCarvalho, began, we thought that the class might decide to let Frills have the cash. After

all, wasn't President Irving Silverberg "the dean of the children's dress industry"? And hadn't he shown admirable fortitude in spinning off the laggard Zyler division, run by his son-in-law, which manufactured horsehair brushes at a considerable loss? What's more, Mr. Silverberg's son had just left to form a competing sportswear outfit, and who would want to hit a man when he's down? At hour's end, though, when a straw poll was taken, not a single member of CC8-2 wanted to extend the credit. Miss DeCarvalho had gone through the entire "asset-conversion cycle," totting up all the risks, and we had to admit that they did seem considerable. What if there was a strike? What if the buyer went belly-up? What if the machines broke down? What if Mr. Silverberg broke down? What if little girls started wearing bluejeans? What if A-bombs devastated everything but the Chase Manhattan vault? As class was ending, Miss DeCarvalho revealed that in the real-life instance that the Frills case was modelled on, Chase had decided not to grant the loan.

After our experience with Frills, Inc., we guessed that perhaps we weren't cut out for the world of high finance. And anyway, even though Miss DeCarvalho stressed that this was only an exercise and nobody needed to take notes, we suddenly had that top-of-the-roller-coaster feeling, and sensed that school was about to begin in earnest. So, with only a hundred and ninety-seven days left between us and a career in banking, we scooted.

THE KILLION

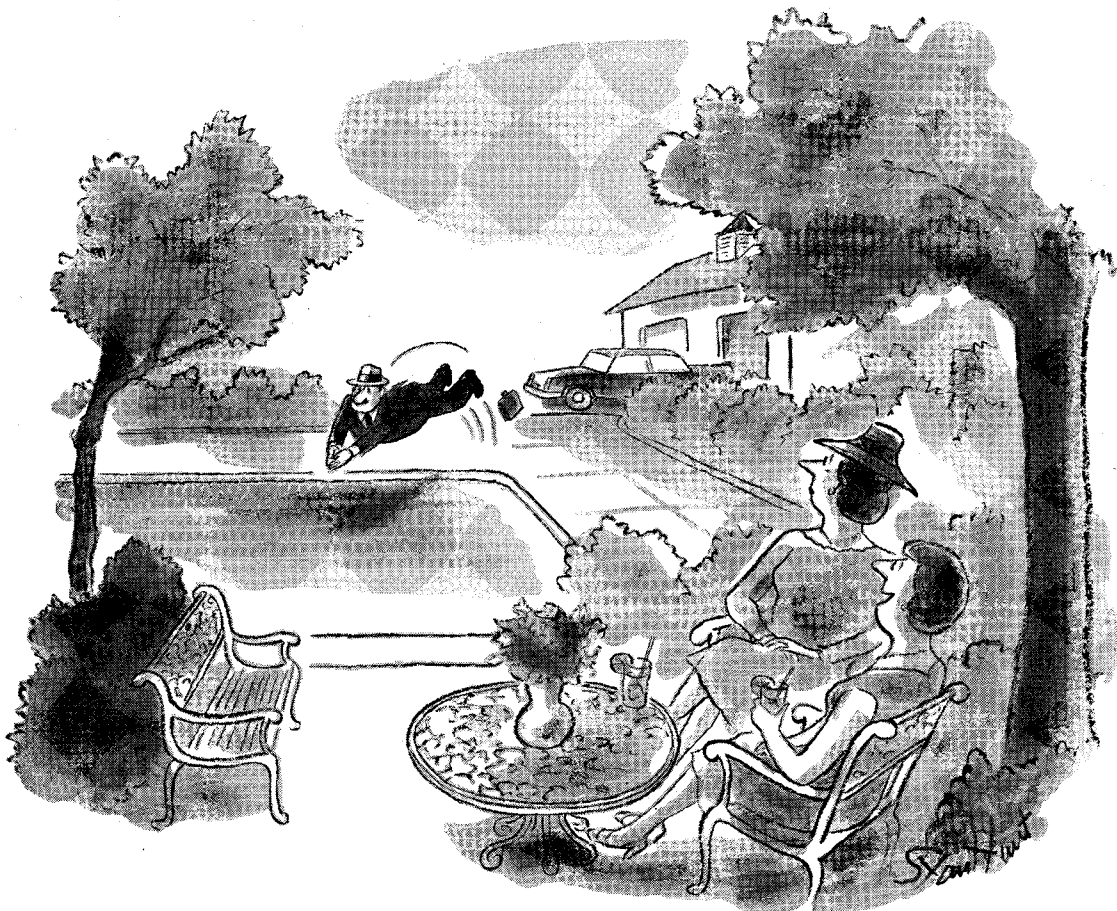
A little after noon on Friday, August 6th, Marcie Chang, anchorwoman on TV 8's "Newsbusters" evening news show, picked up her envelope at the pay window on the studio's fifth floor, bought a ham-salad sandwich and a cup of coffee from the lunch wagon in the hall, and took the elevator back to her office on the tenth floor. Sitting down at her desk, she tore open the envelope, which contained the first payment of the lucrative new contract that the station had offered her in the spring. She took one look at the check and collapsed. She was dead before her face hit the desk top. A few minutes later, TV reporter Kerri Corcoran, a colleague and friend, came into Marcie's office, saw her, looked at the check she still held in her hand, and crumpled, lifeless, to the floor. The same fate met the receptionist who came to Marcie's office to find out why she wasn't answering her phone, and the building security guard, who was summoned by the cleaning woman after she had noticed the pile of bodies.

Nor was that the end. In quick succession, three police officers, a fireman, a newspaper reporter, and a pathologist from Mount Sinai were added to the death list. Alarmed public-health officials called on the Institute for Catastrophe Control, in Princeton. With grim predictability, two of the institute's top scientists soon showed the seriousness of the challenge when they, too, were felled. Within forty-eight hours, scientists from the institute who had taken over the case were fairly certain that the fatal agent was the check that Marcie had picked up that Wednesday afternoon. They examined it through heavily tinted safety glasses, in sections, with no one scientist viewing the entire check. Within another forty-eight hours, Dr. Leo Wiedenthal, director of the institute, knew what he had on his hands. In a statement released to the press, he said that there was no evidence of a supertoxin or highly contagious disease on the fatal paycheck. Rather, he said, "Marcie Chang and the eleven other victims

almost certainly died as a result of what they *saw* on the check. Through a computer error, Marcie's check was made out to an extremely high number. Apparently, the computer made Marcie's check out to the sum of one killion dollars. The killion, as every mathematician knows, is a number so big that it kills you."

Since the days of Archimedes, man has known that numbers could attain great size. The Greeks could count up to a million, and the Romans, in their turn, made it to a billion and a trillion. Then man had to wait almost fifteen centuries, until the gilded arms of the Renaissance had flung open the shutters of the Dark Ages, before he could move on to a billion trillion, a million billion trillion, and, finally, a zillion. In 1702, Sir Isaac Newton, father of the theory of universal gravitation, experimented with numbers as high as a million billion trillion zillion, at one point even getting up to a bazillion. These experiments convinced him of the theoretical possibility of the existence of the killion. He stopped his experiments abruptly when, as the numbers approached one

killion, he found himself becoming very sick. The German mathematician Karl Friedrich Gauss, hearing about Newton's discovery from someone he met at a party, was so upset by the thought of a killion that he made up his own numbers, called Gaussian numbers. These were numbers that could get big, but not that big. Unfortunately, Gauss's brave attempt to develop a risk-free numerical system wound up on the scrap heap of failed theories. In the early twentieth century, Albert Einstein made some calculations that brought him right to the very threshold of the killion. But here even Einstein halted. Probably the smartest scientist who ever lived, Einstein also had a great, abiding affection for life. After the invention of the computer, it was Einstein who insisted that each one be equipped



"Spencer simply can't wait to get into the pool after a hot day in the city."

THE NEW YORKER

with a governor that would shut it off automatically if it ever approached a killion. Were it not for Einstein's farsightedness, the dawn of the computer age might have had frightening consequences for mankind.

So what went wrong in the affair of Marcie Chang's deadly paycheck? Why did the network computer, running a routine payroll program, make an error that no computer had ever made before? To understand this question, it is important to understand how a computer works. People unfamiliar with computers sometimes find it helpful to think of them as fairly good-sized, complicated things. Computers range in size from as small as a motel ice bucket to as large as an entertainment complex like New Jersey's Meadowlands, including the parking lot. Inside, a computer will have a short red wire hooked to a terminal at one end and to another terminal at the other end. Then there will be a blue wire also hooked to terminals at either end, and then a green wire, and then a yellow wire, then an orange wire, then a pink wire, and so on.

This particular computer was so big that when expert technicians began to disassemble it to find out what was the matter with it, they soon had more wires, terminals, and other parts lying around than they knew what to do with. The technicians spread the parts all over the floor of an unused equipment shed, and finally they found one that they identified as the governor—the little safety device that could trace its lineage back to Einstein's terrifying vision on that rainy February afternoon in Munich so many years ago. When they examined it closely, they discovered the problem. It was completely covered with gray stuff, kind of similar to the gray stuff that collects

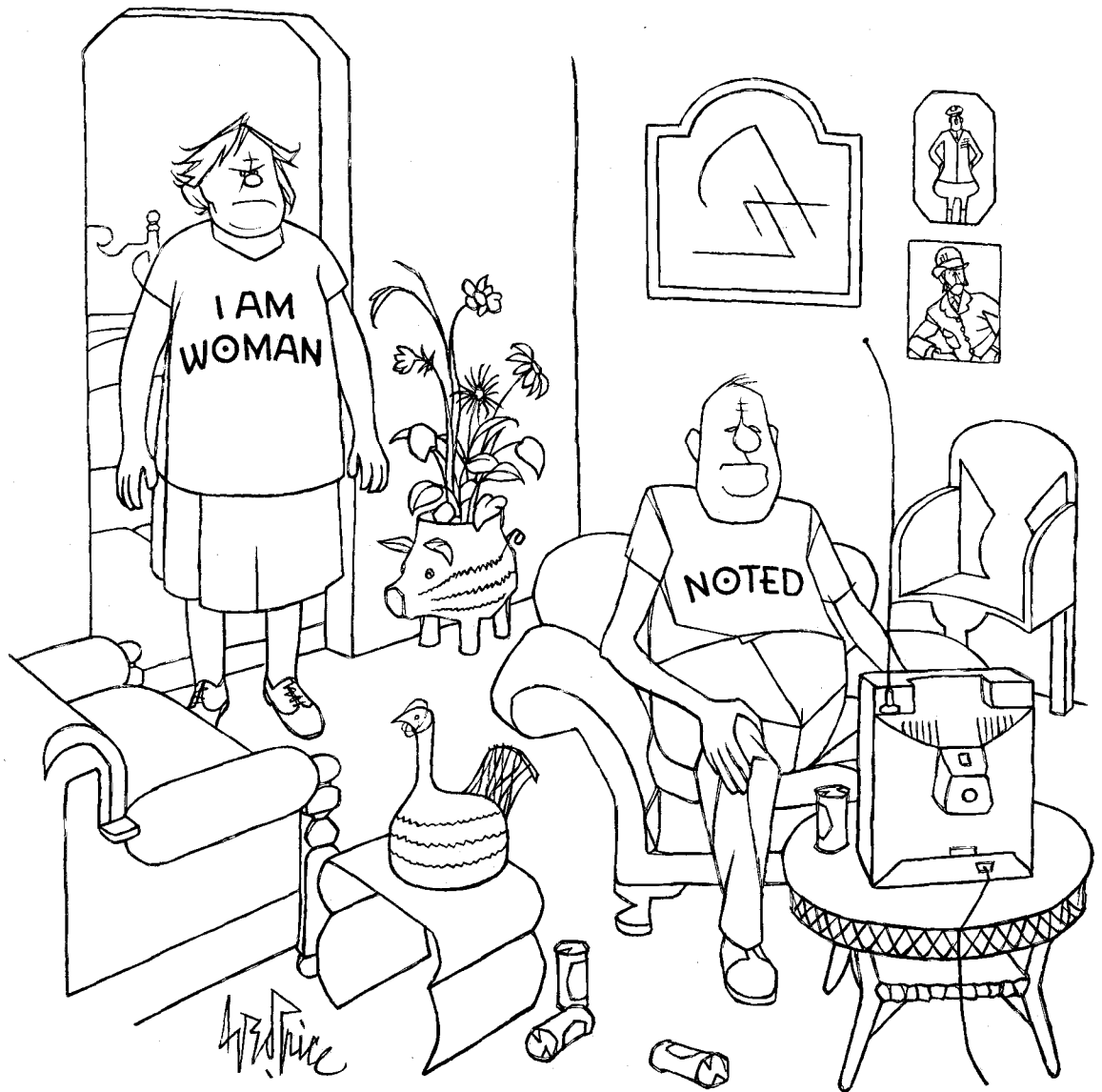
on rotary hot-dog grills. There was so much gray stuff that the little armature that was supposed to fit into a V-shaped groove on this other armature couldn't fit in at all. No one knew where the gray stuff could have come from, so there was nowhere to fix the blame. That did not change the fact that a small amount of gray stuff you could blow from your palm with one light breath had cost twelve human lives.

In the aftermath of the tragedy, many people asked, "How can such tragedies be prevented in the future?" Well, you could give your paycheck to the bank teller every week without looking at it—taking such risks is what bank tellers are paid for. But then you would never know how much money you had. You could move to a country where people have never heard of computers. But that might be awfully far away, and it might be years before you felt comfortable there.

You could vacuum computers at least three times a week to remove any foreign matter. But, on the other hand, what if that didn't work?

One hard, indisputable truth remains: There is nothing anybody can do about the killion. It is not a person, or a product, or an institution, and so need answer to no one. It will always be out there, in the far range of mathematics, where space bends and parallel lines converge, and I don't know what all. In the end, the best you can really do is hope that if the killion gets anyone, the person it gets won't be you.

—IAN FRAZIER



DON'T WAIT!
ENROLL NOW

TO SPEND IT AT A BORING JOB,
CONSIDER A CAREER IN REAL ESTATE
—Adv. in the Greenville (S.C.) News.

Come, now, somebody has to sell houses.

A TELEPHONE CALL ON YOM KIPPUR

I OFTEN receive telephone calls from readers who assure me that they have a true story that would shock me. Usually I get rid of such propositions with any kind of excuse: I'm about to leave town, I'm not well, I'm working on a piece with a deadline. When I do surrender to my curiosity, I'm almost always disappointed. The stories are typical recitations of treacherous husbands, unfaithful wives, ungrateful children. This time a man called who swore he had a fantastic story to tell—a piece of reality with all the elements of fantasy. After some hesitation I made an appointment with him. On the telephone his voice sounded like that of a middle-aged man, but when he came to my office I saw that he was in his seventies, tall, with a head of white hair and a wrinkled face. Only his eyes expressed youthful eagerness. He told me that in Warsaw, where he was born, he had belonged to a circle of students who considered themselves Yiddishists. In the early twenties he emigrated to America—already a grown man. Here he practiced as a dentist and a dental surgeon for over forty years. I asked him about his family and he answered, "I'm sorry, I don't have any close relatives. I've never married. In Warsaw they used to say that when an old bachelor dies he is buried without a prayer shawl, but I never had one. I've always considered myself an atheist. However, when you hear the story I'm about to tell, you will see that a full-fledged atheist has never existed. Somewhere we all believe in the supernatural. Who was it who said, 'When you scratch an unbeliever, a believer will emerge?'"

After a while my visitor began his story: "As I said, I'm not religious. This may be the reason I never wanted to marry. I doubted not only God but also women. In my youth I had affairs with a number of married women and I came to the conclusion that the saying 'Every woman has her price' is

true. I'm not an anti-feminist. All I can say about women is that they are neither better nor worse than men. Our grandmothers were faithful wives because they believed in God and in the Torah, and were afraid of being roasted on a bed of nails in Gehenna. For the same reason, our grandfathers were devoted husbands. When the fear of punishment is gone, what can restrain people from deceit? I'm an old man now, but I still have a lover. When I was young I was what they call a playboy. I was successful in my profession. I even taught orthodontics in a university. I made a lot of money; I had an office on Park Avenue and a comfortable apartment. Although I had no confidence in women, I loved them, and I am not boasting when I say that I was a success with them. What is so difficult about it?

"Yes, I had affairs—juggling a number of women simultaneously. My rule was never to take any of them too seriously. Of course I did not always succeed. There were cases in my life when my love for a woman became so intense that I was about to take her to City Hall or stand with her under the wedding canopy. But at the last moment I had the strength to say no, and still they never left me. I possess huge albums with photographs of my sweethearts, and I have boxes of love letters.

"The most important of all these women was Helena. She was from Warsaw, where she had studied in a *Gymnasium*—something rare for a Jewish girl in Poland in those days. We met in New York—as a matter of fact, in my office. Someone recommended me to her as a dentist. She was a beautiful woman, intelligent, well read, and with good taste. Her husband was an optical-instrument salesman who travelled all over America and made a good living. When we began seeing one another, she had an eight-year-old daughter, Mildred. She brought her to me to be fitted for braces. Even today it is not clear to me why her husband chose a business that kept him away from home most of the time. He was sometimes absent for weeks—even months. I have always thought that travelling salesmen and sailors cannot be jealous by nature. Who knows? Perhaps they are born with an exaggerated faith in the opposite sex. Maybe they subconsciously like to share their wives with other men.

"I'm coming to the point. Yes, the husband travelled a lot and made good money. He sent his daughter to private schools. And meanwhile a tremendous passion developed between Helena and me. We often fantasized about her leaving her husband and marrying me, but I knew that I would never do it. I had no desire to bring up another man's child, or even a child of my own. Women often reproached me, and said that I was a cynic. Maybe I was, but what were they? Men of my disposition should remain unattached, and this is what I did. I am by nature as far from monogamy as Heaven is from earth. I think it was Maupassant who said, 'Why a man should get up one morning with a decision to get married I will never understand.' He also said that he could not see why two women aren't better than one, three better than two, and ten better than three. It's possible his biographers ascribe words to





Secretary of Comedy Meeting with Other Cabinet Members

him he never said. I certainly accepted his view.

"My affair with Helena went on for years, and it seemed to become stronger with time. In order not to get overly involved, I tried my best to have others on the side. Helena knew about them, and it made her bitter. Sometimes she threatened to make love to other men, but I knew it was not in her character. We had many quarrels. Whenever we separated both of us almost expired from yearning. I heard her calling me telepathically, and I answered her in the same manner. When one of us could not stand it anymore and surrendered, we fell upon each other with a thirst and an enthusiasm that almost killed us. She always said that only death could end our love. At the same time I knew that Helena never made peace with my betrayals. Her rebellion became even sharper with time; our quarrels lasted longer. We waged what they call today the battle of the sexes.

"The unavoidable happened—we parted. Mildred had already grown up and was in college. The reason for our parting was the husband's decision to move to California. Whether this had some connection with me I could never learn. It all came unexpectedly, and everything happened quickly. One day she told me that she was leaving, and a week later she was ready for the journey. They sold their furniture for next to nothing. Today people fly, but then people went by train. Helena had a phobia about flying. She once told me that her fear of flying was so great she was sure that her anxiety could cause the plane to disintegrate in midair. Helena believed in all the superstitions you write about—ghosts, premoni-

tions, clairvoyance. I have forgotten to mention that Mildred never approved of me. She became my enemy when she grew up and understood our game.

"When Helena packed her luggage and prepared for the trip, she insisted that her moving would be a form of suicide. I had to swear that I would come to visit her soon in California. She cried so much that I could not be angry with her. She had lost weight, and I did not like the color of her face. She had written a will, in which she asked to be cremated after death. 'I don't want to rot in the earth,' she told me. 'It is my wish that my ashes be thrown into the ocean. I don't want you to visit my grave with one of your whores.' She spoke as if she had lost her mind. I suffered terribly myself, and there were nights when I lay awake and planned to run away with her. She said that if I was ready to go with her, and if I promised to marry her after she was divorced, she would live with me even in the jungle! But where could we run? Here I had my office, my patients. I lectured in the university. I had other girlfriends and was in my own way attached to them, too. Helena was not young anymore, and in my late middle age I had begun to develop a taste for young ones. The woman who is directly connected with this story was a student then, about twenty-five years old. Her name was Martha."

"Not Jewish?" I asked.

"Yes, Jewish. But wait, the story is only beginning. Helena and I parted in love and in hatred. I knew that her husband was aware of me. You cannot conceal an affair like this forever. Almost immediately after she left, wild letters began to arrive from her. She

hinted, then actually stated, that she was dangerously ill and that her days were numbered. Since I considered her a hypochondriac, I didn't take her too seriously. Then, in the middle of the night, the telephone rang and it was her daughter. 'My mother is dead,' she screamed. 'Her ashes are already in the ocean. Murderer!' She abused me with the most terrible words. She wailed so that she almost burst my eardrum. She threatened to come to New York and shoot me. I tried to answer but she wouldn't let me say a word. Mildred's last words were 'To me you are already dead. You can't hide for long.' She assured me that her father, too, was out to get his revenge.

"After that night I seriously considered leaving the States—running to Europe or the land of Israel. The Jewish state had already been proclaimed. Who knows what hysterical people can do? Still, I remained in New York, and, as you can see, I am still here. What could I do? Helena was dead, and I was certainly not religious enough to say Kaddish for her. I don't need to tell you that I was shattered. I don't know how it is with others, but I can never forget anything. If you ask me, the word 'forget' should be erased from the dictionary. A day did not pass when I did not think about her. All her words, all her caresses, and all her resentment were engraved in my memory. I had told her that she was the greatest love of my life and it was true."

MY visitor went on, "After some years I began to fantasize about seeing Helena's daughter again. I could not hate her forever. I said to myself that as women get older they

are more likely to understand the complications of love and to forgive. In a way, I had taken part in Mildred's upbringing. When I visited I often brought her chocolate and other little gifts. I hoped I could meet her again one day. Maybe she was already married and a mother. You know what takes place in a mind that is possessed with the illusions of love. Those who love money would like to grab all the capital from all the banks, and those who love women would like the entire female sex to belong to them. As I grew older I had saved a part of my earnings, and it occurred to me to leave Mildred some money in my will. However, between thinking and doing is a far cry in my case. By nature I postpone things. It may sound like a paradox, but although I doubt God's existence I trust his providence, or call it destiny. The whole phenomenon of man is a paradox—biologically and in other ways.

"Now the real story begins. My young lover, Martha, was working then on her doctorate. She had a sister, Sheryl, ten years older, the wife of a professor of philosophy at the University of California at La Jolla. The professor, who was much older than his wife, had taken a sabbatical and gone to England. His wife, Martha's sister, was supposed to visit him at Oxford some time later. Suddenly a cable came saying that he was dead—he had been killed in a car accident. After a short visit to England the widow decided to go on a long trip to Israel. She knew that Martha and I were planning a vacation, and she persuaded us to live in her house in La Jolla during her absence. She didn't want to sublet to a stranger. Martha and I were more than willing to take care of the house. We were supposed to stay there the whole month of September and three weeks into October. The house was on a hill, and many of the windows faced the Pacific. If you have ever visited there, you know that it is one of the most beautiful places in the world—even more splendid than the Riviera. This was my first trip to California. I had never wanted to go there before, because of Helena.

"Rosh Hashanah was over and Yom Kippur was approaching. Neither Martha nor I ever celebrated the High Holidays, and it never occurred to us to look for a synagogue out there. But for some reason I always fast on Yom Kippur—perhaps just to keep some

A SUMMER NIGHT

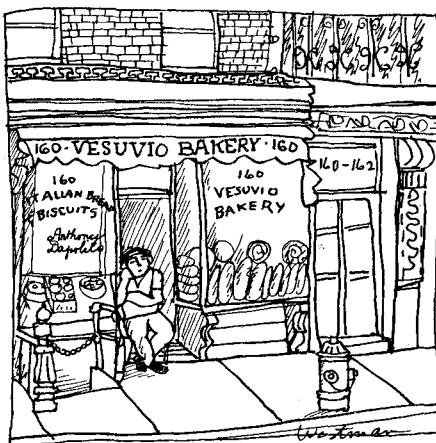
Dusk softens round the leaf and cools the West.
Rhythmical fragrances, wind, grass, and leaves,
Fly in and out on scented cadences.
I go into the bedroom of the world,
Discovering the long night of my life.
The telephone is electronic lies,
Ringing with calls, with farewells of the dead
Paid for on credit. Nocturnal postmen ring
My doorbell; I refuse to let them in.
My birch trees have their own two lives to lead
Without our love, although we named them us.
They play inside the aromatic wind
That is their house forever. Outside time,
On the sensation of a memory
I walk through the dark house, remembering.
I meet the seasons on the stairs, breathing
Their pulchritudes, their four degrees of heat,
Four shades of day, shade on shade, shade on shade.
I have gone through a year, in at one end,
Out at the same way in. Same every year,
But that year was different. I counted days
As Francis counted sparrows, being kind to them.
They were not kind to me. My floating life
Borrows its fortitude from a cool silence
Composed of green, from two trees, from the tingle
That was the touch of us against the world.
It left its lived heat everywhere we'd been,
A small white cry, one last wild, stubborn rose.

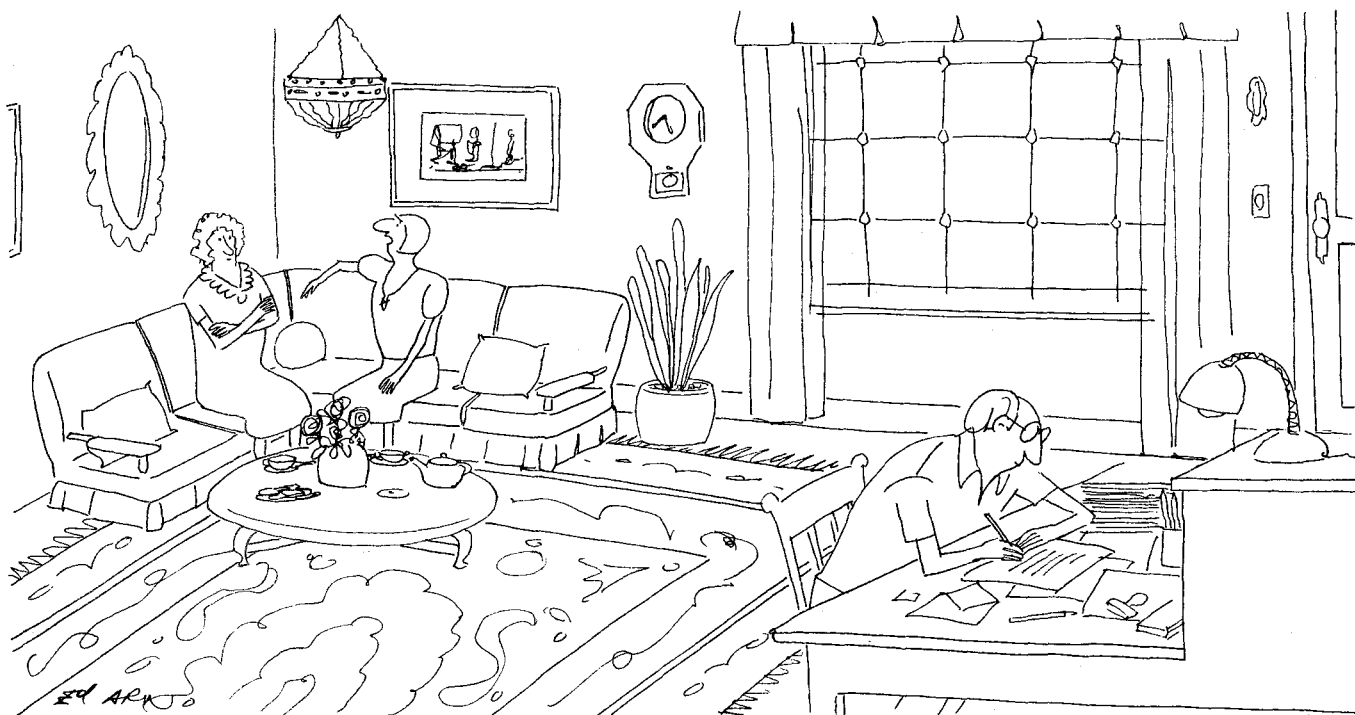
—DOUGLAS DUNN

contact with my parents and with earlier generations of Jews. A day before Yom Kippur, Martha received a telegram from a cousin in New York saying that an uncle of theirs who lived in a suburb of Los Angeles had died and left his old wife alone, a woman in her eighties. They had no children. The old woman was sick and helpless, and the cousin asked Martha to stay with her until the funeral. I disliked being alone on Yom Kippur, and I had hoped that no one would disturb our vacation. Martha suggested that I go with her to Los Angeles,

but there was a chance that other relatives would show up and I wanted to avoid such complications. Martha prepared a pre-fast meal for me, and then she left. The death of her uncle had dampened my mood. It reminded me that the Angel of Death has jurisdiction over California, too. Everything I read in the newspapers or heard on the radio was about death, death, death. . . . The professor in whose house I was staying and in whose bed I slept was dead. His portrait hung in the living room and stood on his desk. My own relatives had perished in the Holocaust. I ate the cold meal by myself, thinking about my dead parents, my brothers and sisters and in-laws. Some of them had died a natural death, others were destroyed by the Nazis or died in exile in Russia.

"Night fell quickly. As beautiful as the sight of the Pacific is in the daytime, everything becomes gloomy and melancholy after sunset. You look out into infinite darkness. The sacred night of Yom Kippur is always connected in my mind with ancient Jewish sombreness; the Kol Nidre melody and other liturgies were humming in





"Howard's basically a single-issue person. But it's never the same issue."

my mind. When I was with Martha, the evenings always seemed too short, but without her the hours dragged on. A cool wind blew from the ocean, and a dense fog covered everything. I tried to read a book, but after the first few lines it began to bore me. I don't know why, but I opened one of my valises and I began to search there—for what I didn't know myself. In a side pocket I found an old notebook with addresses and telephone numbers from years back. I was overcome with a need to call someone and to wish that person a Happy New Year—an impulse on that holy night to make peace, as was the custom in Poland, with someone I had quarrelled with or become estranged from. I looked over the names. Quite a number of those whose addresses I had written down were already in the other world. After poking around for some time, I found Helena's telephone number in Los Angeles. It seemed that I had never given up the idea of getting in touch with her daughter. Perhaps Mildred is still living in her mother's house, I thought. I knew that the chances of that and of the phone number's being the same were small. In America things change constantly. Nor was I sure that I really wanted to renew a relationship with someone who had called me murderer and threatened to kill me. Still, I felt

an uncontrollable need to call the number, even though it is forbidden to use the telephone on Yom Kippur, when God sits on the throne of glory and signs the decrees for life and death.

"Now comes the unbelievable part, the frightful thing, which brought me here to your office. I called and someone answered. It was the voice of a woman, but not Mildred's. It was the voice of an elderly person, and she spoke in a foreign accent. God in Heaven, it was Helena's voice! I realized that it could be nothing but my overwrought nerves, or else my never-extinguished love. I wanted to hang up, but my hand clung to the receiver as if from an electric shock. I heard myself uttering my name, and the voice on the other side said, 'Yes, I recognize you.' I must have been mad with fear in that moment, because I asked, 'Where are you?' And the voice replied, 'You know where.'

"I made a strong effort and threw down the receiver. My heart was beating like a hammer. It became dark before my eyes, but miraculously there was a chair nearby into which I could collapse. In a second I was soaked with perspiration. I sat there shaking and waiting for my heart to quiet down. I saw the receiver on the floor and I barely managed to lift it and

hang it up. Ten minutes later when I put my fingers to my pulse it was still beating one hundred and forty times a minute. I hobbled over to the sofa and lay down. Only then did I remember that I had said the words 'Where are you?' in Polish, 'Gdzie jesteś?', and she had answered me, 'Ty wiesz'—'You know.' Helena came from an assimilated family and we always spoke Polish to one another, not Yiddish. But her daughter, like most children of émigrés, had no interest in the old country and didn't know a word of Polish. My heart, which had begun to subside, started hammering again. A new fear befell me—that I would have a heart attack. I lay there feeling mortally sick. 'It's an illusion,' I said to myself. 'Something is the matter with my brain.' Helena's answer, 'Ty wiesz,' kept repeating itself in my ears. 'Could it be that I have heard a voice from the other world?' I asked myself. 'Is this an omen that I don't belong anymore to the living?' I could not remain alone in that forsaken house, but where could I go? I became cold. Martha had promised to call me when she arrived in Los Angeles, but the telephone was uncannily silent. In all my terror I decided not to mention a word of what had happened to me. Martha would be frightened to death and would rush me to a psychia-

trist. I'll take this secret to my grave, I decided.

"After a long while I dragged myself into the bedroom and got into bed with my clothes and shoes on. I covered myself with whatever I could find, but I was still cold. I lay there numb and bewildered. I must have fallen asleep. The telephone on the night table rang, and I awoke in a tremor. I could hardly lift the receiver. It was Martha. She excused herself for calling so late. Her trip had taken longer than she expected, and she had found her old aunt sick and broken. None of the family, which was scattered all over the world, had appeared so far. Martha asked me how I had spent the evening and I tried to answer as calmly as possible. I recognized from her voice that she, too, was shaken by our unexpected parting. She said to me, 'This is my first direct encounter with death. It took a long time until the train reached Los Angeles, then I had to wait for a taxi. My aunt fell upon me and cried without stopping. The funeral will take place the day after tomorrow. My uncle belonged to a *landsleit* society, and he has a plot in their cemetery. I'll come home as soon as I can. I will call you tomorrow morning.'

"My hand was trembling and I had difficulty hanging up. I stretched out again on the bed, but I did not turn off the light. For the first time since I was a child, I was afraid of the dark. If an accident had happened that night and the electricity had failed, I wouldn't be sitting with you here now. I would have been buried long ago in the Jewish cemetery in La Jolla—if there is one."

MY visitor became silent and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. His hand was shaking and I worried that something might happen to him in my office. I said to him,

"Rest awhile, Doctor. Shall I bring you a glass of water?"

"What? No. I'm all right."

He sat there, pale, pondering his own tale. I said, "Helena was alive, eh?"

"Yes."

"The daughter was lying?"

"With her mother's knowledge."

"Why couldn't Helena have just let you know she was finished with you?" I asked.

A frail smile appeared on my visitor's lips. "If you can lie, why tell the truth?"

He was silent again for a minute. Then I asked, "When did you learn that she was alive?"

"Not that night. I found some sleeping pills in the medicine cabinet and I swallowed at least a dozen. This threw me into a lethargy, in which I remained the whole night. I was awakened by the sun. One window in

the bedroom faced east. It seemed that although I had been lying in a daze, my brain was working and seeking a solution to the riddle. If the dead want to reveal themselves, they don't need the telephone. Suddenly I grasped the truth: Helena was still living. I had become so weak that there could be no more thought of fasting. I went to the kitchen and drank a few cups of strong coffee. Only then did I find the power and the courage to ring the same number."

"Helena answered again?" I asked.

"Yes, and we spoke for over an hour. How weird it was to talk to someone whom I once loved so strongly and whom I considered dead for years. I spoke to her and shuddered. Was it true? Was I in a coma, and the whole thing one long nightmare? I won't bother you with too many details. Helena was alive, but she told me that she suffered from leukemia. Her husband had died a few years before. Mildred had married an Australian, who demanded that she convert to Christianity. She lived in Melbourne with her husband and two children. I asked Helena why she had entered upon this kind of deception, and she said, 'I wanted to chop off our affair with an axe. I knew that if you wrote to me or called I would never get any rest. Only death could have parted us. And if not real death, then it would have to be the death that Mildred and I pretended. I knew that it was not in your nature to probe or to brood. You had others before me, and you forgot them quickly. One remarkable thing is that yesterday I thought about you all day and all evening. I wasn't just thinking. I had fallen into a sort of trance. You won't believe me, and I cannot even ask you to believe me, but when the telephone rang last night I knew it was you. I have no reason to lie to you



"Somebody named Lenny just called. You left your attaché case on the bus."

anymore. I've reached a state where my lie will soon be the truth.'"

"Did you meet Helena later?" I asked.

"No. I wanted to, but she categorically forbade me to see her. She said, 'I want you to remember me as I was, not as I am now—a ruin. I don't even want my daughter to come to see me. She doesn't know how sick I am. It has been my fate to live all these years alone, and I intend to die alone. I hope that you will respect my wish. Don't come and don't call. If there is such a thing as life after death, we will meet in the other world.'"

"You never spoke to her again on the telephone?"

"No, but I saw her. In reality—not in dreams."

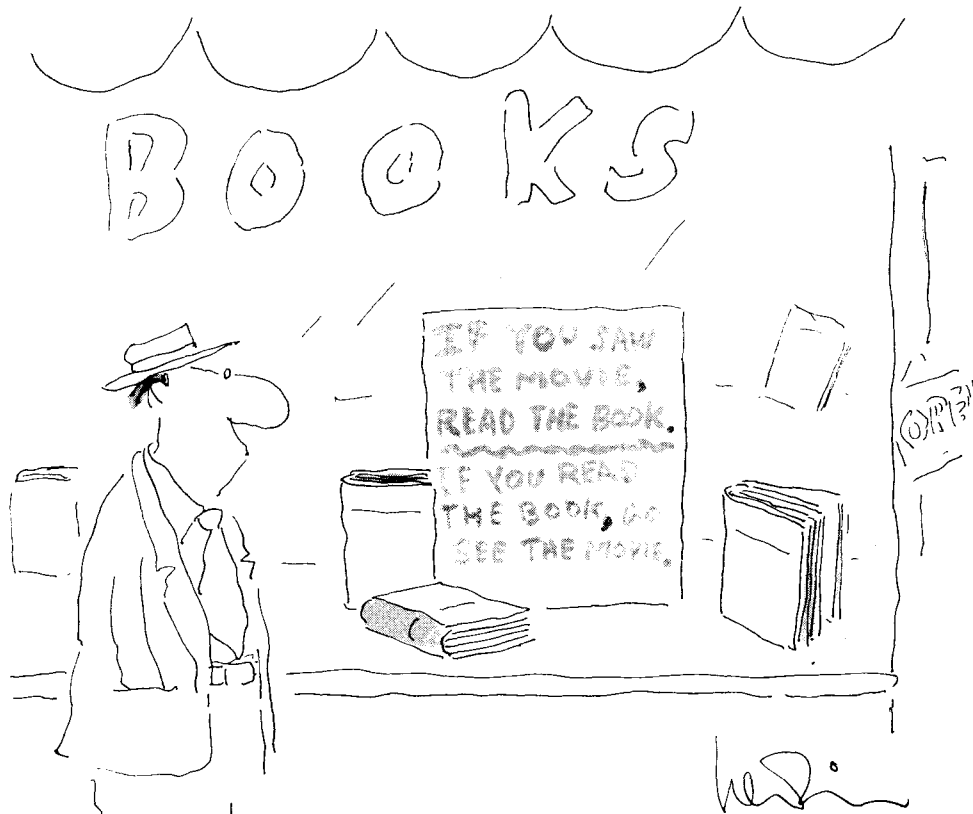
"How did this happen?"

"After that conversation I was again assailed with doubt. I could not stay alone in the house anymore. I was in fear of the coming night. To be sure that I was still there and not in my grave, I called up Martha. She cried out, 'I've been trying to call you for an hour, but the telephone was busy the whole time.' And here again is something unbelievable. Martha asked me, 'Who were you talking to for so long? Your dead lover?' She said it because she knew that Helena had lived in California. But the shudder those words brought to me I will never forget. 'Why did you say that? What was the idea?' I cried out.

"I'm only joking," Martha said. 'Tell me the truth—who was on the phone that long?'

"It really was my dead lover," I said.

"You will never know what I went through last night," Martha said. 'It's true that my uncle is dead and my aunt's situation made me jittery. Just the same, I never knew my uncle and hardly knew my aunt. They are old people and they lived their lives. After my aunt managed to drive me crazy with crying her heart out, she went to sleep. I telephoned, as you know, and went to bed, tired from the trip and all the rest of it. I slept two hours or so. Suddenly I woke up with the feeling that someone or something had pulled my hair and whispered in my ear. I woke with a heaviness in my chest and with a terrible yearning for you. I told myself that it was silly. We have often parted for days or weeks without making much of it. Besides, I had spoken to you before I went to sleep. But I



couldn't calm myself. I felt like crying, and you know I'm not a crybaby. I had a strong desire to call you again, but I didn't want to wake you. Now I hear that you, too, had a miserable night. Come and stay with me. None of the relatives have arrived yet. I have told my aunt about you. She won't make any trouble.'

"Some hours later," my visitor said, "I was sitting in the train that goes from San Diego to Los Angeles. Once there, I asked the taxi-driver to pass by Helena's street on the way to Martha's. I wanted at least to see the house where she lived. Perhaps I tried to find an excuse to see her, too. I should not say it, but many things have happened in my life just because I wished them to happen. How such things occur I don't know. My theory is that causality and purpose are two faces of the same coin. If you want something very strongly, the causes and the effects begin to adjust themselves and to coöperate. The fact is that we entered her street, a little alley with old houses, and I asked the driver to stop. It was twilight already. The taxi stood there some five minutes. I was about to tell the driver to continue when I saw an old woman come out of Helena's house, and it was she. I would never have recognized her if I

had seen her by chance in the street. But I am a hundred per cent sure that it was she. Some trace of her former self remained. She glanced at the taxi and sharply turned away. Maybe she recognized me, too. This is the whole story."

"You never heard from her again?" I asked.

"How? No one would have written to me about her death or called on the telephone, unless she herself from the hereafter—"

The last words seemed to slip from the old man's mouth by their own volition. He looked both frightened and ashamed. I heard him say, "Don't laugh at me. I'm still scared when I must make a telephone call late at night." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author.)

There were, to be sure, brilliant passages and works on this program. The running decorations in Chopin waltzes, the glitter whirl of Debussy's "Mouvement" were fully served. Yet Moravec retained the feeling of composure throughout these etudes, even down to the final "Passions d'or" ("Goldfish"), which closed the program.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Better try that last one again, Moravec.

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

IN THE COUNTRY

MABEL MERCER, born in England in 1900, looks much as she did in 1972—or, for that matter, as she did in 1962. Her hair, touched with gray, forms a tight, dark cloud around her head, and her beautiful blue-green eyes are serene and bright. Her pale, sienna-toned skin softens whatever light she is in. (Her mother was English, and her father was a black American, whom she never met.) She holds her head slightly lifted and tilted to the left, as if she were listening for music in the far distance. Her figure remains Victorian, her back straight, and her neck arched. To be sure, not all is perfect. Her walk has slowed, and she has a time getting in and out of chairs. And her singing has grown wayward. Her voice retains its power and timbre and expressiveness, but it frequently refuses to carry between her notes. So she resorts more and more to *parlando*, and with surprising results: there is just as much grace and humor in her recitation of a Cole Porter lyric as there was in her singing of it.

She has had a fine decade. Her years of singing in the St. Regis Room were brought to a climax by a seventy-fifth-birthday party in the St. Regis Roof, at which Jimmie Daniels, Sylvia Syms, Mary Lou Williams, Bobby Short, Ruth Warwick, and Hugh Shannon performed. In 1977, suddenly full-voiced, she gave a brilliant concert at Carnegie Hall. The same year, she appeared in London (for the first time in over forty years), at the Playboy Club, and starred in a five-part BBC television film, "Miss Mercer in Mayfair." The next year, she spent nine stirring weeks at the Macombo, in San Francisco, and she gave a concert in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, in Los Angeles. In 1981, the Whitney Museum held an evening called "American Cabaret," in which she was celebrated by eighteen performers and composers. Frank Sinatra wrote her a letter that reads, in part, "I love you dearly. You are a great friend, a gifted and talented woman, and the best music teacher in the world. Everyone who has ever raised his voice in song has learned from you, but I am the luckiest one of all because I learned the most of all." Last June,



she worked twice at the Kool Jazz Festival in New York. At a concert of Alec Wilder's music, she sang "Did You Ever Cross Over to Sneden's," and the next evening, at Alice Tully Hall, she gave a program with Eileen Farrell. Dressed in a handsome black gown (which she had made) and a light-blue stole, she did ten solos, among them "The Kerry Dance," "While We're Young," "Once Upon a Summertime," "Try to Remember," and "Wait 'Til We're Sixty-five." She closed with dramatic readings of A. A. Milne's "Vespers" (which she had first heard Gracie Fields do) and Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver." Anita Ellis was one of the countless singers in the audience. "The *joie de vivre*, the sweetness, the lesson in how to love!" she later said of the concert. "It was one of the events of my life."

Between these appearances, Mabel Mercer invariably fled to her haven, her paradise—a small eighteenth-century farmhouse in the foothills of the Berkshires, where she has spent every spare minute during the past thirty years. The house lies in a wild, hilly, wooded area between Chatham, New York, and Lenox, Massachusetts. Charlie Briggs, a retired postmaster, farmer, and storekeeper and a still

active woodcutter, caretaker, and maple-syrup maker, sold the house to Mabel Mercer. He is a slender, easy, articulate man with a small mustache and weather-narrowed eyes. "I was born in 1912 in Mabel's house," he said recently. "We had an outdoor pump and an outhouse. The road that the house faces wasn't electrified until 1947. I don't know that it will ever be paved. I'm not sure who built the house or when, but my father bought it from a short, smart businessman named Thomas Buckley, who owned a good part of Chatham. Chatham was an important rail center in those days, and I used to ship plums and eggs down to Pleasantville on the express. The shipping fee for thirty dozen eggs was twenty-five cents. I've seen this valley change from farms, with every side field planted or grazed, to residences, and I don't believe you can buy a dozen eggs or a

quart of milk up and down its whole length. Sometimes Mabel's house wasn't accessible. Sometimes it still isn't. In heavy snow, the only way to get food to the house was to hand-pull it up the hill on a sled—a full mile, it was. And in the spring, when the thaw came, you couldn't get through at all. A horse would sink to his knees in the mud, and a car was even more useless. I consider myself a lucky man to have been able to live my whole life in this beautiful area." Briggs paused, then went on, "Some people around here were upset when I sold Mabel the house. But many of those people are now her best friends—which shows you something about her and about human nature."

The house sits close to the ground at the end of a short driveway. It now comes in three parts. On the right is the original, full Cape Cod-style house with its center door flanked on both sides by two matching windows. The door is closed and blind-looking, and is rarely used. To the left of the old house is an ell, probably added in the nineteenth century. It is set back a few feet and has had a glassed-in porch added at the front. The porch leads to the kitchen door, which is now the front door. A small wing, set back a few more feet and added to the ell a

year or two ago, forms the third part of the house. At the back of the ell, a cement terrace, separated from the kitchen by a narrow sun porch, looks out over a beautiful field, which flows downhill from left to right and is covered by tall grass. A solitary apple tree stands in the main part of the field. A thirty-year-old maple shades the terrace and the foundations of two Briggs barns, now gone, and just to the right of the terrace are a white toolhouse and a small hickory-nut tree. Alec Wilder gave the hickory tree to Mabel Mercer for her seventy-fifth birthday, mistakenly believing it to be a walnut tree. "That was our special joke, that tree," Mabel Mercer says. Wilder loved to visit her house, and he once said, "I've gone up to visit her in the country a perfect wreck and in two days felt marvellous. It isn't that she *does* anything—that there is any laying on of hands or such. She just putters around her house, and cooks, and feeds her animals. But there is some quality, some corrective

force, in her very presence." The uphill side of the field has half a dozen Christmas-tree evergreens, and between them are woodchuck holes and four-foot basins of flattened grass—deer beds. The field is bordered on one side by the road and on three sides by woods. A stream runs past the field through the bottom of a steep ravine, and a hundred or so yards to the left of the house there is a small waterfall. There is no other house in sight, and the sky over the field and woods is low and sheltering.

Mabel Mercer loves to laugh. She calls her house Tobacco Road Mansion, and when she moves through it she often mentions the Collyer brothers. What was once lawn around the house is filled with long grass, cinder blocks, saplings, sheets of plywood, low bushes, bricks, gardening tools, flats, flowerpots, and lengths of hose. A rusting power mower rests under an eave of the new wing, and near it is a child's broken wagon. Beside a chair on the terrace, a telephone-cable-spool

table with a marble top is propped up by an elaborate arrangement of logs and cinder blocks. The top is covered with vases and jars of wild flowers, most of them expired. An empty metal clothes-drying rack sits nearby, and has a short four-by-four stuck through its legs as ballast. Inside the house, the downstairs rooms are crowded with furniture, bric-a-brac, pictures, and cartons full of books, magazines, and newspapers. The empty center of each room suggests a clearing in the woods. Every surface is in use. In the living room—or Fire Room, as Mabel Mercer calls it—a mantel is covered with part of her owl collection: a wooden owl, a lead owl, a glass owl, a tin owl, a brass owl, and a ceramic owl. ("I dust them once a month.") On the top of a sideboard in the kitchen are a stuffed rabbit, a stuffed cat, a wicker breadbasket in the shape of a goose with raised wings joined to form a handle, a silver candlestick, three silver wine coasters with glass bottoms, and a metal angel with transparent



"Damn it, Turner, you were supposed to orchestrate public opinion!"

IN MY OWN BACK YARD

1
July. I'm dozing in sun on the deck,
one thrush is singing among the high trees,
and Li Po walks by, chanting a poem!

2
From behind November glass I watch the wind
truck all its winter furnishings
item by item into my yard.
In a dusty raincoat my neighbor
throws a tennis ball, over and over,
to exercise his police dog.

Sometimes I feel like one of the world's bad headaches,
sometimes I think I get no closer
to what I have wanted to mean
than the gumshoe calling
"Testing"
up to the bugged ceiling . . .

You can try to put words to a mood
or tell yourself to ignore it,
but what kind of message is coming
from the chickadee, dapper
in his black mask and skullcap,
grooming himself on the big pine's branch-tip?

His music is small and monotonous,
but it's his own.

3
I am turning pages in lamplight.
Outside, above blue snow, in February dusk,
in the double world of glass,
more pages flip, like wings—
this merging of me and the world
done with mirrors and windows.

4
Hunting for duck eggs at the end of March
I watch three mallards and a speckled female make
a tight flotilla on the swollen creek.

The dog barks at her counterpart
on the other bank. Nothing is green
the way these mallards' heads are green.

Empty-handed, I turn back to the house.
Small waterlights
play on the underbranches of the ash.
High up
the sycamore lifts its light-peeled limbs
against a turning sky.

5
Late May. Summer coming on again.
I think
Li Po may not be back. Worried about
the world's end, as I realize
I have been most of my life,
I take my work outside
and sit on the deck, distracted.

It was a day like this, I think,
in Hiroshima.

Distracted.

There must be something in the pinecones
that the chickadees—there's another one.
What's this that's snowing down? Husks, pollen,
freckle-sized petals from our wild cherry trees!

We sneeze and plant tomatoes. Ultimatums.
The world
comes close and goes away
in rhythms that our years
help us begin to understand.

We haven't long to live.
And the world? Surely the world . . .
A deep breath. Sunshine.
Mosquitoes, birdcalls, petal-hail.

—DAVID YOUNG

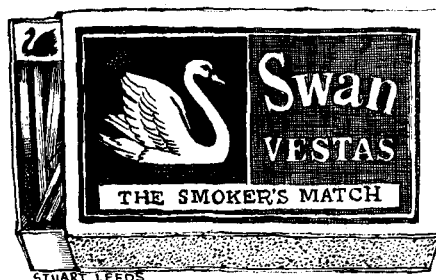
wings, its feet in a bed of plastic holly leaves and berries.

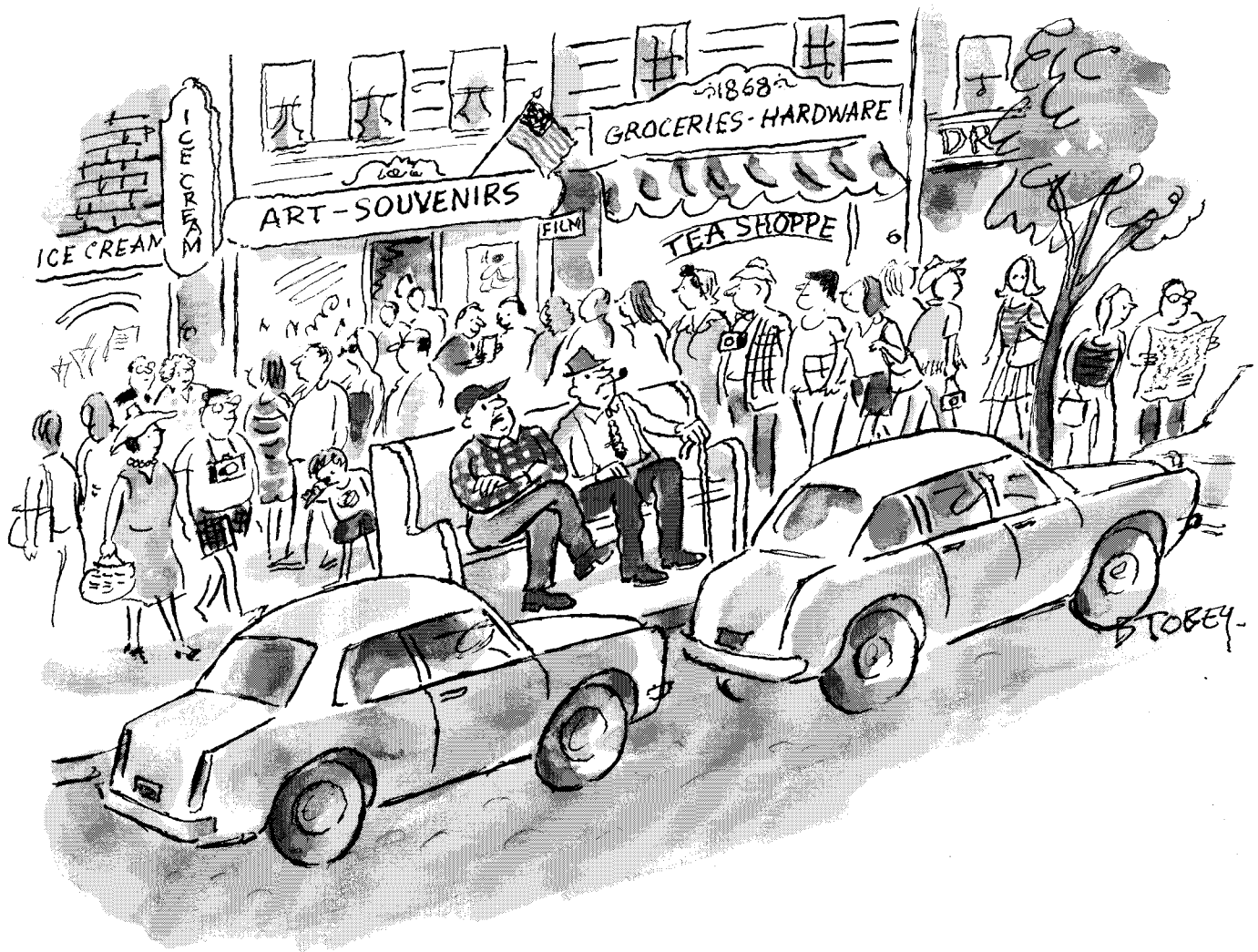
LATE one afternoon, Mabel Mercer sat on her terrace with her old friend Muriel Finch and with Cynthia and Donald Elwood, New York admirers who had stopped in for tea on their way to Tanglewood. (Muriel Finch, who lives fifteen miles away, and Adelaide Wallin, a neighbor of Mabel Mercer's, keep watch over her. Adelaide Wallin calls her at noon, when Mabel Mercer generally gets up—she is a poor sleeper, and often stays awake until dawn—and Muriel Finch calls her in the evening. She also comes by almost every day to look in on her.) Mabel Mercer had just given the Elwoods a house tour, pointing out a

sofa in the Piano Room (two pianos, a sofa, and a chair) on which Alec Wilder used to nap ("Every time Alec saw the sofa, he'd say, 'This is deadly,' and lie down and go instantly to sleep"); a handsome iron bedstead in an upstairs bedroom which had come with the house; and Bear, an immense neighborhood Newfoundland who filled the Fire Room floor and

was waiting for his daily combing and cosseting. She had then made a pot of Earl Grey tea and served it on the terrace with oatmeal cookies. When Cynthia Elwood asked Mabel if she could pour everyone a second cup of tea, Mabel Mercer said, "There's an English saying that two people should never pour tea at once, because one will have a baby." A heat wave had ended the day before, and the half-dozen different shades of green around the house looked cool and silvery. A sharp breeze blew the talk about.

Donald Elwood asked Mabel how long she had had her house, and she said, "For years I read the 'Farms and Acreage' ads in the *Times*, and when there was something promising I'd get in my car Sunday with a few friends and take a look. I first saw this place





"Another week, Walt, and we'll have our town back again."

on a February day in the early fifties, and it immediately reminded me of Wales, where I went summers as a child. There was snow on the ground, and I had on high heels, but I walked across the field and down to the stream and up to the waterfall. The place was owned by a farmer named Charlie Briggs. His mother, who was beautiful, still lived here. Charlie's a lovely man. He cuts the field, and when I'm away he takes care of the place. He gives me firewood and his maple syrup. I've fixed the house up little by little. I'd tell whoever was working on the improvements, 'When your bill gets to six hundred dollars, stop work, and when I've paid you, start again.' That way, things never got out of hand. There's a new well—a hundred and eighty feet deep. There are three bathrooms. I put dormers on the two front bedrooms upstairs to lighten them and give them more air. I fixed up one of the rooms just for Alec, but he never

saw it before he died. I put a round worktable in front of the window, so that he could look out over the field. I hoped the view would inspire him to compose when he was blocked—which he often was when he came to visit. I put down the brick floor in the kitchen, and added the sun porch. I put in this terrace, and added the new wing, which isn't quite finished. I've slowed down so much that everything in the house has slowed down. It seems I can hardly even lift a pail of water anymore. I've had some dizzy spells, and I've stopped driving. I loved to get the car out and let it go. I've never been able to stay away from this house. I'd finish work in New York at three or four in the morning, and once in a while in the middle of the week I'd get in my car and drive up, arriving for breakfast. I'd spend a glorious day, and drive back at six or so in the evening, since I didn't do my first show until ten. And, of course, I came

up every weekend—from three or four Sunday morning until Monday evening. I stopped driving because I had a silly accident and lost my nerve. I was coming back from the vet with one of my cats, and the cat was getting feisty in her box, so I reached in to quiet her and a front wheel went off the road. When I got the wheel back on, I went over too far to the other side, and here was this car coming at me very fast. It didn't look as if it was going to slow down or swerve, so I went straight off the road into a field, and hit a fence. I have a 1967 Plymouth, and they told me at the garage that it would cost a thousand dollars to repair, but I haven't done anything. I had just built a little garage, too, and there it sits—full of Plymouths.

"These days, I only have one thought at a time. I can't get out and weed, and it looks like unkempt hair everywhere outside. I sew, I knit. There's housework, and I watch TV,



"And now, before coffee and dessert, I'd like to read a brief report on our first hundred days."

and sometimes I read a historical novel. The days go quickly. Muriel and I get in her car and go to Albany for the day, or over to the theatre in Williamstown. Albany is quite wonderful now, with its new mall. Or we get in the car and just drive, have dinner somewhere, and come home. But what I like to do best of all is sit and dream. I have more here in the country than royalty has."

The conversation was full of summer-afternoon holes, and apropos of nothing, after a silence, Mabel Mercer would launch a new subject, and fall quiet again. Here is some of what she said:

I STILL have my apartment on a Hundred and Tenth Street. When I first moved in, in the forties, each window had its own awning and its own window box. Friends would say that they could tell my apartment by the kind of flowers I had in my window boxes. We had night and day doormen, and when I'd drive home

from Tony's, on Fifty-second Street, at four in the morning, I'd put the car in the garage around the corner and walk home. But the awnings and window boxes and doormen are gone, and no one wants to drive up there at four in the morning anymore. I don't know why I keep the place. It's a drain, and I haven't stayed there in years. I suppose I'm afraid of the fuss it would take to empty it out."

DURING the First World War in England, we'd travel from vaudeville job to vaudeville job on Sunday, and we'd hold hands on our way home from work at night, because the streets were so black. Another girl and I had an act, and we went to Ostend right after the war. We worked in hotels and cabarets. My friend would do impersonations of Mistinguett, and we'd sing duets. I'd do a ballad alone—an Irving Berlin song or an American rhythm song. We'd tap-dance, and I even tried acrobatics, but I was as acrobatic as an elephant. It was in

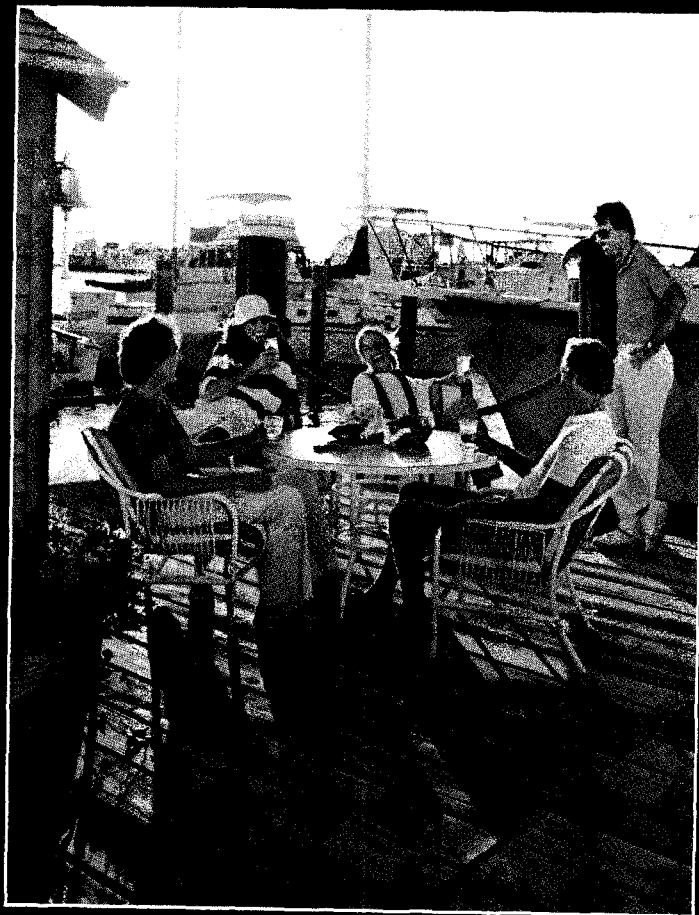
Belgium that I learned to eat fried garlic—little pieces cooked quickly in a pan. I loved it so much that my boss had to tell me to stop—that I was ruining the act.

"I arrived in Paris in 1920, and Bricktop arrived in 1924. I went to work for her around 1930, and stayed until I left for America, after the Second World War had broken out. Wars seem to have directed my life. My mother was touring America with a vaudeville group when the first war started, and couldn't get back to England until it was over, and the second war drove me out of Paris to this country, which I had only the remotest thought of coming to. The British and American elite patronized Bricktop's, and there was an elegance and beauty about it all that doesn't exist anymore. People left their gold-and-diamond cigarette cases on their tables when they danced, knowing very well that they would be there when they returned. It was a champagne world. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor used to come in, and I got to know them. And later, when the Duke was the Governor of the Bahamas and I was passing through on my way to America, I sang at Government House. The Duke and Duchess of Kent came into Brick's, too, and the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duke of Kent was my favorite of the brothers—a very gentle man. And I loved the Duchess of York—Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother. She was a doll. I knew Edith Piaf in Montmartre when she was a street singer. She had tiny legs. They were like fingers, and so were her wrists. But what a powerful voice!"

THAT birdhouse just beyond the maple tree is a condominium, and all twelve apartments are occupied. My cats came to me out of the wilderness. They're named Helter and Skelter, but I call them both Minnie. I speak to them in different tones, so that they know which one I'm speaking to. The mother brought the kitten in her mouth, and I took the kitten in and fed her. The mother Minnie stayed outside a month, waiting for little Minnie and refusing to eat the food I put out for her. She just sat there fifty feet away. Finally, she got so hungry she gave in and ate, and they've both stayed."

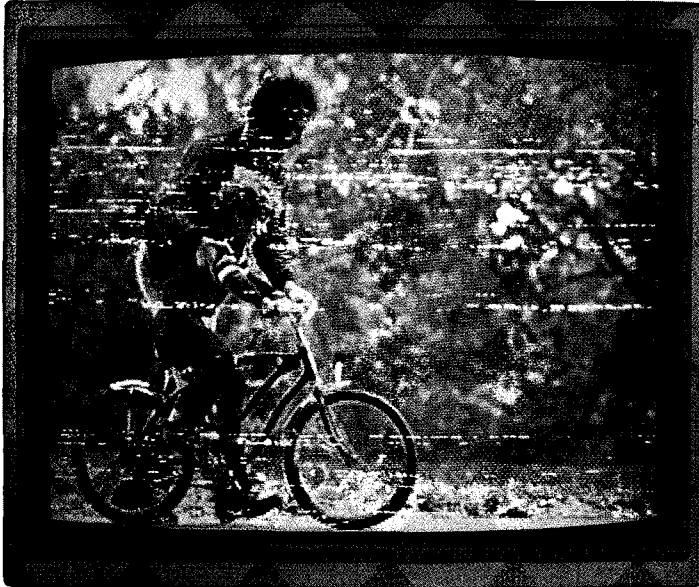
As if on cue, mother Minnie, a small, short-haired gray-and-white cat, jumped up on the terrace, a squeaking chipmunk in her mouth,

You belong where the Beefeater[®] is.



BEEFEATER[®] GIN. The Crown Jewel of England.[™]

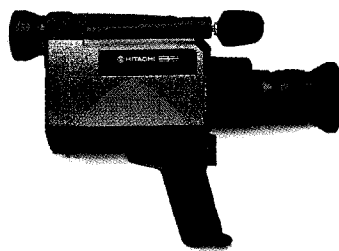
Drop-Outs



Particle Shedding



BE PREPARED TO WHEN YOU TO MAXELL HIGH



If you're using ordinary video tape, you're probably getting a lot of extras you won't get with Maxell HGX. Like drop-outs, particle shedding, color distortion and noise problems that can easily develop in tape that's imperfectly manufactured.

To create HGX high grade we use finer, sharper Epitaxial oxide particles and a unique binder system.

The resulting tape not only produces a better picture, it's a lot more durable.

In fact, our binder system has given HGX a drop-out rate that's significantly lower than that of any ordinary video tape. It has also virtually eliminated particle shedding—that's when oxide particles come off your tape and clog the heads of your machine. And because our oxide particles are so densely packed, Maxell

Color Distortion



Noise



DON'T GIVE UP A LOT TO SWITCH TO MAXELL VIDEO TAPE.

HGX has superior high frequency response and a higher signal-to-noise ratio. Which means you don't have to live with color distortion or watch your picture through a screen full of snow caused by video noise.

So next time you buy video tape, try Maxell HGX. And give up a lot of things that you've never should have been part of your picture in the first place.

maxell
IT'S WORTH IT.

Maxell Corporation, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074



DALLAS

Soar above the lively downtown
Reunion area at Hyatt.

HOUSTON

In the very heart of exciting Houston,
walk to business through climate
controlled tunnel system.

CHICAGO

Intimate ambience and extraordinary
personal attention at the Park Hyatt
on Water Tower Square.

SEOUL

Hyatt Regency is Seoul's
luxurious city-resort hotel,
only minutes from downtown.

SINGAPORE

Hyatt Regency offers a
complete Business Centre, fabulous
shopping and an elegant disco.



A touch of Hyatt

HYATT  HOTELS

and disappeared into a kitchen window always left open for the cats (and sometimes used by raccoons, too). Mabel Mercer gasped and said "Did you see that? What a naughty cat!" and got to her feet with astonishing speed and went into the house. Five minutes later, Minnie ran out empty-mouthed, stopped at a corner of the terrace to lick her front paws, and abruptly lay down. Mabel Mercer reappeared, a broom in hand. "It's under the sofa in the Fire Room, the poor thing. But it's alive. It probably won't move for hours. We'll look for it this evening." She leaned the broom against the wall by the kitchen door and, back in her customary low gear, walked slowly to her chair on the terrace and sat down. She reached for an oatmeal cookie, and said to herself, "Have another biscuit, Mabel—don't mind if I do."

"WHEN I was little, my mother would never take a walk without a pair of garden shears. She'd snip things from our garden and she'd snip things hanging over our garden wall or any garden wall. She considered such strays legitimate picking, and she'd put them in water to root, and plant them. So I went out one morning and dug up some of our neighbor's flowers and brought them back in my apron, pleased as Punch that I had them roots and all. My grandmother was leaning out a window watching me, and she came right out and took down my panties and spanked me—and, my goodness, the embarrassment! My face was as red as the flowers I'd taken.

"I was left-handed when I was young—gammy-handed, they called it. For a long time, I didn't know my left from my right, and the way I'd tell would be to make the sign of the cross, which you always do with your right hand. That would show me



"My wife and I are deeply in love, my children are a delight, my career is exciting, I find solace and inspiration in my religion, I'm as healthy as anybody I know. But, still, something is missing."

which was my right, and which was my right foot, so that I could start a dance step correctly.

"I've loved to paint as long as I can remember, and was surrounded by painters when I was a child—three uncles and a grandfather are in the Royal Academy. I did a lot of painting in Paris, but the pictures were lost when I moved to this country. I do have several acrylics on paper that I did in the Bahamas, and they're in a box somewhere in the house. Muriel gave me some paints to try and get me started again, but I don't seem to have enough time. It takes a whole day to do a painting, and there are too many other things. But there are pictures I want to paint. When it snows and I look out a kitchen window, I see a house in the formation of the snow and the bare maple-tree branches. It's my imagination, seeing that house, but it's always the same, and if I go out of the room and come back it's still there, as if it was just waiting to be painted."

THE sun, almost below the hem of the maple, was on Mabel Mercer's face, and she looked exhilarated,

lit from within. She asked if anyone wanted more tea, and the Elwoods stood and said they had to get on to Lenox and their motel. Mabel Mercer, leaning on Muriel Finch's arm, walked them to their car, and when the women got back to the house Muriel Finch brought in the tea things, and Mabel Mercer washed them and left them on the drainboard. Then she said, "We've still got yesterday's heat in this kitchen, Muriel. Let's go to Fire Hill Inn and have fried shrimp and garlic bread. I hope they have the little shrimp, like the prawns we used to get in England. It'll be a nice cool drive over and back."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Sheriff's Blotter in the Norway (Maine) Advertiser-Democrat]

5:35 p.m. A South Paris woman called to advise that her brother was driving a gray piano and didn't have a license.

9:21 p.m. A West Paris woman called to report a suspicious male with a shaved head hitchhiking and knocking on doors of houses. An officer responded.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ISLANDS OF DISENCHANTMENT—II

THE annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States, in 1898, marked the low point of a long downward spiral in both the fortunes and the spirits of an aboriginal Polynesian population that, in the hundred and twenty years since Caucasians first came to the islands, in 1778, had dwindled in numbers from three hundred thousand to forty thousand, primarily as a result of Western-imported communicable diseases, such as smallpox and measles, to which the insular Polynesians proved particularly susceptible. Subsequently, there has been extensive intermarriage among the Hawaiians and the many ethnic groups, both Oriental and Occidental, that have descended on the islands over the last two centuries. Now the total number of those who can be classified as part-Hawaiians among almost a million inhabitants is a hundred and sixty-five thousand; slightly less than one per cent of the state's total population is pure Hawaiian, or Polynesian. Although the Hawaiians, about a fifth of the fiftieth state's total population, have, in the past decade or so, finally begun to reassert their ancestral identity and demand rights to their stolen or abandoned property, everything they did previously—after annexation, before and after the Second World War,

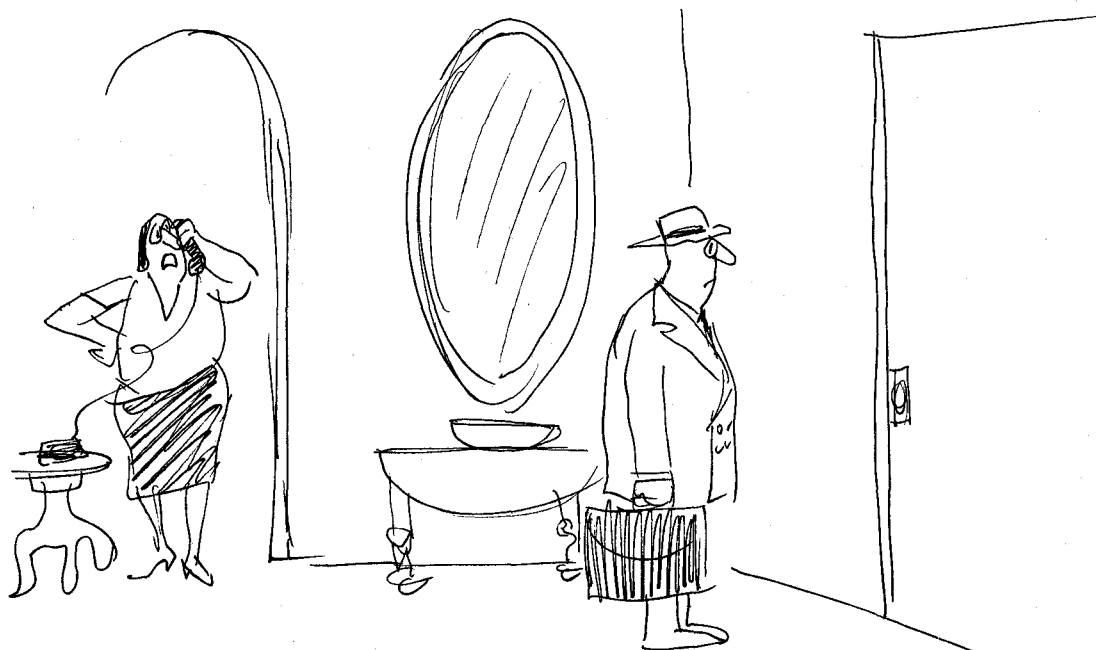
before and after the attainment of statehood, in 1959—represented a rear-guard action, in which the spirit of nationalism was only just kept alive, manifesting itself from time to time in defensive ways and motivated more by cultural than by pragmatic considerations. Traditional nationalist goals have remained unattainable, and such goals have never been politically defined as they have, for instance, in Asia or Africa. The islands' small but stubborn group of contemporary nationalists may still be capable of propounding and preserving old Hawaiian values—such as the concept of the *ohana*, the Hawaiian word for “extended family”—and may be able to apply and practice those values by regaining a limited degree of control over the lands that they were robbed of or swindled out of. But a Hawaiian “nation” as such, or even a “nation within a nation,” which some have suggested, is more of an illusion than such a concept would be among, for example, the American Indians, some of whom have more successfully retained both their identity and their property. In the islands, racial blending, through immigration and intermarriage, is the primary reason, though not the only reason, for this condition. The figures on intermar-

riage among ethnic groups in Hawaii are revealing: by the late seventies, more than ninety per cent of pure Hawaiians, male and female, were marrying across ethnic lines, and today there are fewer than ten thousand pure Hawaiians left. About sixty per cent of the part-Hawaiians marry into other ethnic groups, as do sixty per cent of the Chinese in Hawaii; the figure for Filipinos is lower, and the figures for the Japanese and the Caucasians—who are the most numerous—are much lower yet. When leaders of the dominant races—Caucasians, Japanese, and Chinese—are asked what can or should be done to improve the Hawaiians' economic prospects, they say that still more intermarriage is the only “solution.” Though some of the more ardent nationalists don't like to admit it, most of the Hawaiians seem to agree.

The expression of Hawaiian nationalism in the eight decades since annexation has followed an erratic course. Between 1900 and 1920, a number of grass-roots political organizations were active. For a couple of years at the outset, a Home Rule Party, with such slogans as “Hawaii for the Hawaiians” and “Look to the Skin,” dominated both houses of the legislature, but it accomplished very little and soon disappeared.

The Hawaiian Civic Club, the Hawaiian Protective Association, and the United Hawaiian Association were among a number of groups that fought for social causes, such as better living conditions in the poorer areas of Honolulu, and from time to time sought to “rehabilitate” the native Hawaiians by demanding that they receive a share of the public lands that the last independent Hawaiian government had ceded to the United States.

The momentum of the back-to-the-land movement was, ironically, halted in 1920, by an Act of Congress establishing a supposedly pro-native Hawaiian Homes Commission. Un-



*“I dressed him, I fed him, I got him
as far as the door. I’ve completely run out of ideas.”*



LEVI'S
CORDS

WHAT MAKES A "CLASSIC" A CLASSIC
is that nobody can think of a good reason
to change it. Maybe that's why it's so hard
to find a place
where you can't wear Levi's® Cords.
The truly timeless, it seems, is always timely.

QUALITY NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE®

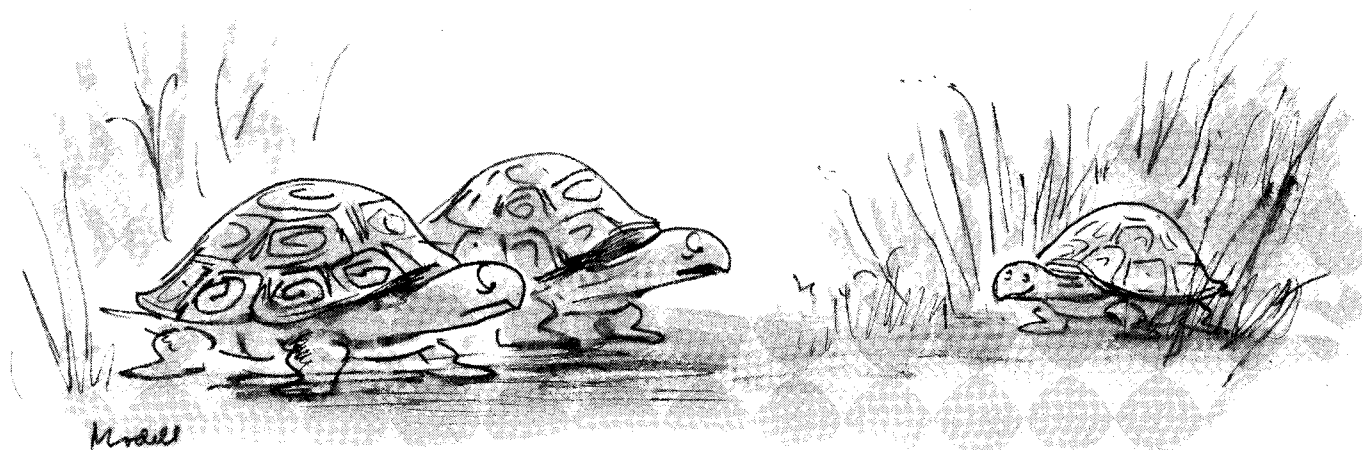
The word "Levi's" is a registered trademark of Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco, CA ©1982 Levi Strauss & Co. Style shown: Levi's No. 509-8054 Mid Wale Grey Corduroy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**"I concentrate on making money.
EF Hutton concentrates on making it grow."**

Tau Watson

**When EF Hutton talks,
people listen.**



"Oh dear. Here comes Mr. Nostalgia."

der this act, Congress theoretically offered two hundred thousand acres of public land to people of at least one-half Hawaiian blood, who could lease it for ninety-nine years at the rate of a dollar per year. Most of the land actually made available, however, was of marginal agricultural value, inasmuch as Congress, at the urging of ranchers, pineapple growers, and Hawaii's famous Big Five corporations—which were then primarily sugar producers, but are now multinational conglomerates—refused to turn over any of the first- and second-class public land that they held under tight leases, in addition to vast areas that they owned outright. Some of the companies' grip on public lands went back before the American annexation of Hawaii, at which time the territorial government obtained jurisdiction over acreage that included the former crown or royal lands, which had been apportioned in the eighteen-forties, according to a ceremonial division called the Great Mahele, among King Kamehameha III and two hundred and forty-five Hawaiian chiefs.

From the early years of this century until the Second World War, under a dominant Republican Party, native Hawaiians made up the largest voting bloc in the territory, and those who made compromises with the haole, or Caucasian, political and economic order obtained and held most bureaucratic government jobs. In the fifties, under John Burns, a commanding local Democratic leader (who was to become governor in 1963), the political balance shifted to the ethnically numerous Japanese and to an alliance that Burns fostered with the labor unions, particularly with the International

Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, which had conducted a number of successful strikes in Hawaii, including a big one in 1946 and another in 1949. During the long Republican period, the influence of the establishment Hawaiians, who had enjoyed the patronage and other favors that the haole Republicans offered them, had eroded the position of the post-annexation nationalists. And afterward, though the strong Burns machine produced welfare programs and other liberal reforms, the Hawaiians as such were not given special consideration.

When Hawaii became a state, most of the lands that had earlier been ceded to the United States reverted to the state to be held as a trust, with the income from them to be used to support and develop parks, schools, housing, and farms, and in other ways for the general benefit of Hawaiians. Today, about fifty-five per cent of all the land in Hawaii is privately owned, and almost ninety-five per cent of that is held by seventy-odd corporations or individuals, including the Big Five companies and the owner of the two-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-acre Parker Ranch, on the island of Hawaii, which is the largest of the eight major islands. Some of the private land contains farms or forests, but much of it, including the most desirable acreage, has gone into development of one sort or another, including hotels and condominiums. Meanwhile, through the years, ordinary Hawaiians, few of whom nowadays are still interested in farming but a good number of whom do want homesteads to live on, have benefitted little from the Hawaiian Homes program. Only about three thousand leases, for some

twenty-five thousand acres, have been awarded by the commission and its successor, the Department of Hawaiian Home Lands, to native Hawaiians—or twelve and a half per cent of the total home-lands trust. More than seventy-five hundred Hawaiians who qualify are on the waiting list, and some have been waiting for as long as thirty years to obtain land. Of these, eighty-seven per cent seek residential land, and only thirteen per cent say they want to use the land for agricultural or ranching purposes.

The present head of the program, Georgiana Padeken, a part-Hawaiian, has pledged to distribute as much additional land as possible to waiting applicants, but one of her predecessors, Abraham Piianaia, who now heads the Hawaiian Studies Program at the University of Hawaii, says that so much of the arable land was withdrawn for sugar and other commercial purposes that little good farmland remains available, anyway. "You can't go back and undo history," he says. Piianaia, in fact, doesn't believe in reparations for land. "It's presumptuous of me to take land that should have gone to someone else many years ago," he adds. "Any compensation is repugnant now. I want the United States to know forever that they took this land from us. The moment it's returned, the bill is paid and the account is closed, and that's not right. Reparations are just a sad addendum to what happened at the time of the Great Mahele."

The land still held today by the Hawaiian Homes Commission is only part of what the Hawaiians feel is rightfully theirs, but the whole question of land ownership is so confused, historically and legally, that no one

really knows how much of it could or should be made available for redistribution. A land inventory is now being conducted by the state and is being monitored by the newly created Office of Hawaiian Affairs, which was established in 1978 by a state constitutional convention to take charge of programs for assisting native Hawaiians to secure their rights, in the form of reparations or in other respects. An election was held in November, 1980, for nine trustees of O.H.A. Citizens with any Hawaiian blood were allowed to vote, and they had to establish their credentials simply by their own testimony. About eighty-five thousand people were estimated to be eligible. Of these, fifty-four thousand registered to vote, and almost forty-three thousand cast ballots (for a hundred and thirty-six candidates), which was considered a good turnout.

Last year, O.H.A. held meetings on five of the major islands to hear the grievances of the Hawaiians. Adelaide (Frenchy) DeSoto, a big, bustling, hard-driving woman, half Hawaiian and half German, who directed O.H.A. until recently, when she resigned to run for the state legislature, says that the organization is supposed to obtain twenty per cent of the income from ceded land, an amount anticipated to be a million and a quarter dollars a year, to finance its programs, including economic development of the land for the benefit of the Hawaiian people. Some of them, most of the activists included, told me that they look upon O.H.A. as just another state-dominated body that won't accomplish anything, but others, like Mrs. DeSoto, feel that it represents the best chance the Hawaiians have had so far to make themselves heard. Mrs. DeSoto feels that Hawaiians can obtain political clout either directly through O.H.A. or through the state's four county councils and the legislature. (Today, the legislature has only about a dozen members with as much as half Hawaiian blood, out of a total of seventy-six; it has for several decades been led by people of Japanese ancestry.)

"I'm not looking for reparations, only justice," Mrs. DeSoto said when I spoke with her. "We have to clarify the laws that concern land use, and see that they're applied fairly to everyone—not just to the rich and the powerful. The poor will never achieve equality, but we have to keep up our advocacy of the best interests of the Hawaiians. Part of our mandate is to

assist and supervise the work of all organizations that represent the common people of Hawaiian blood, which is why we've been holding hearings to get their *mana'o*, or feelings—to take their pulse. Sure, we're part of the existing structure, and we need legislative support, but if O.H.A. can establish its credentials we'll be O.K. There has been a lot of land grabbing, and some of what we find out through our inventory and title searches is likely to end up in the courts. I probably won't live to see the benefits, but I'll die knowing that my kids will have a better chance. This isn't just a racial thing. Racial tensions have existed here for a long time, but the problem is primarily economic."

Among those who regard O.H.A. skeptically is Haunani-Kay Trask, a young part-Hawaiian woman I met, who is a college instructor in American studies and has been active on behalf of a number of nationalist causes. She says she doubts "the ability of any umbrella organization to represent different Hawaiian communities which are at varied levels of socioeconomic and political development." She raises the question of "why power should be vested in nine individuals rather than in the communities themselves," and maintains that it is likely that O.H.A. "will exacerbate rather than quell Hawaiian discontent by raising false, because impossible, hopes." The major concerns of the Hawaiians, she believes, are still the alienation of their land and the concomitant decline in Hawaiian culture. Both of these have been most clearly demonstrated, she says, "in the area of resort and commercial development, which, apart from the income derived from the American military presence, has made Hawaii's economy almost wholly dependent on tourism," for it has resulted in "a smashing of the

community and the *ohana*; a severing of the intimate relationship between the *aina*—the land—and the people." Miss Trask asks, "If land development is a serious root cause of native-Hawaiian problems, can the Office of Hawaiian Affairs do anything concrete to curb or stop land development? For example, can O.H.A. pass any laws, buy any lands, or demand privileged treatment through negotiations or other avenues to prevent alienation of the land?" Mrs. DeSoto and the other O.H.A. trustees believe it can, but Miss Trask points out that O.H.A. has no jurisdiction over the zoning commissions, the city councils, or the state legislature, which together control land development. It will not, she says, be able to stop "the large infusions of money by local and outside corporations [that] are enormously effective in breaking down resistance to development" on the part of the state and local governments.

HAWAII's present congressional delegation consists of two Democratic senators and two Democratic members of the House—one of the four being part-Hawaiian, one haole, and two of Japanese ancestry. Together, led by Senator Daniel K. Inouye, a Japanese-American who fought, and lost an arm, during the Second World War, and who has served in Congress for twenty-three years, as a representative and as a senator, they have pressed for a number of measures, the most significant of which is the creation of a Native Hawaiians Study Commission "to conduct a study of the culture, needs, and concerns of the Native Hawaiians." The nine-member commission was finally set up in 1980, after five years of effort, and though the language of the bill does not specifically call for outright recognition of Hawaiian claims or of the right to reparations (the House objected to this), Senator Inouye regards its two-year mandate as designed "to establish for the record that the Hawaiians are native American people who have been treated unfairly by the American government." President Carter signed the enabling bill shortly before he left office, and appointed the nine members, including three islanders, who were to serve at a hundred dollars a day plus expenses. When President Reagan came into office, he fired the nine members, and there were reports that he considered the commission a boondoggle. However, he shortly reconsti-



tuted the commission and appointed a new slate of members which began to hold hearings in January. The commission set up two committees, one to deal with socioeconomic and cultural questions, including health, education, and economic opportunities for the Hawaiians, and the other to deal with the complicated history of federal, state, and local laws as they apply to the Hawaiians, including the "treatment of individual and collective property." It's too soon yet to tell whether any kind of reparations will be recommended or not, after so many years, but, partly as a result of the growing consideration that has been given to Indian and Eskimo claims, the claims of the Hawaiians have at least been acknowledged by Congress.

"The commission could tie in with the Office of Hawaiian Affairs and help direct funds where they're needed," Representative Cecil Heftel said when I saw him in Washington the day Reagan reconstituted the commission. "The question remains: Were there irregularities back in 1893, when the Americans overthrew the Hawaiian monarchy, and are the Hawaiians entitled to reparations? Because their culture is far less competitive than ours, they've certainly been susceptible to exploitation."

"We Hawaiians are an enigma," says Myron B. Thompson, who is three-quarters Hawaiian and is a long-time supporter of Hawaiian causes. He is a trustee of the Bishop Estate, one of the largest land holdings in the islands. "We are fascinated by our history, though much of it is nightmarish. We are a compassionate people, fiercely proud of our cultural heritage, and we are outraged to see our fragile physical setting—our tropical waters, mountains, air, flora, and fauna—being polluted and trampled to death by civilian in-migrants, whose numbers have tripled in the past decade." As a result, too many Hawaiians "have a low self-image," Thompson adds. "Too many function in a constant state of depression. This state of mental ill-health results in social failure, delinquency, unemployment, and unrealized potential." Statistics show that thirty per cent of the native Hawaiians have less than a high-school education; that their income is less than that of almost all of the islands' other ethnic groups; that they make up about forty per cent of the prison population and more than half the inmates of correctional facilities for youth. The school performance of

MEXICO CITY'S NEWEST HOTEL REINTRODUCES AN OLD TRADITION.

The tradition is service, first-rate service. A tradition as old as the great hotels of Europe and as new as the Galeria Plaza. It's an attitude, the way the people of the Galeria Plaza make you feel at home at once.

And it's a very particular way of doing things. Exquisitely. Superb cuisine is prepared with pride and presented with finesse. The

only complete concierge service in Mexico City sees to your every comfort.

Even the address says first-rate service. The Galeria is in the Zona Rosa, renowned for shops and entertainment and close to businesses.

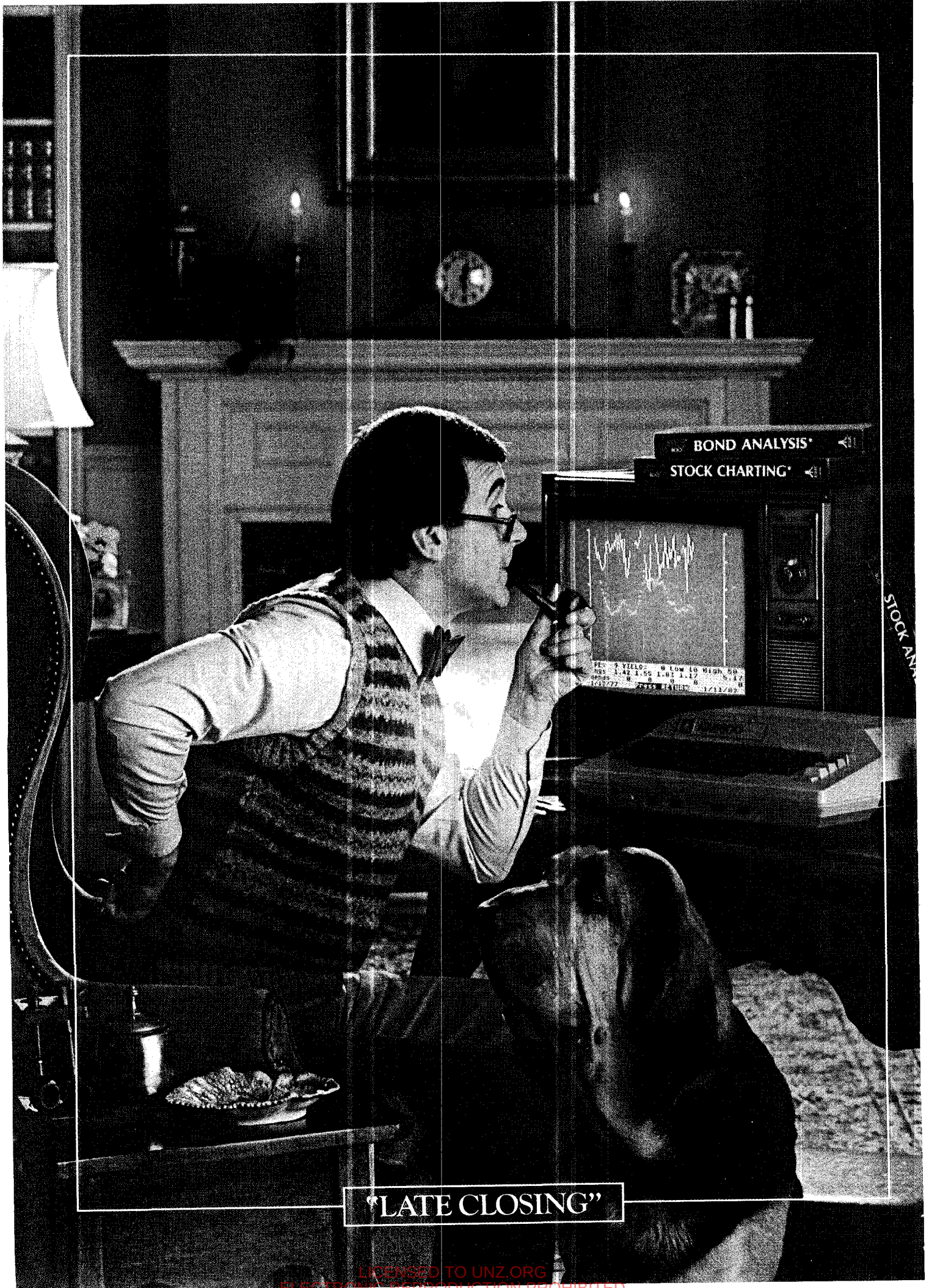
Call your travel agent or 800-228-3000. And make the Galeria one of your Mexican traditions.



WESTIN HOTELS

Galeria Plaza





BOND ANALYSIS*

STOCK CHARTING*

STOCK ANALYSIS

"LATE CLOSING"

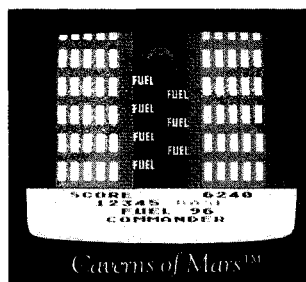
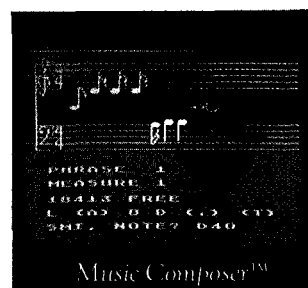
TAKE STOCK IN YOUR FUTURE.

With an ATARI® Home Computer, your life begins moving briskly toward tomorrow. And you begin doing familiar things in new ways.

Take ATARI's Investment Analysis Series. It lets you take care of market strategizing while it takes care of more mundane things like numbers. Telling you the daily worth of your stocks or the options on your Options.

The ATARI Stock Charting* program gives you another way to look at finances. With colorful graphs.

ATARI also opens your mind to matters beyond



money. By challenging it with the intriguing strategies of Scram, a nuclear power-plant simulation. Or letting it pour out beautiful melodies with Music Composer. Or enriching it with Conversational French or Spanish.

And then there are the rivetting games available only with ATARI, like PAC-MAN†, CENTIPEDE, and the new CAVERNS OF MARS.

ATARI Home Computer systems also take you outside your home, via simple telephone hook-up. With up-to-the-minute financial news and stock quotes. Or what the weather is doing around the country. Or around the world.

You'll also discover that an ATARI Home Computer costs less and is far more simple to use than you might have ever guessed.

An ATARI Home Computer isn't just another possession. It's discovering abilities you didn't know you possessed.



For more information, write: Atari, Inc., Dept. A3N, P.O. Box 16525, Denver, CO 80216. *A Control Data CYBERWARE™ product manufactured under license from Control Data Corporation © 1980. Scram, Music Composer, Centipede, and Caverns of Mars are registered trademarks of ATARI, Inc. †Pac-Man is a trademark of Bally Midway Manufacturing Co. Licensed by Namco-America, Inc. Estimated product availability of Pac-Man, Centipede and Caverns of Mars mid-1982. © 1982 Atari, Inc. All rights reserved.

ATARI® HOME COMPUTERS

We've brought the computer age home.™

DISCOVER PARADISE. ON SHORE. AND ON BOARD.

The M/S PEARL OF SCANDINAVIA sets sail on 14-day Indonesian Islands Cruises seven times between Dec. 4, 1982 and March 26, 1983. Join us, and discover the lush beauty of Indonesia. Scandinavian style. See your Travel

Agent or call us at
(800) 792-0944
in California or
(800) 227-5666
in U.S.



Pearl Cruises



Registry: Bahamas

Check Into Another Century.



The Biltmore

The only 4-Star hotel in downtown Los Angeles. Call (213) 624-1011 in Los Angeles.
Elsewhere in California, call (800) 252-0175. Rest of Continental U.S.A., call (800) 421-0156.

native Hawaiians is considerably below the state and national average, and they form a large percentage of the state's dropouts. The Hawaiian delegation in Congress has sought, over the past several years, to obtain passage of a Native Hawaiian Education Act to provide for the establishment of programs that would meet the special educational needs of native Hawaiians. Senator Inouye originally wanted twenty-two million dollars to fund such a program but had to settle for another study commission and a budget of five hundred thousand dollars. He regards this commission as at least a beginning, and sees further hope in a recent decision by the State Department of Education in Hawaii to increase the number of classes in Hawaiian language and culture in the public-school curriculum. Representative Dan Akaka has made an effort similar to Inouye's.

These are commendable aims, but many concerned observers believe that the native Hawaiians would be better helped by improving their English and by learning the sort of skills, including vocational ones, that would assist them in finding a greater variety of jobs and move them more readily into the social and economic mainstream. They also believe that ultimately the Hawaiians will have to become more deeply involved in the political process. "To get them sufficiently concerned rather than just frustrated" is the aim as Heftel sees it. "The trouble has been that they haven't wanted to be part of the political establishment, and until they do the situation will just get worse." Akaka, who is more sanguine, points to the increasing participation of Hawaiians in the administration of the school board in Hawaii, which has the nation's only unified statewide educational system, and he expresses the hope that in the next few years as many as forty part-Hawaiians or Hawaiians will be elected to the state legislature. Though they approach the problem of political action from different perspectives, haole, Japanese, and Chinese businessmen, and also some of the activists I spoke with, envisage more participation in politics by the Hawaiians. They agree that the pendulum is swinging, and, after nearly thirty years of Democratic control of the legislature and twenty years of control of the executive, a new trend is developing, which, among other things, may signal a resurgence of the Republicans, led by *kamaaina*, or longtime residents, as well as by well-

off mainlanders who have retired to Hawaii. More Hawaiians, more haoles, and more members of other ethnic groups will move in on the Japanese in the state legislature, and into managerial posts as well. One businessman, who did not want to be named, said, "The new dispensation may not necessarily be Democratic or Republican as such but, rather, more independent, and oriented to special issues and to the needs of the state as a whole." The election of Mayor Eileen Anderson in Honolulu, who served for six years as state budget director under the present governor, George Ariyoshi, is one sign of change, he says, and there are others. "As the Hawaiians become more politically conscious, and as the racial lines get fuzzier, through intermarriage and greater social mobility, they will play a larger role, not just as Hawaiians but as citizens. There will be compromises, inevitably, and not all the Hawaiian demands for compensation for what's been done to them historically will be met, but some of this can be dealt with, in both political and economic terms. In that sense, at least, we can hope for cultural equilibrium and pluralism, but it will take time."

A number of people, among them Andrew Lind, a retired University of Hawaii sociologist, who has lived in Hawaii for fifty-five years and has written about it extensively, see things somewhat differently. "The idea of cultural pluralism has become fashionable, but it isn't the only answer," Lind says. "There are no simple answers to the Hawaiian question, but the best way to rectify the history of exploitation is, certainly, to get them into the mainstream through education, and the approach to that is improving. The special problems of the Hawaiians, deriving in large part from their self-imposed sense of isolation, are being recognized. The notion that Hawaiians are lazy and dumb is finally being dispelled. It is true that, economically, with relatively few exceptions, the Hawaiian has never been interested in making a fortune. We have to accept the fact that Japanese



"I'm lucky. I get paid for doing what I love."

and Hawaiians have different work ethics, even though back in the last century there were plenty of Hawaiians willing to work on sugar plantations, at least for a while. But why should they, most of them eventually asked, when they could satisfy their needs by working a few hours in their taro patches or by going fishing, which was a lot more enjoyable than hoeing cane in the hot sun? The tradition of sharing which is inherent in what's touted as 'the aloha spirit' still survives, but a lot of junk has been written about the aloha spirit, too. It's become overcommercialized, like the idea of Hawaii as a paradise. There's no place on earth I know of that is a paradise. The process of Americanization created a phony, Hart, Schaffner & Marx concept of Hawaii.

"The Massie case woke up a lot of people to Hawaii's non-paradisiacal qualities," Lind continued. In September, 1931, Thalia Massie, the twenty-year-old wife of a Navy submarine lieutenant, claimed to have been assaulted and beaten by five youths, including two Hawaiians, two Japanese, and a Chinese-Hawaiian, near Waiiki. The case quickly took on hard racial overtones. After a mistrial, one of the Hawaiian defendants was kidnapped and killed, and Lieutenant Massie, Mrs. Massie's mother, and two others were charged with his murder. They were subsequently tried—Clarence Darrow was the chief defense lawyer—and were found guilty of manslaughter, but the territorial governor, Lawrence Judd, reduced their sentences from ten years to one hour.

Lind went on, "After that case, the recognition that not everything was perfect here began to dawn, and it had a tremendous impact, but I'd say that now the disposition, on the whole, is to go to the other extreme. And since the Hawaiians have become more active, and new ethnic tensions have developed, the haole—the outsider—is viewed as the exploiter. He's become the scapegoat, and there's a lot of blind rage and some irrational striking out against tourism, but I don't think the protests will take the form of an attack on any one ethnic group. The revival of ethnicity was stimulated by the black movement of the sixties on the mainland, and then by the Indian and Eskimo movements. But I seriously doubt whether the Hawaiian movement represents a permanent trend. I've seen lots of things like this spring up and then fizzle out."

LIND may be right, but the activists have made considerable progress during the past decade. Though the movement lacks over-all direction and cohesiveness, it has succeeded, mostly through community organization, in stopping, delaying, or limiting a number of development projects that have involved the attempted eviction of citizens from their homes and neighborhoods. The first of these community contests took place in 1970, when a small group of farmers tried to stave off eviction in the Kalama Valley area of Oahu, beyond Diamond Head. The land, which was part of the huge Bishop Estate, was sought for high-cost subdivision development by the

Kaiser-Aetna Corporation. The farmers lost their battle and were evicted, and today the area is filled with expensive homes, mostly occupied by haoles and Japanese, but the Kalama Valley movement provided a model for a score of subsequent struggles. In some cases, the communities forced compromises that resulted in the construction of some low-cost housing as part of larger development plans, and in a few other cases they were able to preserve old fishing villages and historic sites. Some legal battles, including one in the Chinatown area of Honolulu to prevent the eviction of Chinese and Filipinos until the government completes construction of low-rent housing they can afford, have been going on for years. Hawaiians, then, are not the only ones involved in such anti-development contests, but they have taken the lead in forming broadly based political and social organizations, and these organizations have accomplished a good many reforms and have succeeded in drawing national as well as local attention to Hawaiian causes.

The first such organization, called The Hawaiians, was formed in 1970, and within a few years it had a membership of eight thousand. It demonstrated and lobbied for reform of the Hawaiian Homes Commission, exposing the negligence and mismanagement of that group's past administrations and trying to hasten the process of assigning lots to eligible Hawaiians. The Congress of Hawaiian People, which was set up in 1971, served as a watchdog on the trustees of the Bishop Estate, which, in addition to being a large landholder, uses its revenues to support the Kamehameha Schools for the education of young Hawaiians. The Congress campaigned against the appointment by the Hawaii Supreme Court of non-Hawaiians as trustees, and criticized the policies and deals that the estate made in behalf of development and sometimes for the benefit of associates of the trustees themselves. The Aboriginal Lands of Hawaiian Ancestry, or the ALOHA Association, which was started in 1972, concentrated on pressing reparation claims based on the illegal overthrow of Queen Liliuokalani in 1893, which led to the annexation of the Hawaiian islands by the United States five years later. In the early seventies, another organization, called Hui Malama Aina o Koolau ("The Group for the Protection and Care of the Land of the People of the Koolau"), was formed

by Hawaiian property owners—holders of nineteenth-century grants—who banded together to protect their land and water rights from infringing developers, and another group, the Homerule Movement, lobbied to change some of the land laws that had previously failed to protect these landholders. In 1974, a far-out organization named the Ohana o Hawaii was formed, with the purpose of reestablishing Hawaii as an independent nation, and it has petitioned the United Nations to debate the decolonization of Hawaii. That same year, a small group of young Hawaiians started a fishing village at Kukailimoku Point, on the island of Hawaii, and occupied a state beachfront area near property owned by the Hilton Head Company, with the aim of perpetuating traditional Hawaiian fishing skills. Some twenty people lived and fished on the point until last year, when their shacks were torn down. Another *hui*, or organization, called the Group of the Long Trails, formed on the island of Molokai in 1975 by Hawaiian fishermen, farmers, and homesteaders, has had some success in defending the access of native islanders to ocean and land resources sought by developers. Molokai, of all the major islands, has been the least developed.

THE most broadly gauged organization helping the Hawaiians is a nonprofit group called Alu Like, which means "working together;" it was formed in 1975 after Congress finally passed a law recognizing native Hawaiians as native Americans. Alu Like has developed a series of programs all over the islands to educate and train people with any Hawaiian blood for jobs in agriculture, industry, and business, ranging from hog farm-

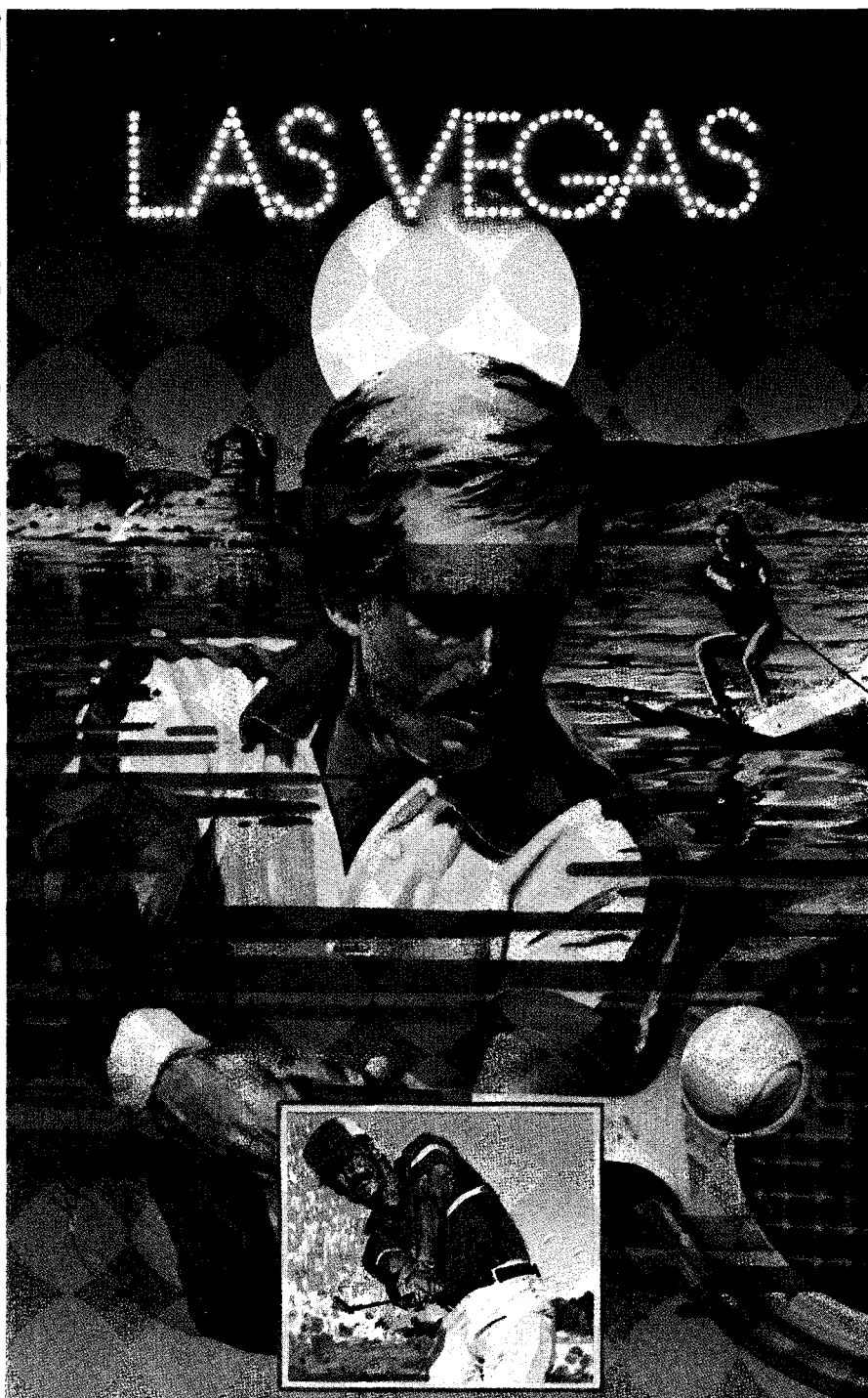
ing and forestry to warehousing, engineering, and office work. The group was started with a quarter-million-dollar grant from the Administration for Native Americans—a federal agency within the Department of Health and Human Services—and later obtained other federal funds, including three million dollars under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, and also some foundation and private assistance. It has conducted surveys and held conferences on all the islands to determine the sort of help that Hawaiians need most, and has started a variety of training programs to help make them more self-sufficient. Though Alu Like has been criticized by the activists for being too moderate and eschewing politics, it has possibly achieved more results to date than any other organization. "Education and employment are our top priorities," the executive director, a part-Hawaiian named Winona Rubin, says. "If the basic needs of Hawaiians are not satisfied, frustration and anger will overflow. Building up their self-respect and getting rid of the stereotyped view that they're lazy and can't succeed is vital. That view has been the reason for their sense of alienation."

The most persistent and most dramatic fight by any of the nationalist groups to preserve old Hawaiian ways and customs and to safeguard the land has been waged by the Protect Kahoolawe Ohana, which was formed seven years ago to force the Navy to stop bombing the forty-five-square-mile island of Kahoolawe, one of four islands in the world that are being used by the American military for target practice and amphibious-assault exercises. The Hawaiians regard Kahoolawe, which was first settled by Polynesian immigrants about a thousand years ago, as a sacred place. For much of the subsequent time, it has been uninhabited; the Navy took it over at the start of the Second World War when a rancher named Angus McPhee—who, among other things, bred goats, a thousand of which still roam the island—sublet it to the military. (After the war, McPhee went to court and tried, unsuccessfully, to get it back.) In 1953, President Eisenhower signed an executive order giving the island to the Navy for as long as necessary and providing that afterward it was to be returned to Hawaii. The Navy has insisted that it still needs Kahoolawe as a bombing and training site, and says there are no alternative islands in the eastern Pacific it can use. The



military remains a powerful economic and political force in Hawaii. A total of fifty-five thousand uniformed men and women are stationed there and twenty thousand civilian employees; in addition, the United States Pacific Command, based at Camp Smith, near Pearl Harbor, controls a total of three hundred and fifteen thousand military personnel, a large number of whom are on ships most of the time or are based elsewhere. The Navy has threatened, somewhat hollowly, to pack up and return to the mainland if it has to surrender Kahoolawe; the Protect Kahoolawe Ohana has responded by maintaining that Hawaii would be better off if it did. Most of the people who live in Hawaii, including businessmen and politicians, don't adopt such extreme views, but, surprisingly, a good many, including Mayor Anderson, have reacted sympathetically to the Ohana's campaign to regain control over Kahoolawe—or, at least, to limit the Navy's use of the site. The campaign began in January, 1976, when four members of the Ohana, including a mainland-educated three-quarters-Hawaiian physician, Dr. Emmett Aluli, and another activist, Walter Ritte, "invaded" the island in a small boat. Aluli and Ritte, who hid out there overnight, were charged with trespassing, but the charges were dismissed in court. A number of landings were made after that, but two Ohana leaders were drowned in 1977 when they tried to paddle across to Kahoolawe on a surfboard from nearby Maui. At the instigation of the Ohana, archeologists conducted surveys and have since discovered that Kahoolawe contains at least five hundred "sites" (in archeological parlance) such as dwellings, shrines, and *heiau* (or sacred places of worship), and three thousand "features," including petroglyphs and tools made of basaltic glass. The Ohana kept pressing in the courts and in Congress for the preservation of Kahoolawe as a historic place and for the protection of its environment. Late in 1980, the Navy was finally persuaded to sign a consent decree, agreeing, among other things, to clear ten thousand acres—about a third of the island—of all remains of shells, bombs, and other ordnance; to give the Ohana access to it four days a month for ten months a year; to conduct a reforestation and anti-erosion program; and to limit the use of live bombs.

In January, 1981, the Keeper of the



Pack sportswear when you're headed to Las Vegas. Play and watch the action — championship boxing, golf tournaments, tennis opens, rodeos and auto races. All in one resort city priced to beat the competition.

From Downtown's upcoming Cashman Convention and Sports Complex to the playing fields of the Strip, Las Vegas wins out as the world's favorite vacation and convention city.

Whatever your game, no one does it better than the Star of the U.S.A. So you pack the bags and Las Vegas will pack unbeatable resort value into your stay. Ask your travel agent for details.

The Resort Bargain of the World.



Las Vegas Convention and Visitors Authority



© American Express Company, 1982

Come have an Omnificent Experience. At Omni International Hotels.

Omni International Hotels are so unique, so luxurious only "omnificent" describes them. The dramatic architecture. Original art. Gleaming brass. And the wealth of entertainment.

Whether you stay in a 20-story column of glass in Miami, a vast windowed atrium in Atlanta, a promenade overlooking Norfolk harbor, or the Bahia Mar Hotel and Yachting Center in Fort Lauderdale, your experience will be unforgettable. Call 800-241-5500 for reservations.

And bring the American Express® Card.



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it®

National Register of Historic Places, in Washington, ruled that Kahoolawe was eligible for listing, and, two months later, it was included in the Register. While the Navy, having backed down as far as it has, has given no indication as yet that it will give up the island, it has adopted more responsive tactics. Over Easter, 1981, it granted permission for a group of students from the Kamehameha Schools to spend five days living on and exploring Kahoolawe. Charles Burrows, a science teacher who arranged with the Navy for the unique field trip, described the island as "a natural living museum" and said that discovering the many archeological sites was like "stepping back into the twelfth or thirteenth century." A similar visit took place this past March. That month, and lasting through April, the Kahoolawe issue came to a new head during the biennial naval training exercises, called RIMPAC, in which the United States, Japan, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand participated. Despite protests of the Ohana—supported for the first time by the State Senate and by various environmental groups, including one seeking to protect humpback whales—the exercises, involving sixty ships and submarines, twenty-eight thousand sailors and Marines, and a hundred and twenty aircraft, were carried out on schedule, although participating Australians and New Zealanders refused to join in bombing and shelling the island. To dramatize his opposition, a sixty-two-year-old retired carpenter named Harry K. Mitchell spent several days on the island after paddling there on a surfboard from Maui, seven miles away. (Mitchell's son, Kimo, was one of the two men drowned in a similar attempt five years ago.) The Ohana, having lost a new court case to halt the naval exercises, intends to pursue its legal efforts further while continuing its archeological explorations, and the issue is engendering so much emotional support that, sooner or later, it is generally felt, the Navy will be forced to return Kahoolawe to the state as a cultural retreat or park. Aluli says, more firmly than ever, "We want them out entirely."

an-droid



Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. It's where the words live.

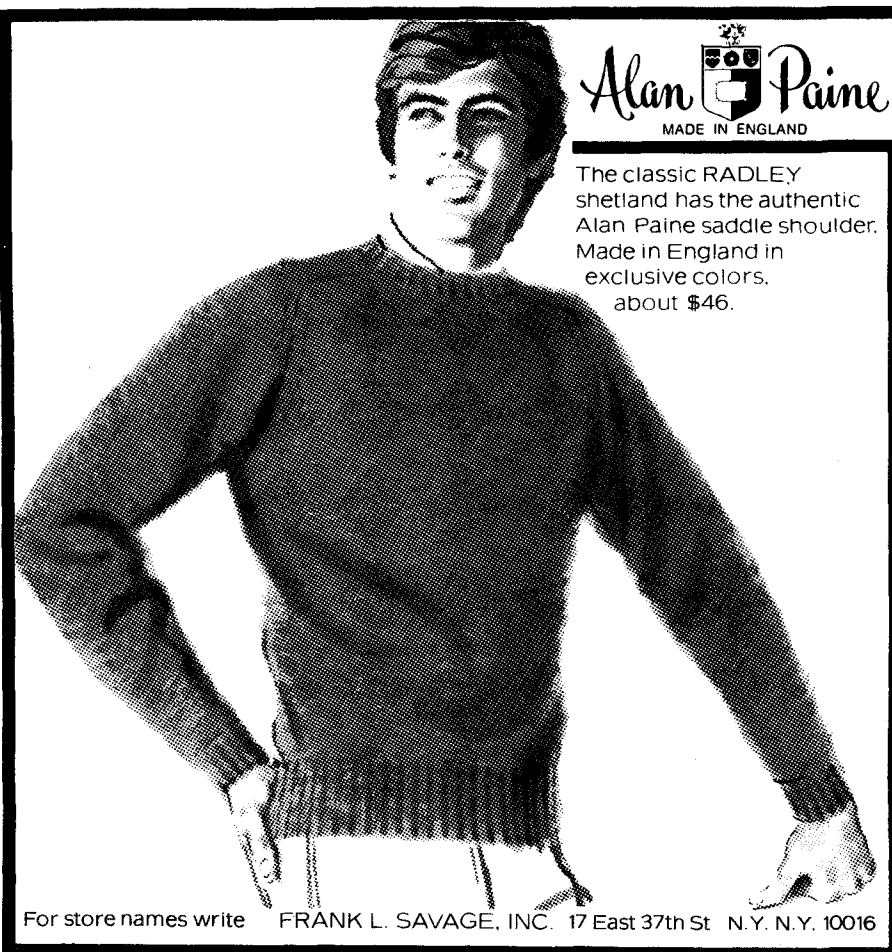
America's best-selling dictionary brings new life to words. And new words to life. Definitions for over 150,000 entries, including 22,000 new ones, are so clear and precise that "android" becomes a household word and "black hole" no longer scares you. We're constantly redefining "dictionary." An excellent gift for just \$13.95. Merriam-Webster® Dictionaries. Springfield, MA 01101.

FROM MERRIAM-WEBSTER®

© G & J MERRIAM 1982

ANOTHER case fraught with emotional overtones, which has lately been fought through the courts, concerns the development of sixty acres of a beachfront property called Nukoli, on Kauai, which is consid-

ered by many to be the most beautiful and unspoiled of the Hawaiian islands. The activists of the Committee to Save Nukolii, though they generated as much local support as the Kahoolawe Ohana, failed in their goal of halting the development, even though an authorized referendum was held on Kauai, in which forty per cent of the population of thirty-nine thousand voted two to one against the project. Nukolii has been described by its detractors as a glaring example of unwarranted, high-handed, and manipulative development, highly detrimental to the Hawaiians. The property, a windswept stretch on the east coast of Kauai which was once used by a dairy called Nukolii, was sold, in 1973 and 1974, by Amfac, the biggest sugar producer of the Big Five development concerns, to a *hui* of forty-six investors, including some prominent state politicians. The price paid was a million two hundred thousand dollars. Several months later, the *hui* resold the property for five and a quarter million dollars to a local subsidiary of the Pacific Standard Life Insurance Company, of Davis, California, one of several big mainland insurance firms that have invested heavily in Hawaii. The *hui* members pocketed their four-million-dollar profit without having turned a spadeful of earth. In December, 1974, the state Land Use Commission approved the rezoning of the sixty acres from agricultural to urban land, and so did the Kauai County Planning Commission. After the developers agreed to scale down the size of the building plan from sixty acres to twenty-five and the number of hotel and condominium units, the County Council approved the rezoning of the land to resort use—by one vote, which was cast by a member who had previously indicated that he was opposed to the project. The Committee to Save Nukolii, claiming that Kauai already had enough resort areas and that Nukolii beach wasn't worth developing anyway, collected nearly five thousand signatures and petitioned the County Council for a referendum to revoke the new zoning authorization. After the referendum was scheduled, Pacific Standard and its partners—a Seattle architect and a Japanese-owned development company—went ahead and obtained the necessary construction, water, and access permits from the state and the county, and even after the referendum took place they continued work at the site. When I visited it one rainy day, bulldozers and scrapers



Alan Paine
MADE IN ENGLAND

The classic RADLEY shetland has the authentic Alan Paine saddle shoulder. Made in England in exclusive colors. about \$46.

For store names write FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC. 17 East 37th St N.Y. N.Y. 10016

Unpack without unpacking.

Inevitably, the little things you need most end up at the bottom of the bag.

But not with this Hartmann bag. We included seven easy-access pockets so you can unpack your toothbrush without disturbing your meticulously folded shirts.

hartmann
We don't cut corners.



DuPont TEFLON[®]
water & stain repeller © 1982 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087



Everything you loved about Jamaica.

Plantation Inn beckons you to its secluded hillside by the sea. Come, relax on warm white sands, rejoice in private dreams... let the sun wake up your world and nature revive your soul. The Jamaica you knew is still here. At Plantation Inn.

For reservations and information, call David Mitchell & Co. Inc. (212) 371-1323.

In Canada, call Muriel Flegler (800) 268-9051 or call your Travel Agent.

Plantation Inn

Ocho Rios, Jamaica W.I.
Tel: (809) 974-2501
Cable: Plantation Jamaica



The Dunham's of Maine Fall 1982 Catalogue is an extraordinary collection of tailored clothing for men and women. Send for your free catalogue or call 1-800-341-0471.



☐ Send free Fall 1982 Catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
Zip _____

Dunham's of Maine
Quality apparel since 1887

P.O. Box 707Q, Waterville, Maine 04901

were bogged down in thick, sticky mud, and none of the promised landscaping had yet been begun. It was hard to imagine that, even when the project was finished, anyone would want to spend the advertised price of two hundred and eighty thousand dollars for a two-bedroom condominium unit in such a bleak spot, but the owners claimed that quite a few had already been sold. Many condominiums have been bought in Hawaii for speculation—a record number came on the market in 1980—and quite a few of these are rented out to tourists on a time-sharing basis, through managers hired by mainland and foreign investors, some of whom have never seen their “homes away from home.” In the past year or two, however, the real-estate market has become depressed, and many condominiums in the islands are now empty and unsold. In February of 1981, a Kauai circuit-court judge named Kei Hirano, some of whose associates in the state judiciary were among the original *hui* owners, ruled that the development of Nukolii was justified, notwithstanding the referendum, because the owners, having incurred considerable expense while relying upon the zoning decision, had acquired vested rights and legal permits. The Committee to Save Nukolii is appealing to the State Supreme Court but hasn't much hope of winning a reversal.

“I believe in a healthy visitor industry, but we're destroying the very qualities that bring people here,” says JoAnn Yukimura, a peppery young Japanese-American woman who lost by a narrow margin in the last Kauai mayoralty primary race. The present mayor, Eduardo Malapit, who is of Filipino descent and who believes that the development will be good for the island's economy, refused to revoke the building permit for Nukolii after the referendum, believing, as the court ruled, that the developers had vested rights. Miss Yukimura is running again for mayor, but not against Malapit, who, after four terms, has decided to retire. “Our beaches are being taken away from us,” Miss Yukimura says. “We used to have a strong, diversified agriculture in Kauai—in the old days, it was a hundred per cent self-sufficient—and now we're almost completely dependent on outside food. When agricultural land sells for anywhere from forty to eighty thousand dollars an acre, there's obviously no productive future for it.”

Jean Holmes, who is the editor of a

local newspaper called the *Garden Island*—a name often applied to Kauai—says, “When I came here, almost seventeen years ago, people took care of themselves and helped others. They had a lot less but were a lot happier. Now you can't even sit on the beach safely at night. Crime and violence are the price we've paid for too much development and tourism.”

La France Kapaka, a half-Hawaiian leader of the Committee to Save Nukolii—a nurse whose avocation is tracing the genealogy of Hawaiian families and protecting their land claims—told me, “Nukolii used to be a lovely place, where you could fish and collect edible seaweed. It was the last open area on that part of the coast. When you get behind all that concrete and mud, it's a dirty political deal. You can't eat concrete, and once it's up you can't tear it down. Look at the whole question of ceded lands. The same political crowd has always held them out of reach of the Hawaiian people. The people need homes, not condos they can't possibly afford. Oahu is a disaster. Maui is already a mess. At least, Nukolii has opened people's eyes, and maybe we can still save Kauai.” Mrs. Kapaka, a large, jovial woman, who ran for an O.H.A. trusteeship but lost, paused and then added, “Maybe O.H.A. will prove the solution—it could become our conscience. As a people, we've fallen back on music and dancing and laughter, but that hasn't got us anything. What we need in Hawaii is a Martin Luther King.”

There is no Hawaiian political leader comparable to Martin Luther King to pull the diffuse and often discordant nationalist movement together today, and the Hawaiians, even apart from their gradual loss of racial identity through intermarriage, are so

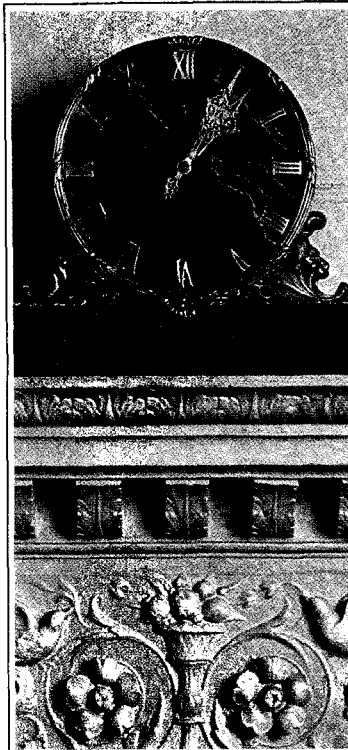


alienated that it seems doubtful whether they can be politically motivated beyond the point of demanding certain compensatory rights. Much will depend on what sort of strength they can muster in the legislature and in county councils in forthcoming elections. Meanwhile, the activists working in various communities continue their efforts to build a new sense of ethnic pride and a stronger work ethic, and in the long run this could produce both social and political effects stimulating the Hawaiians to take a more active part in public life. Unless something like this happens, the danger remains that the inner rage that is mounting among many of them, and is most strongly directed at tourism and land development, could explode into violence and lead to isolated acts of terrorism. Law officials, a number of academic scholars, and some of the more enlightened businessmen I spoke with are aware of this danger and are supporting the efforts of the more moderate activists to improve living conditions among the Hawaiians.

ONE sensitive area where such work is being done is in Wai-anae and Nanakuli, two towns on the western coast of Oahu, about an hour's drive from Waikiki, which have one of the greatest concentrations of low-income Hawaiians in the state, many having moved there when they were pushed out of other areas. Driving out there with a young research historian named Barry Nakamura, I was astonished at the degree to which the countryside, which I first saw during the Second World War, had changed from small farming villages and sugar plantations to a series of connected centers of development, containing condominiums, town houses, and pockets of concrete office buildings and factories. The area is now part of the Honolulu urban sprawl, loosely held together by new roads and freeways, and lacking any attractive characteristics. We passed a number of once lovely areas adjacent to beaches which have become private developments or are controlled by the military. In a few places near the water, I was told, families unable to afford any other sort of housing were living in tents.

Our first stop was in Nanakuli, at the Queen Liliuokalani Children's Center, a charitable institution established under a deed from the last queen to conduct family-counseling, wel-

*"In the heart of
Chicago lies a hotel with only as
much modernity
as is strictly
necessary."*



As the sun rises over Lake Michigan, it illuminates a nineteen storey hotel, dwarfed by the shimmering towers of modern Chicago. But to the kind of person who believes that true luxury is a combination of old and new, this is the only hotel in Chicago. It offers a tradition of service, subtly enhanced by the conveniences of today. And the timeless mark of a great hotel.

the
Mayfair
Regent
CHICAGO

A REGENT® INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

HONG KONG BANGKOK KUALA LUMPUR MANILA COLOMBO FIJI SYDNEY ALBUQUERQUE NEW YORK CHICAGO PUERTO RICO MAUI MONTREAL.
CHICAGO 312-787-8500 TELEX 256266 U.S.A. TOLL FREE 800-545-4000 OR YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

COUNTRY SOPHISTICATES® Smart on your part.

Very smart: the blouse that adds a touch of elegance to your every Fall ensemble. In pure easy-care crepe de chine, from our exclusive collection. Sizes 6-16.

At fine stores. Or write
Box 1691, Portland,
OR 97207.

A division of Pendleton
Woolen Mills

Story Book Places



Campobello Island

New Brunswick

Tiny towns washed by the sea. The catch of the day on the night's menu. Searching for Captain Kidd's fabled treasure. Exploring Franklin Roosevelt's Campobello Island, a park symbolizing friendship between the U.S. and Canada. Come on up.

Canada

For toll free information on New Brunswick, call 1-800-343-0812; Maine residents call 1-800-322-7004.

Icy. Dry. Sherry.



Sherry lovers love La Ina, because it's a sherry of a different color and taste. Served icy cold, or on the rocks, it's perfect before dinner, even with dinner. If you already haven't, discover La Ina, the light fino sherry from Pedro Domecq.

Pedro Domecq

Imported by Domecq Importers, Inc., Larchmont, N.Y., © 1982

fare, and foster-care programs. What is called an "alternative school" was started three years ago at the center for dropouts from the high schools in Nanakuli and Waianae, whose students have among the lowest standardized test scores in the state. (Waianae, though, has the state's best football team.) Ten boys and girls were attending the alternative school, which occupies an old frame house. They spent their mornings working on garden plots rented to them for ten dollars a month, where they raised their own vegetables for marketing, and then spent two or three hours in the afternoon taking courses in agriculture and Hawaiian culture, for which the regular high school gave them credit. One of the girls, an over-made-up Lolita-like sixteen-year-old whom I shall call Adrian Jackson, who comes from a broken home, told me that her Caucasian father and part-Hawaiian mother were divorced before she was born, and her father moved to New York ("Do you know any Jacksons there?" she asked me plaintively); her mother has since been divorced again, and she lives with her grandmother. "I just didn't dig high school," she said. "It was too tough, and it turned me off, but I like it here." She and a part-Portuguese girl whose parents were also divorced, and who lived with her father and his girlfriend—"I didn't get along with my classmates," she said—were raking leaves when I arrived. A seventeen-year-old boy, who is part Portuguese and part Hawaiian, was busy cutting wooden stakes for his garden plot. Mike Kahikina, the coordinator of the project, said, "When he came here, he couldn't read or write. He wouldn't even talk to anybody. Now he's learned to read, and he also talks, and he's one of our best workers." Kahikina, who served in Vietnam during the war there, is a part-Hawaiian dedicated to the Hawaiian cause, and, like many of the activists, he wears his hair tied with a band at the nape. He told me that all the students at the alternative school were at least a year behind in their studies when they enrolled. "We've had about a hundred and fifty pass through here, counting summer school," he said. "Ten have earned enough credits to get their high-school diplomas. Most people in Hawaii don't even want to look at social problems, stress, or violence. Jobs are all in tourism, and that's cheap labor. A lot of Hawaiians don't want to do it. They don't give a damn. Their attitude is 'If I go swipe

a car, I can make more money than if I worked a month.' I've lived here since 1954. When I came back from Vietnam, what really hit me was the changes I saw in my younger brother—he was angry and looking for trouble. Development has kept us from getting what is rightfully ours. Now they're forcing development down our throats. Families are splitting up because of this. Kids now don't even know what it means to be a Hawaiian, to appreciate the goodness in plants and human nature. I see the resentment building up every day. I've had to stop incidents of violence myself. Our work here is just a kind of Band-Aid. We need a whole new approach—legislative, O.H.A., and the rest of it. We have to patch our hearts and wounds." After talking to Kahikina, I went inside the school building to speak with Daniel Hanakahi, a sixty-seven-year-old *kupuna*, or elder, who is a tutor at the school. A gray-haired man with a dark, wrinkled face, who was dressed in a checked shirt and brown slacks, he told me he spends three afternoons a week at the center. "I have a lot of experience and a lot of knowledge to share," he said. "My learning comes from way back, from my great-grandparents. I used to work on the inter-island ships, with Hawaiian crews, and as I grew up I kept learning more Hawaiian. Then the airlines came in and the ships went out. All I had was the knowledge I had picked up through the years, and I'm able to translate it into a language these kids can understand, to hand it down. Being a *kupuna* is my only degree. If I weren't around, there would be no one to make that contribution. What I deal with is unrecorded history. It's all part of the Hawaiian renaissance. I'm proud of what these kids are doing. I can see what's wrong with them—what their problems are at school. They're not properly geared to keeping up with other kids. So we're trying to get them to see where they're at; we're trying to teach them the basic skills and give them the cultural identity that goes with those skills."

Nakamura and I drove on a few miles to the Waianae Rap Center, in another old frame house, in the middle of a lot in the heart of town. The center was founded in 1970 with the help of federal funds, under the Model Cities program, to work with alienated youths, many of whom have been in trouble with the law and have had drug problems, or are school drop-

Gastronomique



Montréal

Province of Québec

You'll find so many outdoor bistros and cafés you'll think you're in Europe. Sip a glass of wine and do a little people-watching. Dine out and enjoy the view. There's so much to go for in Canada.

Canada

For information write Tourisme Québec, P.O. Box 20,000, Québec City, Québec, Canada G1K 7X2.

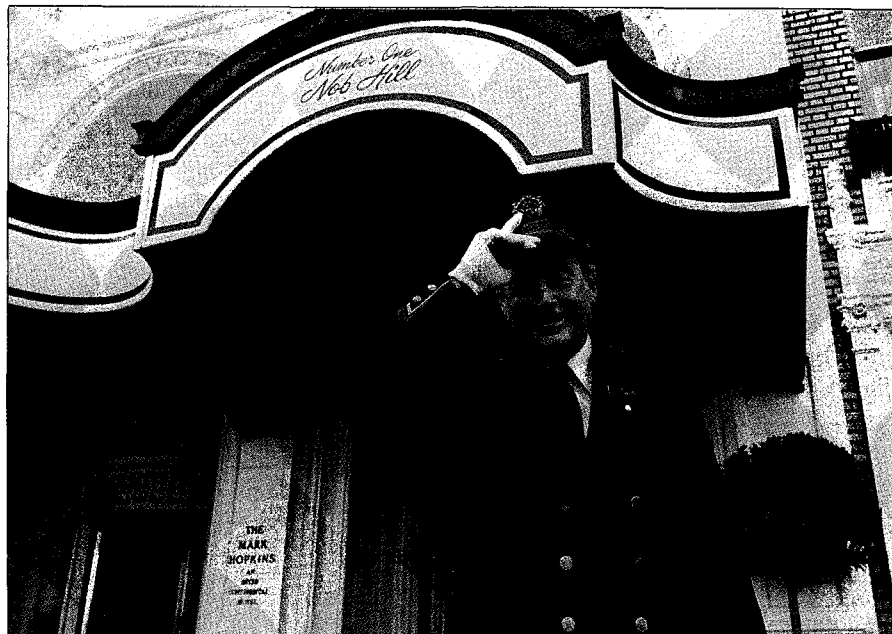


Hickey-Freeman®

Customized® clothes for men and women.

"Quality isn't something that can be promised into an article. It must be put there. If it isn't put there, the finest sales talk in the world won't act as a substitute."

©1982 Hickey-Freeman Co., Inc., 1155 Clinton Ave., N., Rochester, NY 14621.



IN SAN FRANCISCO,
THE MOST DEMANDING TRAVELLERS
STAY WITH INTER-CONTINENTAL.

Mark THE Hopkins

AN INTER-CONTINENTAL HOTEL
Number One Nob Hill.

Reservations: 800-327-0200. (In Florida: 800-432-2673.)

Vacation...

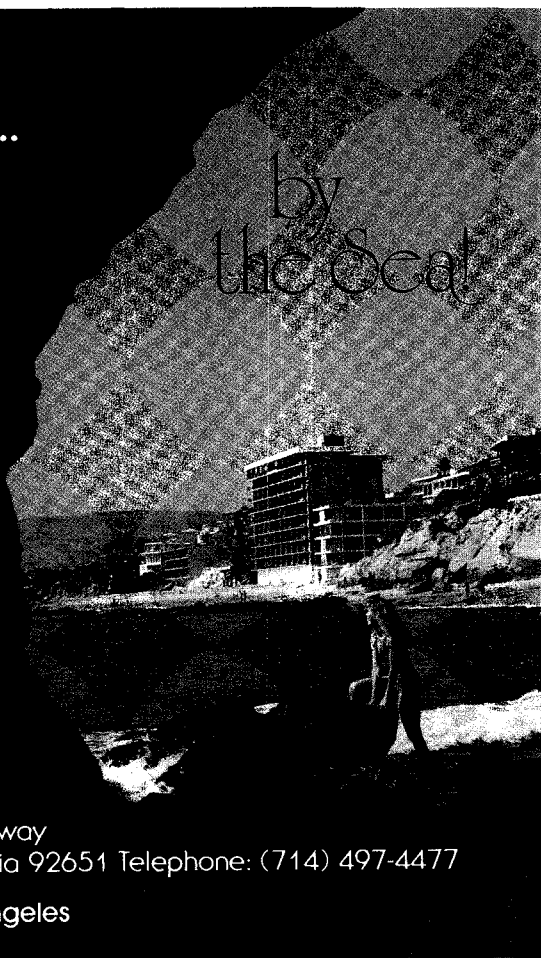
Acres of beautiful white sand beneath your balcony and superb accommodations. Celebrated cuisine in two famous restaurants. Superlative service for meetings and banquets. Year 'round climate.

by
the Sea

Surf & Sand
HOTEL

1555 South Coast Highway
Laguna Beach, California 92651 Telephone: (714) 497-4477

One hour from Los Angeles



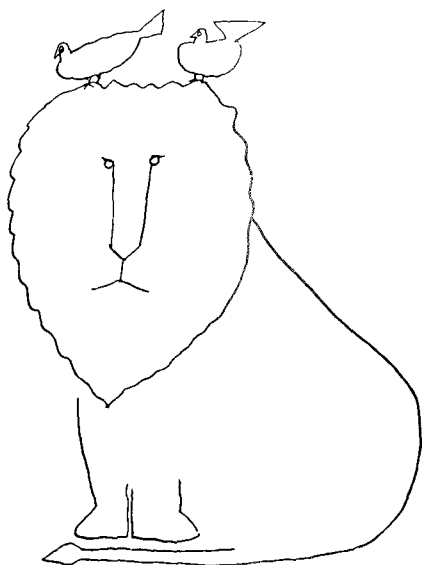
outs. The district of Waianae, which includes Nanakuli, and other towns, has a population of thirty-two thousand, mostly part-Hawaiians, of whom about half are under twenty. "We round the kids up on the beaches and in pool halls, and we keep them from nine months to a year," said Eric Enos, a thirty-four-year-old former training supervisor of the center, who is of Hawaiian, Portuguese, English, and Japanese blood, and who studied fine arts at the University of Hawaii. "We try to give them enough skills and enough of a concept of themselves to deal with society," Enos continued. "We put them out into work areas—onto the land or near the water—and get them accustomed to using natural resources." I went with him two miles up into the nearby hills, where he helps manage a twenty-three-acre farm. It was being worked by eighteen boys and two girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, who were growing taro, papaya, vegetables, and *ti* leaf, which is used for wrapping food, thatching roofs, and making rope. "It's better than lying on the beach," said a skinny, bare-chested seventeen-year-old boy, who was building an irrigation ditch. "All you do there is steal." He had been convicted of robbery, and one of Enos's colleagues had talked the probation officer into letting him come to the farm instead of going to one of the juvenile-detention centers.

After an hour or so, Enos drove me to a smaller farm run by the Rap Center in the nearby Makaha Valley. The land, loaned to the center by the Catholic diocese, lies below a large condominium complex owned mostly by mainland and Canadian investors—two tall, drab buildings, at the foot of a low-lying range, which are flanked by golf courses and tennis courts. "That's all off limits to these kids," Enos commented. "They used to go out along the trails in the valley and hunt for pigs, but now security guards warn them away. It's the same with some of the beaches that have only limited access. No wonder they rip off tourists and cars."

At dusk, I sat in a truck by the beach with Kalani Ohelo, who was then a member of the Rap Center staff. Ohelo, who overcame congenital eye and speech defects to take a degree at the University of Hawaii in political science and economics, is a large native-Hawaiian youth who looks menacing and talks a tough activist line but is as gentle as a puppy. "Waianae

used to be one of the last places where the poor people could come and go diving and fishing," he said. "I used to bring kids from Honolulu out here and teach them what self-sufficiency was all about. The choices for Hawaiians have always been dictated by others—how we ought to live and conform to society. English is still a foreign language for most of us, and that's one reason we have trouble expressing our true feelings. Statehood was the ultimate conspiracy to maximize profits. We were smashed by the Americans to the point where we were taught to think negatively about our own culture and life style. This place is full of schizophrenic Hawaiians who turn to crime because they've been forced to remain ignorant and have become desperate. But the Hawaiians were once among the strongest and toughest people in the Pacific. It took us a thousand years to find this place and to develop our own culture, our way of life, our sense of spiritual belonging, and then it was all taken away from us. Even our language is being slowly taken away. But our struggle isn't over. We'll have a state-wide movement, maybe in five years, and even if they label us radicals and troublemakers we just won't stand here and take it. We'll fight back to regain our land and our rights." Ohelo grimaced, and then glowered at the sunset. "Ten or twenty years from now, Hawaii is not going to be the apple of your eye," he said.

Ohelo may be too sanguine about the political future of the activist movement—"Meet your first political animal," he said when I complained about the lack of ideology among the Hawaiians—but he is right in predicting a grim future for the islands



unless more is somehow done to quell the growing discontent and improve the native Hawaiians' economic status. A recent study of the Social Science Research Institute at the University of Hawaii revealed that more than sixteen per cent of the people in the state are living under conditions of poverty or near-poverty, the largest percentages being part-Hawaiians, Filipinos, and, surprisingly, Caucasians and Japanese.

THE correlation between poverty and crime is apparent here, just as it is elsewhere. Waianae and Nanakuli, which are low-income areas, have acquired reputations over the past few years as scenes of considerable crime, including holdups, burglaries, and car ripoffs. The two communities feel they have been unfairly stigmatized and maintain that conditions are no worse there than elsewhere, but some of the more lurid crimes have occurred in the vicinity. In July, 1979, a twenty-four-year-old Finnish woman, a dental student visiting the islands, was gang-raped by nine Hawaiian youths in a tent at Nanakuli Beach Park after she had accepted an invitation to join them while waiting for a bus. Five of the defendants were too young to be tried as adults and were committed to a youth correctional facility. In March, 1981, the Finnish woman, identified publicly only as Anna, returned to Honolulu to testify against the remaining four, three of whom had signed confessions to the police. Three were acquitted of first-degree rape and the fourth was acquitted as an accomplice after the defense argued that the woman had willingly smoked marijuana with the nine boys and had consented to their sexual advances. "She was nobody's girlfriend," one of the defendants remarked. The jury chose not to accept the confessions, on the ground that the accused had not understood their right to remain silent. The young woman proved to be a poor witness, and the prosecuting attorney was criticized afterward for lack of aggressiveness, but the verdict caused more of a furor, for somewhat different reasons, than anything since the Massie case: it led to a demonstration by a thousand people, mostly women, in front of the state capitol and a demand for tougher anti-rape laws. Out of some fifteen hundred sexual-assault charges in 1980, only thirteen went to court, and of these only four resulted in convictions. The Finnish woman



Send For Your FREE Guide To Classic Country Fashions

Our free 48 page Winter Holidays catalog offers a complete selection of Classic Country Fashions for men, women and children. Including our tailored wool pants, natural tweeds and oxford cloth shirts.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Carroll Reed

Write: Carroll Reed, Dept. 783, Main Street, North Conway, NH 03860. Or call: (603) 447-2511, 24 hours a day.

Holding jig is an extra pair of hands.

If you're gluing or soldering small pieces of a model, or other miniature projects, this clever device holds the work while you apply glue or direct the torch. Essential for model makers, repairers, jewelry makers and china menders. Two spring clamps swivel in any direction, hold steadily while the glue dries or the solder sets. Heavy cast iron base (2 1/2" sq.) won't tip or move about on workbench. All hardware nickel-plated. **Unconditional guarantee.**

Brookstone Company, Dept. 640A
Vose Farm Rd., Peterborough, N.H. 03458

☐ Send me Holding Jigs @ \$12.95 ea., ppd.

☐ Send me Brookstone's FREE catalog
"Hard-To-Find Tools and Other Fine Things."

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa

☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard

24 hour credit card phone: (603) 924-9511

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Brookstone I-1107-32

GE OFFERS SOMETHING THAT'S HARD TO RESIST: HELP.

General Electric confronts the anxiety and confusion of buying products for your home the best way possible: by giving you help.

All kinds of help.

Help in providing ideas.

Help in choosing the right products.

Help in servicing them—whether we do it for you or you do it yourself.

Even help in financing.

In short, more help in making your home work better than it ever has before.

GE PUTS HELP IN WRITING.



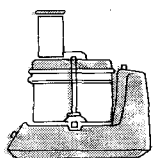
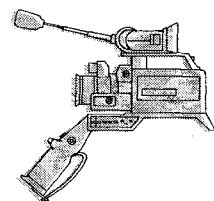
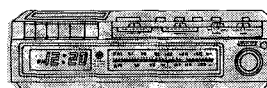
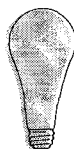
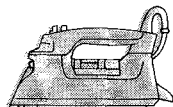
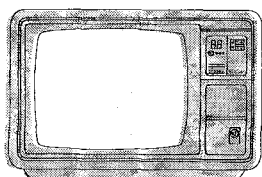
Introducing the GE Home Library.

It consists of four informative booklets, two on kitchens, one each on lighting and home video. They'll get your imagination spinning with exciting ideas for your home.

We've written them not only to help you choose the right products for your own particular life-style but to help you better use those products.

The kitchen booklets will help you design your perfect kitchen without destroying your budget. Tell you how to get your kitchen to work more efficiently than ever.

The lighting booklet



Every GE product, from the smallest light bulb to the biggest refrigerator, is designed to help:

offers tips on how to redecorate your home with light.

And through the home video booklet, you'll learn how to use television instead of just watching it.

To get your free copy, send your name, address and zip code to: GE Home Library, Box 4517, Monticello, MN 55365. Be sure to include 50¢ to cover postage and handling.

GE HELP BY PHONE.

Introducing the GE Answer Center™ information service.

It's staffed with experts who are ready to answer any question you may have about any GE consumer product or service.

Simple little questions are fine.

("I lost my Use-and-Care book for my self-cleaning oven. How do I get the thing to start cleaning?")

So are big ones. ("I'm interested in a new kitchen. Do you have a dishwasher that fits under the sink?")

All you have to do is

call 800-626-2000, toll-free. We're there to help you 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

GE HELP WITH FINANCING.

Through the General Electric Credit Corporation, we've been helping people buy appliances since 1932.

It's no different today. At many GE dealers across the country, financing is available.

Ask about it.

GE HELPS YOU DO IT YOURSELF.

Introducing the Quick Fix™ system.

It's an innovative repair program that helps you fix GE major appliances right at home with your own two hands.

At the heart of the Quick Fix system are five easy-to-read, fully illustrated repair manuals—one each for GE refrigerators, ranges/ovens, dishwashers, washers and dryers.

The repair manuals guide you through the entire job, step by easy step. They help

you from problem detection to the part (or parts) you'll need. And finally, how to get the job done right—whether you're a seasoned handyman or a repair beginner.

Until you've fixed something yourself, you can't imagine how rewarding an experience it can be.

Quick Fix system repair manuals and parts are available at many GE dealers. Call the GE Answer Center information service to find out where to get them.

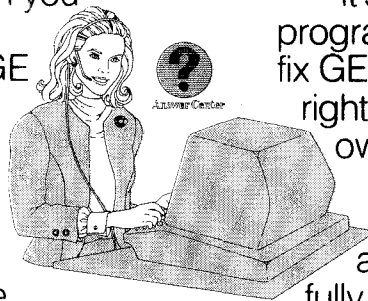
GE WILL HELP DO IT FOR YOU.

If doing it yourself isn't your style, our nationwide network of factory-trained GE technicians are at your service, anywhere in the country.

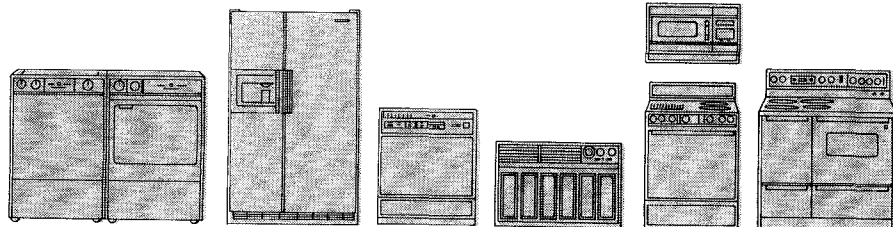
GE HELP NEVER ENDS.

Every refrigerator, every light bulb, every clock radio, every toaster, every product and service that carries the GE name comes with a special commitment.

A commitment to help make your home work better and your life just a little easier.



"Can I help you?"



help make your life easier, and your home work better.

**WE BRING
GOOD THINGS
TO LIFE.**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



PRESTIGE IS THE PALACE BY THE PALACE

Prestige begins at the Palace Hotel. It's the ideal base for your business trip.

A home from home where you're in charge.

Our superbly trained staff is at your service.

Try us for service. Try us for our cuisine.

We're the Palace Hotel, right by the Imperial Palace.



Palace Hotel TOKYO JAPAN

Masao Yoshihara: President & General Manager

1-1-1 Marunouchi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan Tel:(03)211-5211

Telex:0222-2580Palace J Cable:PALACEHOTEL TOKYO

Associate Member of CIGAHOTELS

Our Representatives: **UTELL INTERNATIONAL**/Call 800-223-9868 toll free(Continental U.S. only)
New York Tel:(212)757-2981

LOEW'S REPRESENTATION INTERNATIONAL, INC./

Call U.S.A. toll free Wats

Member of Golden Tulip Hotels

L.L.Bean®

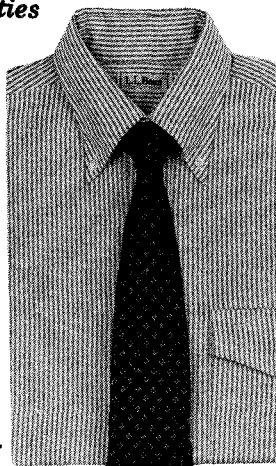
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Businessman's Shirt All-Cotton

Attractive and comfortable for business or casual wear. High quality, 100% long-staple oxford cloth. Button-down collar, placket front and long tuck-in tails. Single needle tailoring with double needle felled side seams. Deep breast pocket with button flap. Machine Wash. Iron for neatness. Colors: White with Red Stripes. White with Brown Stripes. White with Blue Stripes.

Men's Sizes:

Neck	14½	15	15½, 16, 16½	17, 17½
Sleeves	32, 33	32, 33, 34	32, 33, 34, 35, 36	33, 34, 35, 36



Please Ship Postage Paid

100% Guarantee

All-Cotton Businessman's Shirt @ \$18.00

1668W White/Red Stripes, Neck Size _____ Sleeve _____

1655W White/Brown Stripes, Neck Size _____ Sleeve _____

1667W White/Blue Stripes, Neck Size _____ Sleeve _____

☐ SEND FREE
CATALOG

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard® ☐ American Express

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc., 853 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

declared as she left for home, "I feel very sorry for anyone who comes in touch with the legal system. . . I'm very glad to get out of here and leave this society with its criminals. I think it's much too violent here."

Hawaii has the third-highest per-capita crime rate in the nation and the third-lowest incarceration rate—and, taken together, the two figures indicate the highest tolerance of crime. There has been criticism of lax sentencing by judges and lack of adequate prison facilities. (In 1980, there were forty prisoner escapes.) In June, the Justice Department in Washington announced that two Hawaiian prison facilities would be investigated for possible violations of prisoners' civil rights, including alleged brutality of guards. It is not easy to maintain law and order in the four counties—Maui, Hawaii, Kauai, and Honolulu—that take in the seven big populated islands. One reason for the difficulty is that each county has its own police system and prosecuting attorneys. Also, many tourists move about from island to island on their own and are likely to be unaware of the varying racial tensions that exist and of the hostility not infrequently directed at tourists. More than a year ago, a New York City police probation officer and his wife were robbed when their car was broken into on Maui, and then, at a campsite on Kauai, were beaten up by a gang of local hoodlums shouting anti-white obscenities. Many tourists have been assaulted on the Kona Coast of the island of Hawaii, where marijuana, generally known as *pakalolo* ("crazy smoke"), is called Kona gold. Elsewhere in the islands, it is called Maui wowie, Puna butter, and Kauai electric, and is said to be the biggest cash crop; the annual harvest in the state is worth three-quarters of a billion dollars. In larcenies, Honolulu ranks fifth in the United States among cities with populations between a half million and a million, and larceny is common not only on Oahu but all over the islands. During my 1981 visit, a bus filled with Japanese tourists was hijacked at Honolulu International Airport by two teen-agers, and the passengers were robbed. (The pair were later caught, and most of the loot was recovered.) Shortly before that, the body of a Canadian tourist who had been badly beaten was dumped over a cliff on Oahu, and a few weeks later a California couple were killed near a jungle hiking trail on Kauai.

On Maui alone, incidents of crime

Some people ask:

“Wouldn’t my auto insurance rates be lower if insurance companies took their investment income into account?”



We want you to know:

Insurance companies *do* take investment income into account when they make their rates. The truth is, your auto insurance rates would be *higher* than they are if insurance companies *didn't* make allowance for investment income.

An insurance company has two main sources of income: premiums paid by policyholders and money generated by investments, usually in stocks or bonds. *Together*, these funds are used to pay regular claims, catastrophic losses, operating expenses, dividends, state and federal taxes.

To sell policies at competitive prices, an insurance company must strike a balance between its income from policyholder premiums *and* its income from investments. That balance will usually differ—among companies and markets. A rigid formula for balancing premium income with investment income would be neither sensible nor practical, because no two markets, types of insurance, or insurance companies are exactly alike. The “balancing” requires good business judgment and common sense.

In recent years, the economy has produced record levels of investment income. But inflation has led to record hospital and medical fees and auto repair costs—the things insurance pays for. Meanwhile, auto insurance premiums have risen less than the costs of mending bodies and repairing cars.

The result is that insurance companies have committed more dollars for auto insurance claims and general expenses than they have collected in premiums. In industry jargon, that’s called an “underwriting loss.” Fortunately for customers and companies alike, investment income has more than offset those underwriting losses and has enabled insurance companies to make an overall profit.

And that, in turn, enables companies to continue to serve the growing insurance needs of the public.

We’re working to keep insurance affordable.

The extraordinary luggage,

made of extraordinary fabrics and leathers in extraordinary designs sold only to extraordinary people.

Definitely not ordinary luggage

French 

America's finest luggage... made the way luggage should be made



For brochure and nearest dealer write:
The French Company, Dept. N96
1175 E. Edna Pl. Covina, CA 91724

STELLARGIFTS FROM \$30,000 TO \$30 AND UNDER

Colberts-Harry Holland of Amarillo presents the most unique gifts and fashions from \$30,000.00 to \$30.00 and under. This exclusive 1982 catalog is a *Who's Who* in furs, fashions for men and women, sleepwear, children's wear, toys, crystal and gifts. Featured from the store's extensive collections are Boehm, Baccarat and Lalique; Christian Dior, Ernst Strauss, Ralph Lauren, Geoffrey Beene, Roberto Cavalli and Carlos Falchi. To order your catalogue, send \$2.00 in check or money order to Colberts-Harry Holland, P.O. Box 9620, Amarillo, Texas 79105 or call toll free 1-800-858-4099.

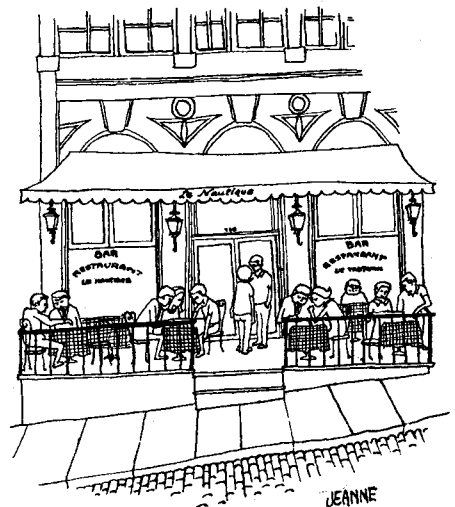
COLBERT'S
HARRY HOLLAND
OF AMARILLO

rose from sixteen hundred in 1970 to sixty-six hundred in 1980. In 1981, however, throughout Hawaii the statistics for serious crimes, including murder, rape, robbery, and aggravated assault, showed a drop of about twenty per cent, reflecting, according to most authorities, a tougher policy of prosecution and sentencing. Nevertheless, the pattern of violence remains uneven. Among part-Hawaiians and other ethnic groups, notably Samoans, cases of wife beating and child abuse remain frequent. Violence is a problem in schools as well, both among different racial groups and within them—especially within groups of Hawaiians, and within groups of Filipinos who come from different parts of the Philippines and speak different dialects. But the bitterness of the random hostility continues to be directed at visitors—chiefly mainland haoles. The sociologist Andrew Lind attributes this violence not only to a general resentment of tourists but to the particular resentment that Hawaiians have felt against white-skinned immigrants. The acts of violence committed by unemployed teen-agers and the inability of young Hawaiians to make educational adjustments are a reflection of this deeper animosity, Lind says. In 1979, the Bishop Estate published a survey that pointed to the existence of strong family ties and a stress on personal relationships as reasons for the scholastic deficiencies of Hawaiian children. These deficiencies, it is said, sometimes lead to feelings of isolation and rejection among Hawaiians which cause them to strike out against whites and other ethnic groups. "Too many Hawaiians believe they're losers, and they act out that role," says Myron Thompson.

Thompson is one of those who feel that, as he puts it, "if we can ever address the problem of violence, it has to be done, like everything else pertaining to the Hawaiians, through education." Several years ago, under the auspices of the Bishop Estate, he started a unique program in Hawaii to, among other things, persuade young Hawaiian mothers not to rush the toilet training of their infants—a tendency he had found among poor black mothers on the mainland. "An infant instinctively feels bad if he doesn't do well," Thompson says. "That sort of fear breeds hostility from the start. If we can assist the mother to be more acceptable to herself, to deal with her own survival needs, to feel less constrained and more free, the young

child will be better off. Too many mothers have had bad childhood experiences themselves." The Bishop Estate, through its Kamehameha Schools programs, now devotes a quarter of its budget to extension courses for alienated young Hawaiians. "To do away with their depressive tendencies, we have to work through the public schools as well," Thompson says. "And the quality of our schools depends on our neighborhoods and on our teachers and parents, especially in areas like Waianae."

Charles Clark, a former superintendent of the State Department of Education, who resigned last December after six years on the job, during which he made significant improvements in the teaching curriculum, agrees. "Imagine yourself in high school not even being able to read," he says. "That's how violence is engendered. We're putting a lot of emphasis now on the lower grades. It's hard to teach a teen-ager to read and write—a child needs to be started off properly at the second- or third-grade level." Clark—who, soon after he quit, was summoned to direct the Department of Health, following a scandal involving pesticide contamination of dairy products—acknowledges that Hawaiians have special educational problems, and he told me, "We have about forty languages here in Hawaii, including many Chinese dialects. It's financially impossible to teach classes in forty languages. But most teachers have been too impatient with Hawaiian youngsters who fail to comprehend as easily as others because they don't speak English. I don't object to people's studying their language and heritage, but I don't want those subjects to detract from the basic skills we have to teach everyone. The schools can't do the whole job by themselves. We need a



If you're someone on the go, you want fast service. And that means a hotel with a staff that's always ready when you are. Who could ask for anything more?

Well, the Novotels of Germany and Austria found something — *Teleplan*. The sure way to make international calls at a fair cost. No more unreasonable hotel surcharge fees that have been known to push a \$20 phone call up to \$50 or more.

"Fast service? You bet. And my Novotel even has Teleplan. So I said, 'Hey, call Dick.'"

The Bell System, working with leading hotel groups, is introducing *Teleplan* around the world. Ask your travel agent. *Teleplan*. The fair-cost way to call home.



NOVOTEL
TELEPLAN
CITIES:

AUSTRIA

Linz
Wien
Wein

GERMANY

Aachen
Aldersbach
Berlin
Bielefeld
Bochum
Bochum
Dortmund
Duesseldorf
Eschborn
Frankfurt
Fuerth
Hamburg
Hannover
Munich
Munich
Munich
Neuss
Neuss
Offenbach
Ratzenburg
Saarbrücken
Stuttgart

Want to know more?
Call our Information
toll free:
1 800 874-2000

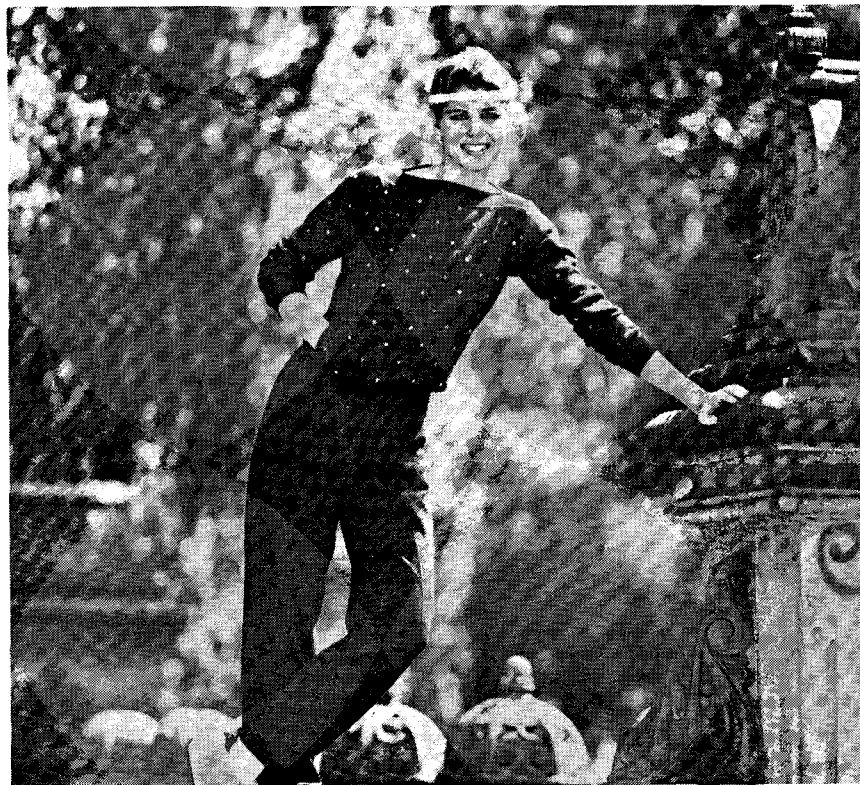


Bell System

Harlow's holder was Platinum.

Strongest. Lustrous, deep white. Most precious of precious metals.
No wonder Jean Harlow had a Platinum cigarette holder.
Shouldn't you have Platinum?
View the Platinum collection at your jeweler's, or write,
Johnson Matthey Inc., Malvern, PA 19355.

LOOMTOGS



At fine stores everywhere or write
 Loomtogs, 48 W 38th St. New York 10018

Class Action!

lot of help from the community and from parents."

Francis Keala, the Honolulu chief of police, also feels that education and community work are the keys to reducing crime. He has assigned seventeen of his officers to give instruction in social studies in eighty-five schools, a number of which have problems with crime. "We teach government and law and explain the criminal-justice system," he told me. "The officers learn a lot themselves. Truancy is another big problem. In one day in Kailua, on the windward side, we grabbed two hundred truants and marched them back to school, but the kids went right out again, and we had to give up. We blame the parents, but the schools are at fault, too, because they don't notify the parents." Keala and Charles Marsland, who was elected chief prosecutor of Honolulu two years ago—the job was an appointive one before that—are both concerned about flaws in the criminal-court process. "Too many judges have tended to feel sorry for the criminal and forget about the victims," Keala said. "But everyone is worried about crime now, and a stiffer approach is being taken." The police still face problems on arrests. After a suspect is booked, questioned, and processed, the detective on the case is often told by the prosecuting staff to file reports for subsequent indictment, and in the meantime the suspect is released and frequently commits another crime. Marsland, who ran for office after his nineteen-year-old son was mysteriously murdered, probably by one of several crime syndicates that are active in Hawaii, has forty-five deputy prosecutors on his staff and a back-up clerical staff of thirty-five, and he has asked the legislature and City Council for more funds to hire additional people. "San Francisco and Sacramento have twice as many prosecutors and ten times the back-up staff we have," he explains. He feels strongly about lax sentencing. "In the district court, it's still unusual for anyone to be sentenced at all," he says. "And the circuit court puts a lot of convicted criminals on probation, because the prison facilities are not what they should be. Honolulu hasn't any more violence than other major American cities of its size, but has taken too easy an attitude toward it. People don't expect crime in paradise. And there's too much trust on the part of visitors."

Marsland favors mandatory sentencing—for prostitutes, among

We begin with natural
cotton or wool.
No synthetics ever.

Our plaids are yarn-dyed,
not printed. A definite
mark of quality.

Single-needle stitching
assures a
neat appearance.

It costs more to do it,
but we match plaids
on collar, flaps and placket.

Non-woven
inner linings
assure neatness
after washing.

All our shirts
have a 7-button
front, and buttons
sewed to
stay on.



Lands' End Flannel Shirts. Easy to look at. Comfortable to wear. Made with painstaking care.

We invite you to compare the features above, which are standard equipment on any Lands' End flannel shirt, with any other flannel shirt you like.

We don't think you can beat them, even for more money. We offer them in two weights of 100% cotton, and in a single weight flannel blending cotton and wool. You'll find them proudly displayed in full color in our Lands' End catalog.

No single breakthrough. Frankly, the features above, which we insist on in our shirts, are not notable breakthroughs taken singly and separately. But finding all these features in a flannel shirt at Lands' End prices—that is exceptional.

It comes from a philosophy we apply to whatever we offer you at the time we either buy it or have it made. We don't ask, "What can you

leave out to make it cheaper?" We ask, "What can you put in to make it better?" You'd be surprised how unusual this attitude is, and how pleased our sources are to show us the full range of their talents.

Our buyers aren't the only fussy people.

Fussy as our Lands' End buyers are, even they get checked out by our Quality Control people, who have the last word at Lands' End.

If they nix a buy—in shirts or anything else we sell—there's no Supreme Court to grant a hearing. They *are* the Supreme Court.

And that's for your protection, along with our guarantee:

"If you are not completely satisfied with any item you buy from us, at any time during your use of it, return it and we will refund your full purchase price."

The price, of course, is determined only after we're sure we have the quality we want in the product. That way we are sure we offer you value.

Leaf through our catalog for full details. Fill in the coupon, send it in, and we'll mail you a free catalog. Better still, call us at 800-356-4444. It's toll free, 24 hours a day.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS
of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford button-down shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

☐ Please send free 92-page catalog.
Lands' End Dept. G-15
Dodgeville, WI. 53533

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free
800-356-4444

(Except Wisconsin, call 608-935-2788)

LOWEST COST PANAMA CANAL CRUISE

Before You Select ANY Trans-Canal Cruise
Review our colorful Brochure 4 to 9 Nights from \$449

Our unique cruise visits areas never before possible without our Explorer Class™ vessel.

You'll discover the exciting archaeology and cultures that brought the world famous explorers—Balboa, Sir Francis Drake and the colorful pirates—to Panama. See Colonial Panama and its attractions, colorful Indian tribes, plus beautiful scenery, beaches and marine life—all from the comfort and convenience of our new Explorer Class™ cruise ship, featuring 44 staterooms, each with private facilities. Plus, there's a picture windowed dining room serving delicious

meals, a lounge with bar and spacious sundecks offering an extraordinary view. Varied ship and shore programs allow explorers of all ages to fully enjoy this extraordinary experience.

After the cruise, extend your stay with optional interludes at world-famous Contadora Resort and Casino or at the brand new Bambito Resort Hotel.

If you're considering any Panama Canal Cruise, send for our brochure first. It will really show you Panama—in addition to the canal transit.

For best selection of staterooms and cruise date, plan now to obtain a free full-color brochure, see your travel agent, mail coupon below or call toll-free:

800-426-0600

(In Washington State call
206/624-8551).



**EXPLORATION
CRUISE LINES™**

1500 Metropolitan Park Bldg., Dept. AGQ, Seattle, WA 98101

Please send me a free copy of your new Panama Cruise Brochure.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

ASK ABOUT
SPECIAL
AIR
FARES



others, because they are partly responsible for thefts and also for the spread of drugs. "The drug traffic here is enormous," he says. "Cocaine and heroin come in from the Far East on the way to the mainland, and some is dropped off in Hawaii. That and the local marijuana trade make a lot of money for the syndicates, which are also into gambling, protection and extortion, and night clubs. Some of them have ties to the *yakuza*, the gangsters in Japan." Marsland is especially bitter about the syndicates, not only because of his son's death but because he feels that political pressure from them caused him to be fired from an earlier job, as head of the Career Criminal Unit in the prosecutor's office, though he had a record of obtaining forty-five straight convictions. He wants to crack down on the syndicates but has so far been unable to obtain legal access to financial and other records. For that, he needs the approval of the legislature, but, he explains with a pained smile, "they want to keep control over what I do about organized crime." Recently, Marsland charged that some members of the state judiciary were hobnobbing with criminal elements, but he named no names, though he did mention three judges he has accused of mishandling criminal cases and of lax sentencing.

THE high crime rate is a source of deep concern to those in the tourist industry, which in 1980 suffered its first decline since 1949—a drop of half of one per cent. The figures for last year were almost identical, but during the first six months of this year they rose slightly. Over the previous seven or eight years, the tourist rate had increased annually by about seven per cent. During 1981, just under four million tourists came to Hawaii, fifty-nine per cent of them from the mainland, about eighteen per cent from Japan, seven per cent from Canada, seven per cent from Australia, New Zealand, and other South Pacific countries, and the rest from Europe and other parts of the world. The main reason for the recent decline is inflation—especially the higher air fares caused by the rise in the cost of fuel. The poor publicity the islands have received because of crime and incidents involving racial tensions is another factor. Hawaii has fifty-nine thousand hotel rooms, and they had an over-all occupancy rate in 1981 of sixty-eight per cent, which is considered the break-even point by most ho-

Wednesday, September 15 at 10 a.m.
**Important 19th-Century Furniture, Paintings
and Decorations:** including French Bronze-mounted
and Continental Furniture, Tiffany and Art Nouveau,
Bronzes, Orientalia, Silver and Rugs.

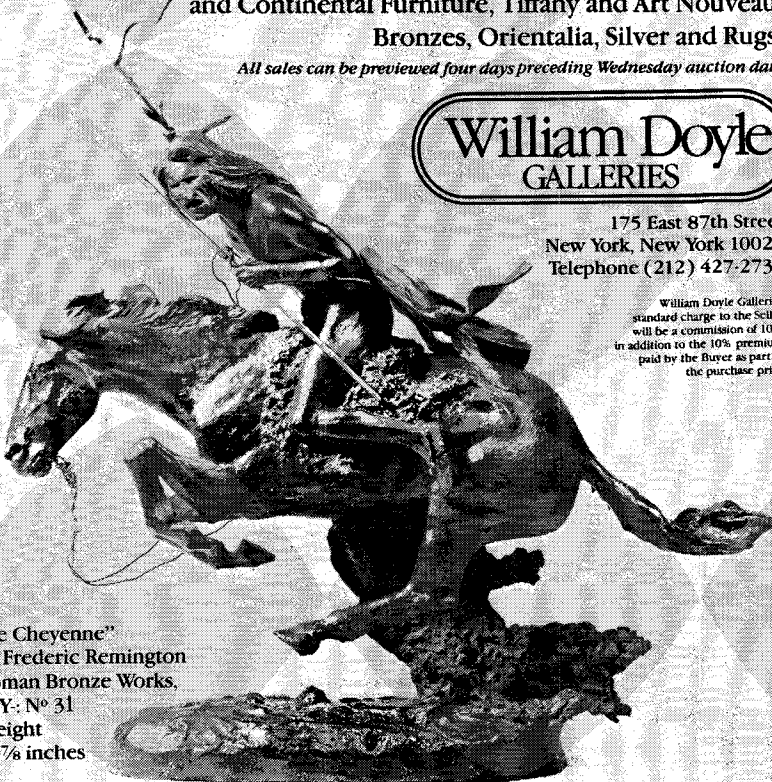
All sales can be previewed four days preceding Wednesday auction date.

**William Doyle
GALLERIES**

175 East 87th Street
New York, New York 10028
Telephone (212) 427-2730

William Doyle Galleries
standard charge to the Seller
will be a commission of 10%
in addition to the 10% premium
paid by the Buyer as part of
the purchase price

"The Cheyenne"
by Frederic Remington
Roman Bronze Works.
N.Y. N° 31
Height
20 7/8 inches



“Speak softly and carry a big stick.”

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt wasn't talking about Western Union's Personal Opinion Telegram. But he could have been.

It's the fastest, most impressive way to speak your mind on any important issue. With the impact of a “big stick.”

For just \$4.25,* your thoughts will reach state or Federal officials. Fast. And we offer a special rate when you send messages to every member of the House or Senate.

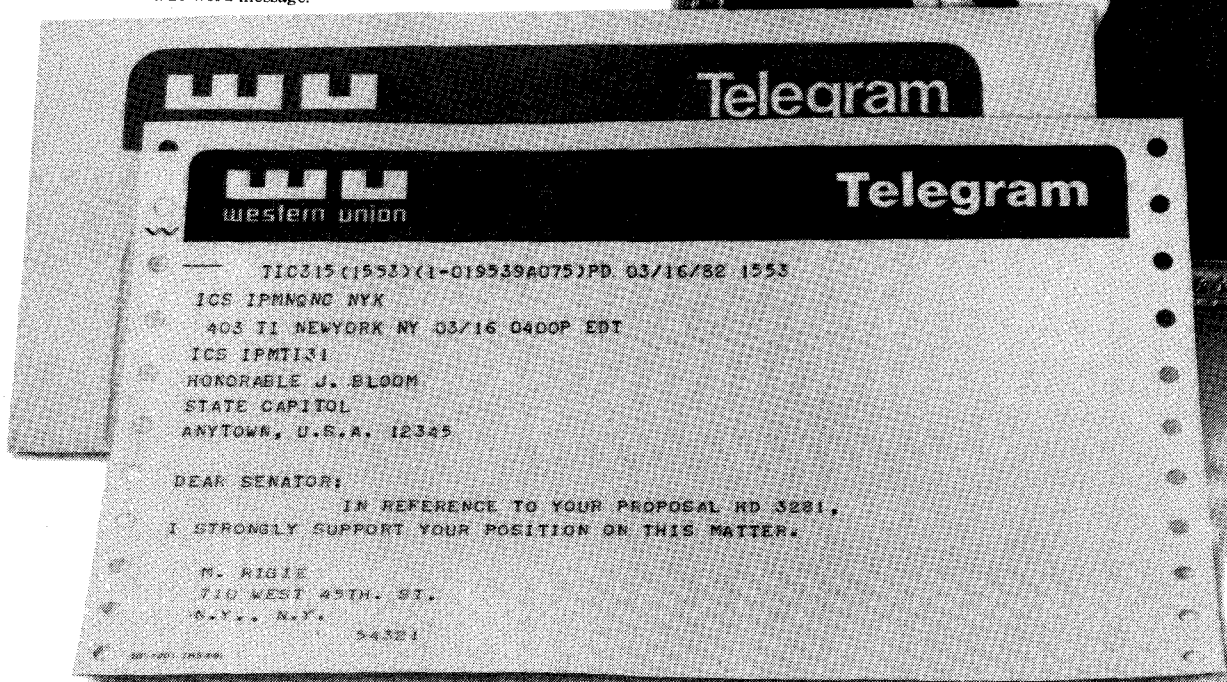
Give your opinion clout. Call Western Union today. (The number's in the telephone directory.)

And send for our informative booklet, “Speak and Be Heard.” It's yours free. Write to Rusi Patell, Dept. NY9, The Western Union Telegraph Company, One Lake Street, Upper Saddle River, NJ 07458.

*Rate based on a 20-word message.



BETTMANN ARCHIVES



Personal Opinion Telegram
Call Western Union, day or night.

The Park Lane introduces a noteworthy weekend.



*Let's put together an unforgettable
Park Lane weekend. Starting now!
Make it \$50 a night, per person,
double occupancy, and provide
continental breakfast Saturday and
Sunday. Also plan for "Kaffee Europa"
in the Park Room Saturday
from 3 till 5.... No, make it 2³⁰
till 5... with Viennese coffee and
imported teas. And don't stint
on the pastries! J.M.H.*

*The
Park Lane*

A Helmsley Hotel
36 Central Park South, NY, NY 10019

Leona M. Helmsley, President

\$50 per
person, per
night, double occu-
pancy, 3 days, 2 nights.
Taxes and gratuities ex-
cluded. By prior reservation only.
Call Toll-free: 800/221-4982.
In New York, 212/888-1624.
Or call your travel agent. TELEX: 640-543.

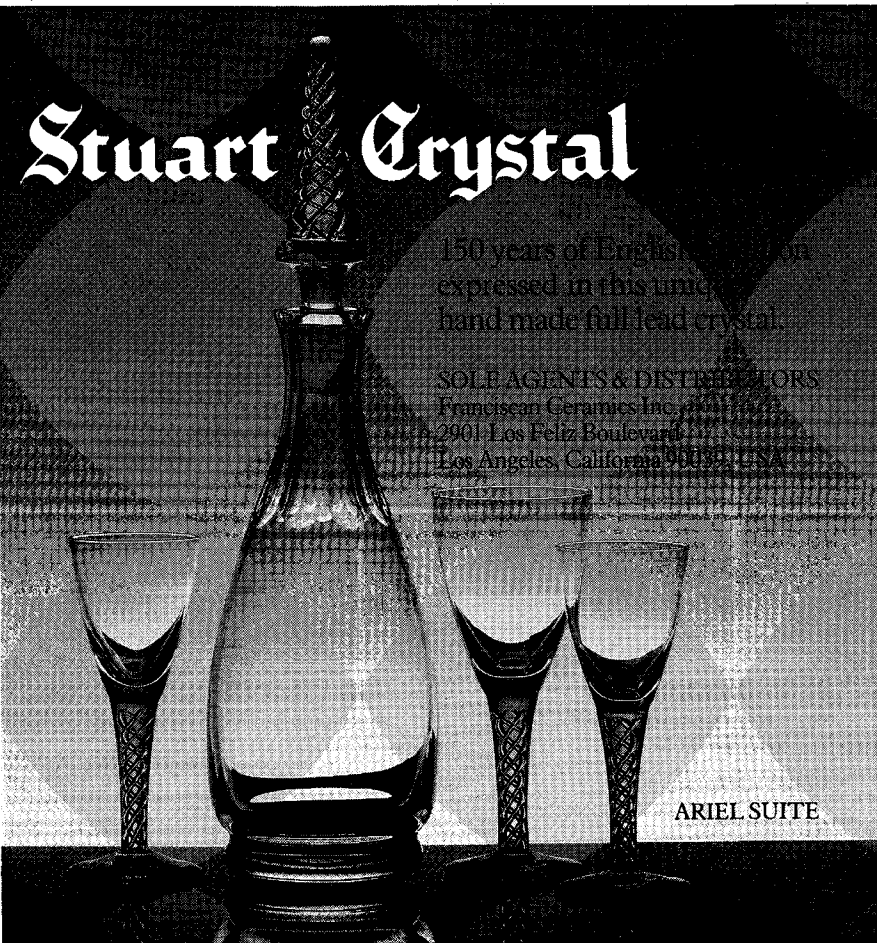
tel men, but some of the hotels—particularly those on what Oahu people refer to as the Neighbor Islands—were less than half filled much of the time, and only the top-grade hotels in the state were averaging seventy-five-percent occupancy or better. The tourist industry brings Hawaii more than three billion dollars a year and accounts for twenty-five to thirty per cent of state and local tax collections. A fourth of the state's work force depends on the industry for its livelihood, and a drop in the total number of visitors affects a broad spectrum of other businesses, such as restaurants, souvenir shops, and department stores—and, of course, during a time of recession the tourists who do come here spend less.

Businessmen and state officials I spoke with agreed that the building of hotels and condominiums got out of hand in the two decades after statehood, and even before then in Waikiki, when euphoria was at its height. Waikiki was once a lovely, quiet area where the Hawaiians tended fish ponds and cultivated wet taro through intensive irrigation. When the Chinese began arriving, they added rice, and by the eighteen-seventies Waikiki had also become a residential and recreational area favored by foreigners working in Honolulu, who enjoyed its broad beaches and its ample coconut-palm groves. As real-estate values started to go up, a conflict arose between those who wanted the urbanization of Waikiki to continue and those who sought to maintain its traditional agriculture and aquaculture. Urbanization interfered with the natural drainage of surface water flowing from the mountains to the sea. During the period in which Hawaii became a republic and then a territory, ordinances allowed dredging and landfill operations in Waikiki, and its development as a tourist area. Construction of the first large hotel, the Moana, began in 1901. The rice and taro fields and the fish ponds were referred to as "swamps" by real-estate speculators, who ignored the natural hydrology of the region, but even as late as the nineteen-twenties the aquaculture and cultivation of crops continued. Those who favored urbanization and "reclamation," however, pushed steadily ahead, arguing that "sanitation"—notably mosquito control—was a sound reason for dredging and filling. Barry Nakamura, who drove me out to Waianae, wrote a thesis about Waikiki, and in it he

Stuart Crystal

150 years of English craftsmanship
expressed in this unique
hand made full lead crystal.

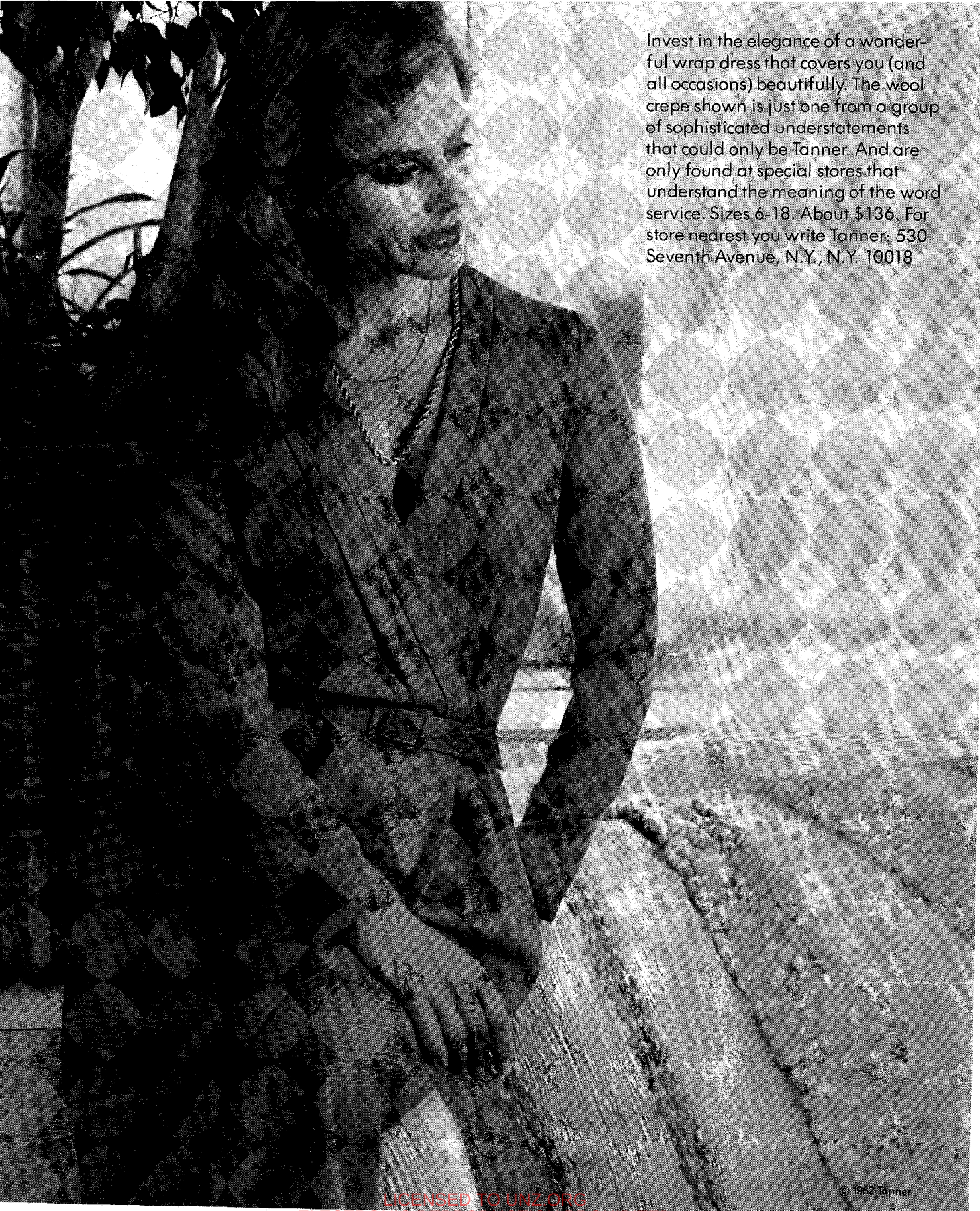
SOLE AGENTS & DISTRIBUTORS
Franciscan Ceramics Inc. 3011 14th St.
2901 Los Feliz Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90039, USA



ARIEL SUITE

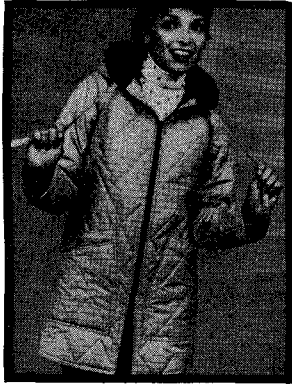
TANNER®

INVESTMENT CLOTHES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL A LITTLE RICHER AND A LOT SLIMMER.



Invest in the elegance of a wonderful wrap dress that covers you (and all occasions) beautifully. The wool crepe shown is just one from a group of sophisticated understatements that could only be Tanner. And are only found at special stores that understand the meaning of the word service. Sizes 6-18. About \$136. For store nearest you write Tanner, 530 Seventh Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10018

LOT one
of Boston **Stadium Coat \$28**



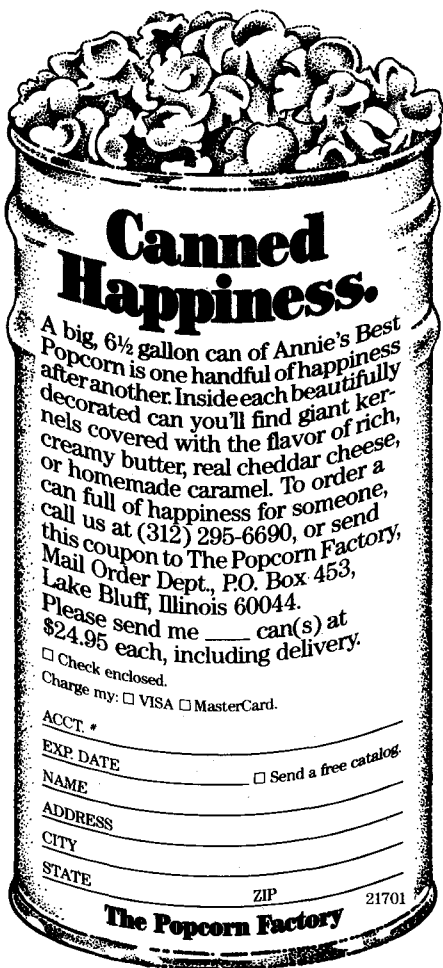
Zip into quilted, poly-filled warmth with an embossed water-repellent nylon stadium coat that wipes clean. Beige or navy, sizes S, M, L.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ St. _____ Zip _____
Qty. _____ Color _____ Size _____
Maryland Sales Tax _____
Postage and Handling **2.50** / Total _____
Visa _____ MasterCard _____ Amer. Exp. _____ Check _____
Acct. No. _____
Exp. Date _____ Phone No. _____

Send me your New Fall Catalog _____
Call Toll Free 1-800-368-2571 In Md. (301) 574-0660

Hamburgers

Mail To: Hamburgers Rossville Blvd.
P.O. Box 18504 Baltimore, MD 21237-0704



Canned Happiness.

A big, 6½ gallon can of Annie's Best Popcorn is one handful of happiness after another. Inside each beautifully decorated can you'll find giant kernels covered with the flavor of rich, creamy butter, real cheddar cheese, or homemade caramel. To order a can full of happiness for someone, call us at (312) 295-6690, or send this coupon to The Popcorn Factory, Mail Order Dept., P.O. Box 453, Lake Bluff, Illinois 60044. Please send me _____ can(s) at \$24.95 each, including delivery.

☐ Check enclosed.
Charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard.

ACCT. # _____
EXP. DATE _____ ☐ Send a free catalog
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____ 21701

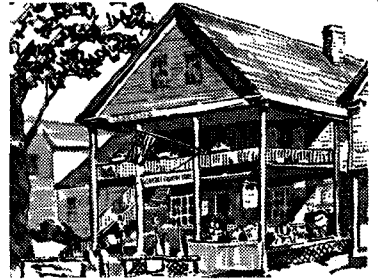
The Popcorn Factory

noted that during the first two decades of this century Waikiki was "moving closer to 'reclamation' as business and government collaborated in typical oligarchic fashion." A Dillingham-owned company took the lead in the dredging program, which had the approval of the governor and the superintendent of public works. By 1920, the government had acquired enough acreage to create a drainage canal, and the displaced earth was used to fill in the remaining irrigated fields and fish ponds. By the late twenties, when the project was completed, the entire ecology of the area had been altered. Nakamura has concluded that Waikiki was destroyed by "profit-seeking capitalist entrepreneurs like Dillingham under the subterfuge of 'drainage' and 'sanitation.'" William Helton, a former staff writer for the Honolulu *Advertiser*, described the results bluntly in an article in 1971: "Here lies Waikiki, four hundred and fifty acres of concrete and humanity crunched between an Army fort, a park, a canal, and the ocean. . . . It mixes in all the ingredients of an urban eyesore in the middle of a paradise: Easy money for thugs and prostitutes, a festering jungle for dope addicts and pushers, traffic madness, parking frustrations, and gallons of noise."

There isn't much breathing space nowadays along Kalakaua, Waikiki's main street. If the shops and restaurants are not overcrowded, the sidewalks are, with both pedestrians and hawkers. By day, it looks like Coney Island, and by night like Times Square. If one stops to look into a store window or to watch the tourists pass along, one is bound to be accosted by somebody offering something for sale—baubles or bodies. "Free Booze, Foxy Ladies," says one of the many come-on signs.

"It's too soon to say it's all done for," said Herbert Cornuelle, then chief executive officer of the Dillingham Corporation, one of Honolulu's more forward-looking businessmen. "At least, it's concentrated. There's no more place to go—it can't go sideways or up."

"You can't tear it down and start over," Mayor Anderson added. "But there are things that can be done—widening the sidewalks and streets, broadening and improving the beaches, upgrading the sewage-pumping station, and making other improvements." Mayor Anderson initially asked the legislature for six million dollars for renovation of Waikiki,



From This 1827 Building We will mail, on request, our 96-page catalog written for literate readers who want common sense, functional items of quality. As a dividend, is a miscellany of admonitions, visions, philippics, and imponderables. (Some accuse us of trying to publish a magazine.) The Vermont Country Store, Box 352-J, Weston, Vermont 05161.

THE VERMONT Country Store®
STORES AT
Route 100 in Village of WESTON VERMONT
Route 103 2 mi. West of Exit 6, I-91. ROCKINGHAM VERMONT

MAIL TO The Vermont Country Store
Box 352-J, WESTON, Vermont 05161

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

Elegant Illumination.

A graceful, handblown glass lamp—odorless & cleanburning—10 to 30 hrs.—when filled with a quality lamp oil. Four sizes: 6"—\$27.50 / 9"—\$32.50 / 12"—\$36.50 / 15"—\$46.50.—Design Patent: Wolfard Glassblowing Co.

Mail Check or Money Order to:
PERFORMER'S OUTLET (a gift shop)
222 East 85th St. NYC, NY 10028

Add \$4.00 Shipping: \$2.00 each additional lamp.
(NY Residents add 8% sales tax)
Mastercharge, Visa, & American Express
ORDERS: (212) 249-8435 or 249-3088



BLUE STRAWBERRY

Dining by reservations only. 603-431-6420
Restored 1797 ship's chandlery overlooking the harbor
Liquors and Wines Portsmouth, N.H.

THE NEW YORKER

and eventually the city, state, and federal governments agreed to spend a total of twelve million dollars on various construction and improvement projects. Despite the problems of the past, Cornuelle and other businessmen are sanguine about the long-term future of tourism, even as they admit, with a degree of shame, that development in the last decade or two has gone too far and that a number of resort areas besides Waikiki have been built up without proper planning. "There won't be any more big hotels, and the condo fever is dying down," Cornuelle says, with as much assurance as he can muster. "Euphoria has been replaced by anxiety across the board, economically. Maybe that's good. It'll mean more control from now on, and that will help retain the quality of Hawaii. When a new, top-flight hotel costs about three hundred thousand dollars a room to build, you've got to stop. We're going to ruin ourselves unless we restrain building and do some better planning and zoning. If we don't preserve the natural beauty we have such a stake in, we'll destroy Hawaii."

MANY people—not only the activists who would like to see all the hotels and condominiums torn down tomorrow—feel that Hawaii is already destroyed, or that much of it is. But others share the persistent optimism of Henry Walker, Jr., the head of the two-billion-dollar Amfac conglomerate. Amfac, which was born a hundred and thirty-four years ago in Hawaii as the German firm H. Hackfeld & Company, is now one of America's major conglomerates, and is active in thirty-eight states in the retailing, distribution, and warehousing of goods, the wholesaling of drugs and electrical and mechanical products, and the development and operation of department stores, hotels, and resort centers, including ten hotels in Hawaii, where it owns seventy-three thousand acres of land and leases a hundred thousand more; most of its land is devoted to agriculture—primarily sugar, of which it grows three hundred and forty thousand tons a year, on five plantations—and the rest primarily to resort development. Amfac's net income in 1980 was seventy-six million dollars—a thirty-five-percent increase over 1979—but in 1981 its net income dropped forty-two per cent. Significantly, though it has become the most powerful of the original Big Five companies in Hawaii, it



Gilt-bronze Seated Maitreya of the Three Kingdoms era, early 7th century; one of the most beautiful Buddhist images extant in Korea, with warm and disarming smile. Preserved in Seoul's National Museum.



The Smile of A Thousand Years Touches You to the Heart.

Korea. A land of contrast, where the new and the ancient stand side by side, where the tradition of hospitality thrives as it did thousands of years ago.

When other destinations leave you with the same old feeling, take a closer look at the essence of the ancient Orient still lingering about the royal palaces, the quaint gates and the imposing temples. The wonder that is Korea.

Friendly people with their warm disarming smiles, numerous treasures, and spectacular scenery await you.

1982 marks 100 years of co-operation and friendship between America and Korea. But remember the smiles of more than 1,000 years are waiting for you in Korea. For your trip of a lifetime.

AA KOREA NATIONAL TOURISM CORPORATION

C.P.O. BOX 903 SEOUL, KOREA TEL. 261-7001/6 TELEX KOTOUR K28555

For further information, please contact the following offices in the U.S.A.:

New York Korea Center Bldg., 460 Park Ave., Suite 628, New York, N.Y. 10022 Tel.: (212) 688-7543/4 Los Angeles 510 West Sixth Street, Suite 323, Los Angeles, Calif. 90014-1395 Tel.: (213) 623-1226/7 Chicago 230 North Michigan Ave., Suite 1500 Chicago, Illinois 60601 Tel.: (312) 346-6660/1 Houston 9009 Westheimer St. Houston TX, Tel.: (713) 784-2388 Seattle 4th Vine Bldg., Seattle Washington 98121 U.S.A. Tel.: (206) 623-6666 Hawaii 1501, Kapiolani Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 Tel.: (808) 946-9088



Please send me free information on Korea for my trip of a lifetime.

Name			
Street			
City			
State			
Zip			
Country			

Mail coupon to your nearest KNTC office.

First of the Harvest ALMONDS

Mouth-watering, premium grade new crop shelled California Nonpareil Almonds ... quality and taste you won't find in stores! Rushed to you crisp and fresh in protective wrap, 100% guaranteed to please. 3 full pounds only \$11.95, prepaid within USA.

Offer Expires
Dec. 31, 1982



- ☐ Please rush _____ 3-pound pkgs. New Crop shelled Almonds @ \$11.95 each.
 Send _____ pkgs. Roasted Salted (A2-695)
 Send _____ pkgs. Roasted Unsalted (A2-699)
 Send _____ pkgs. Natural Almonds (A2-698)
☐ Enclosed is check or M.O. for \$ _____

VISA & MASTERCARD

Send card number & expire date or phone toll-free.
800-235-4070 (from Calif. 800-582-3923)

- ☐ Send FREE House of Almonds Catalog.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

APT. _____

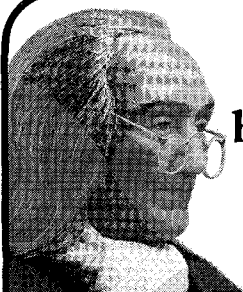
CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

5300 District Blvd., Dept KA-8, Bakersfield, CA 93309

House of Almonds



**Ben and
his friends
want to
live with
you.**

"A true and exciting landmark. It raises doll making to an art level beyond portraiture and sculpture, bringing a particular vitality to the person, as though he is really alive."

John Noble, Curator
Museum of the City of New York

The Living Image™ Dolls portray the Great Americans in a remarkable lifelike style. Each doll is created to scale (2" = 1 foot) from a master original sculpture by Raymond Lamb. Head and hands are hand-painted fine bisque porcelain. All clothing and accessories are authenticated by research historians and museums. This is American craftsmanship at its finest. The first limited edition presents Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Abigail Adams and Thomas Jefferson. They want to live with you and your heirs.

For free color brochure call 800-446-7968, or write: Living Image Dolls™
United States Historical Society, Dept. NY
First and Main Streets • Richmond, VA 23219

now conducts seventy-five per cent of its business on the mainland, and it has moved some of its administrative offices to California—something that Castle & Cooke, another vast Hawaiian-born multinational agribusiness, has also done. Of the original Big Five, C. Brewer & Company is owned by a Delaware-based conglomerate, I. U. International Corporation; Theo H. Davies & Company is owned by Jardine Matheson & Company, of Hong Kong; and only Alexander & Baldwin, which is the second-largest sugar producer in Hawaii, after Amfac, and runs the Matson shipping lines—nowadays mostly container traffic between Hawaii and the mainland—has maintained its Honolulu base.

Despite Amfac's partial move to California, Walker, a *kamaaina* whose father was president of Amfac before him, and who intends to relinquish his job as chief executive officer this year, at the age of sixty, and remain in Hawaii, is proud of his island background. (His family has been in Hawaii for four generations.) Perhaps because he is about to retire, he has become philosophical and refreshingly frank about the oligarchic rule of the Big Five through so many decades. In a speech he made to the Downtown Improvement Association of Honolulu, in January, 1980, he pointed out that Hawaii before the Second World War was "strictly a sugar and a pineapple economy"—that "almost half of all people employed in Hawaii worked for sugar or pine, and nearly all the rest owed their jobs to the income created by those two crops." The Big Five, two large haole banks, two haole trust companies, the electric company, the telephone company, the Matson line, and, following the war, Dillingham—the Big Sixth—ran the show. They were known as the Merchant Street group, after one of the streets in downtown Honolulu. "The power nucleus consisted of a group of about fifty men, all Caucasian Republicans, who lunched, golfed, and dined together," Walker continued. "They rarely allowed any personal differences to interfere with their cooperative control of the islands' wealth. Cooperation, not competition, was the name of the game. . . . Mind you, the way they conducted their business back then wasn't wrong by the standards of the time. It's just that in recent years education, regulation, acceptance of social responsibility, and perhaps a larger perception of self-interest have refined how we treat economic incentives."



THE ENCHANTMENT CONTINUES...

Discover the very special charms of Gidding-Jenny. Our award-winning catalogs deliver a year's worth of captivating apparel and accessories right into your hands ... including our celebrated Christmas book. Order the year's series today, all for just \$5.00.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

**GIDDING
Jenny**

Eighteen West Fourth Street
Cincinnati, OH 45202

William H. James Company, Inc.

P.O. Box 352-R, North Conway, N.H. 03860
(formerly located in Denmark, Maine)
(603) 356-3727



MAKERS OF FINE ANTIQUE REPRODUCTIONS
Custom Woodworking Catalog \$2.00

*The Sheraton Bal Harbour.
The epitome
of a tropical vacation hotel.*

*And Elson's, of course,
is in on the ground floor.*

The most elegant hotels in America have something in common...an Elson's shop, just off the lobby.

Elson's

Walker went on to discuss the "tightly interlocking directorates" of those Hawaiian companies. "Politics were controlled by Merchant Street through its control of the Republican Party," he said. "Some of the tactics used to accomplish this were outrageously illegal." He cited the plantation managers' custom of hanging pencils by strings from the ceilings of voting booths in such a way that the moving strings would reveal how voters marked their ballots—anyone who voted Democratic would face dismissal. The influence of Merchant Street began to diminish in 1946, Walker pointed out, when the plantations were unionized and managers lost economic control over their employees; and "the final vestige of political control of the Big Five" ended in 1954, when the Democrats took over the territorial House of Representatives after more than five decades of Republican rule. The frantic building of hotels had already begun. "In Waikiki, everybody who had half an acre of land within half a mile of the waterfront began to dream of being an instant millionaire," Walker said. "As we learned the lessons of business the hard way, we learned the lessons of land planning similarly." The result, he concluded, somewhat defensively, is that building "splendid resort developments" today—and he named several, including some of Amfac's on the Neighbor Islands—takes a long time and is very expensive, but they are now "green oases that contribute significantly to the beauty of Hawaii."

Walker's speech contained an odd mixture of mea culpa and references to overregulation, "harassment, unwarranted bureaucratic intrusion, and the staggering cost of government" as "the price we pay for the overswung pendulum"—by which he meant, at least in part, the swing to Democratic control of Hawaii. He could not hide the fact that the Big Five are every bit as powerful today, in their new conglomerate manifestation, as they were before. He also spoke of Honolulu as "a shining light" and a rare example of "urban beauty," equalled only by a few other cities of the world, such as Oslo and Kyoto—at best a prideful exaggeration. If Honolulu doesn't seem to be in quite such a class, it is true that its business district is one of the most attractive inner-city areas in the United States. That district, however, is an anomaly in a city that is otherwise the product of unseemly development, which has bene-

LOS · ANGELES

Come to LA and soak up some color. The beige beaches and blue waters of the Pacific. The limelight of Hollywood. The snow-white mountains. The earth-toned deserts. The gold mine of culture. And the mellow yellow mood of it all.

LA's the place.



For your copy of the LA Pleasure Packer, write:
Greater Los Angeles Visitors and Convention Bureau, 505 S. Flower St., L.A., CA 90071



DRESS FOR SUCCESS... FOR LESS.



Send for free catalog
of fine traditional clothing
at significant savings.

Shop conveniently at home or office, from our 88-page catalog for men and women. It's brimming with classic clothing and accessories, shown in full color. Everything is priced far below most fine stores, and your satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.

J.S.A. Bank® Clothiers

25 S. Charles St./Baltimore, MD. 21201
(301) 837-8838

Please send free catalog to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

©1982

BAA

THERE IS NO OTHER STORE IN THE WORLD LIKE HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER. AND NO OTHER CATALOG.

It has been said, "If you can't find it anywhere else look for it at Hammacher Schlemmer—especially if it's new."

For well over a century New Yorkers and ex-New Yorkers around the world have looked to Hammacher Schlemmer for things ahead of their time—the first portable radio, the first automatic coffee maker, the first microwave oven—and hundreds of other products before anyone else had them.

In our new catalog you'll find night vision goggles, a robot sentinel, an underwater tape recorder, a remote wireless car starter, a one-stroke egg-peeler and still hundreds more of unusual things that can't be found anywhere else. Come to the famous store on 57th Street or send for the current catalog while it's still available.

Hammacher Schlemmer DEPT 24
145 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022
Please send me your free Fall 1982 Catalog.

Name _____

Street & Number _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Hammacher Schlemmer New York's most famous store
since before the Civil War.

fitted the rich at the expense of the poor, especially the Hawaiians and the other ethnic groups at the bottom of the ladder, who have been forced out of the better areas because they can't afford the high rents and prices. When I saw Walker, a rotund, genial man, who refers offhandedly to the fact that he has "the best-paying job in Hawaii," he made much of his devotion to the state, of his family's long-time involvement with it, and of what Amfac is doing for its further welfare and glorification. He also spoke of Amfac's involvement in Waianae, where the company is making an effort to improve community relations, partly by sponsoring one of the alternative schools. "We need to find kids in Waianae and give them a chance to move up," he said. "There is no substantial market for taro or poi. There aren't many things you can grow here on a family farm—not even large quantities of vegetables. The small farm is a romantic thing of the past. We employ thousands of people in California, but they're nowhere near as well paid as our sugar workers here. We used to have seventeen thousand of these, and now we're down to less than three thousand, because of mechanization. What the Hawaiians want is dignified jobs. They're good at service work, and so on. There will always be anger, but an honest chance to work at a decent job—that's the way out."

THERE is much talk in Hawaii about alternatives to tourism, but most people—among them Walker, Cornuelle, and other businessmen—reluctantly admit that there aren't any options that offer substantial promise. "The question What else except tourism? has been the sixty-four-thousand-dollar one for as long as I've been here, but there's no answer," said Gregg Perry, of Alexander & Baldwin. Military expenditures, which provide about twenty per cent of the state's income, are the second-largest source of funds, and the third-largest source is other federal spending—funds for highways, airports, and so on. The imbalance is demonstrated by the fact that tourism, with its by-products, and defense together account for two-fifths of all revenues. Sugar and pineapples now add up to only eight per cent of the economy. In 1980, with sugar prices on the New York spot market averaging thirty cents a pound, sugar had its best year since 1974, generating six hundred and thirty-one million dollars in revenues. But prices

LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

22 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



JACK DANIEL'S FIELD TESTER SHIRTS

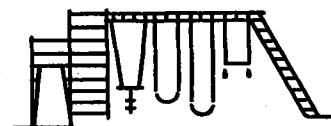
These are just like the shirts old Wallace Beery used to wear. Of course, my shirts have the added feature of a "Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Field Tester" on the chest. Made of 50% cotton-50% polyester they wash easy and keep their shape. Colors: Natural with brown lettering, red or black with white lettering. Sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL. \$15.00 delivered.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6 3/4% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a free catalog, write to Eddie Swing at the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.

MAURICE

Restaurant de France

At the Hotel Parker Meridien, 118 West 57th Street.
LUNCH AND DINNER, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY.
DINNER ONLY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.
Prix Fixe Theatre Dinner before 7 pm and after 10 pm. \$25.
CALL 245-7788 FOR RESERVATIONS.



WOODEN SWING AND GYM SETS

Stained • Pressure Treated
• 20 yr. Limited Warranty •

YARDS OF FUN

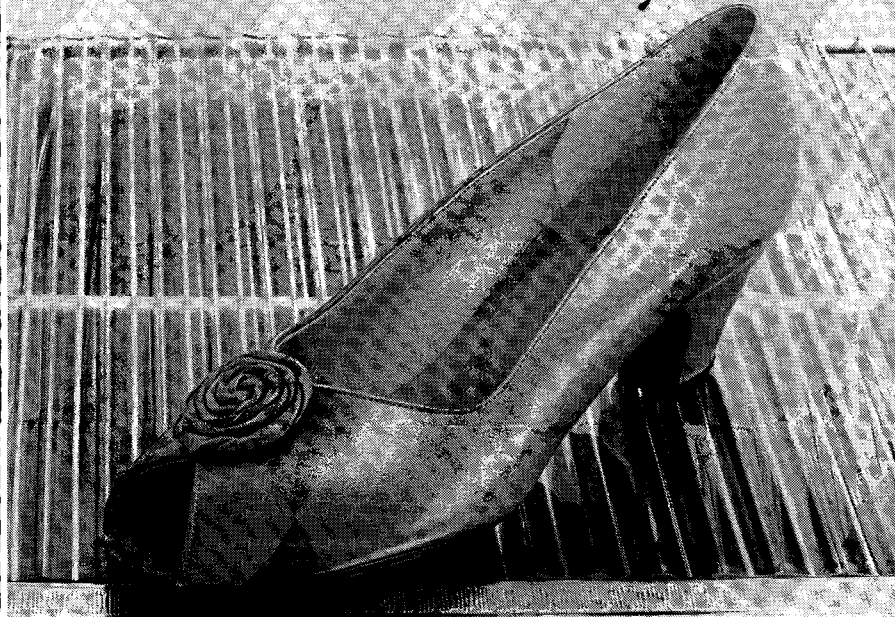
P.O. Box 119 N. Manchester, IN 46962
(219) 982-8288



plummeted in 1981, and the planters' gross income dropped to three hundred and ninety million dollars. After deducting costs, the planters claim to have lost eighty-three million dollars in 1981, and they expect to lose about thirty million this year. The advantages Hawaiian sugar enjoyed under the 1934 Sugar Act, which limited foreign imports by setting quotas, ended in 1974, when Congress let the act die; between 1974 and 1980—when the United States ratified the International Sugar Agreement, which set quotas according to a complicated formula of flexible stockpiling and exporting and which was meant to maintain trade among sugar-producing nations on a more even keel—the industry was buffeted about in the free market. But last December the subsidization scheme through guaranteed prices was restored when Congress set a seventeen-cent-a-pound price floor for sugar, after it had dropped as low as fifteen cents a pound. The Reagan Administration's new import quotas on sugar have raised consumer prices but because of production costs—particularly the high cost of labor in the islands, compared with the cost in the Philippines, Latin America, and elsewhere—and because of a world-wide sugar glut, the planters continue to post losses. In world markets, the price has lately gone as low as eight cents. Moreover, cane-sugar substitutes, such as high-fructose corn syrup, are expected to make severe inroads in the future, and Hawaii will never again be able to depend on sugar as a foundation stone of its economy.

Hawaiian pineapple production is also on the downgrade, having dropped from nearly a million tons in 1970 to six hundred and fifty-seven thousand tons in 1980. With both sugar and pineapples declining, Hawaii's economic welfare depends more than ever on income from the military—which under the expanding Reagan defense program may increase—and on tourism. Alternatives include high technology, mostly the manufacture of electronic components; apparel and textile manufacturing; commercial fishing and aquaculture, particularly the raising of prawns; the mining and processing of manganese nodules from the ocean bed; the cultivation of macadamia nuts, papaya and other fruits, vegetables, flowers, and nursery products; and production of cattle, milk, and hogs. None of these are likely to make a major contribution to the economy, though they could

Fresh from Selby.

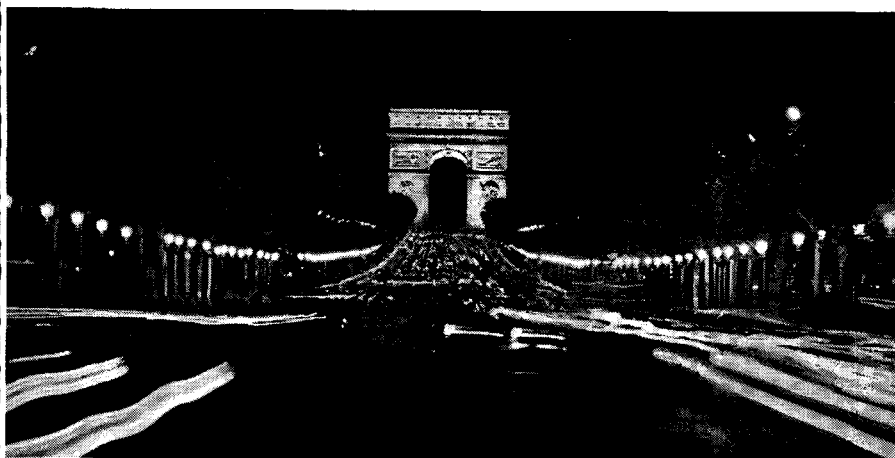


Blain: \$56. Black, Brown, Taupe, Navy Leather, Black Suede and Black Patent.

In the New York-New Jersey area call Selby Fifth Avenue (212) 725-0100 for a free catalogue. Outside this area call (513) 527-7610 for the store nearest you. Prices shown are manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices may vary from dealer to dealer.

selby

L'Hotel Meridien. Paris.



More of the Good Life in France.

Minutes from the Champs Elysées, near the Arc de Triomphe and the Défense Business Center, and not far from the Air France terminal, is the luxurious Hotel Meridien. With our fine rooms and meeting facilities (with built-in translation systems), the Hotel Meridien in Paris is the perfect place to stay for business or pleasure. We have two bars for you to meet in,

four fine restaurants for you to dine in, and a disco for you to dance in. Next time you're in Paris, do as the French do. Meet at the Hotel Meridien. Call us at 800-223-9918 (USA), 800-442-5917 (NY State), or 212-265-4494 (NYC). And get more of the Good Life next time you're in France.

MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE

Aruba's Champagne Free Spree

from \$157 * per person,
double occupancy

8 days/7 nights
Offer valid 4/16 - 12/17, 1982

This package price buys your clients a fun-filled vacation in Aruba with a host of exciting extras.

• Welcome bottle of champagne • Basket of Dutch cheese and tropical fruit • Free entrance to Watapana Summer Street Festival • \$20 in casino chips • Free T-Shirt • Bonus discount booklet for watersports, diving and shopping • 3 Free cocktail parties every week • Up to 2 children (under 12 years) free when sharing a room with parents • Plus a weekly treasure hunt with an opportunity to win a free hotel stay in Aruba the following year!

For reservations, see your travel agent
or consult the Yellow Pages for a listing
of our 24-hour toll-free numbers.



Talk of the Town Manchebo Beach

RESORT HOTELS IN ARUBA

*For more information on the Free Spree Package at the Best Western Talk of the Town & Manchebo Beach Resort Hotels in Aruba, call or write Ralph Locke (NY), 315 E. 72nd St., New York, New York 10021, 800-223-1108.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

HALF-PRICE TROY-BILT®

Now you can have all the famous TROY-BILT features in a compact-size tiller...at half the price of our larger models! Power-driven wheels and rear tines. Two speeds forward plus reverse. Multi-purpose bolo tines. 3½ HP Tecumseh-Lauson engine. Perfect balance for Just-ONE-HAND operation. Tills 14" wide, up to 8" deep.



* Perfect for small gardens

* Fits in a car's trunk

* Weighs just 125 lbs.

* Now at 20% "OFF-SEASON" SAVINGS

* Turns on a dime

1982 Garden Way

TROY-BILT® Roto Tiller-Power Composters
Dept. A1467
102nd St. & 9th Ave., Troy, NY 12180
☐ Please rush FREE information.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

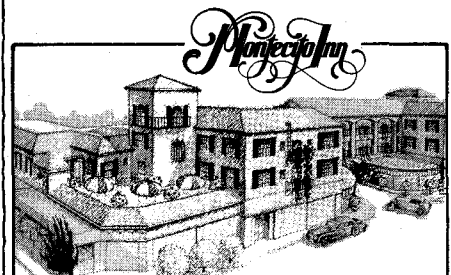
help diversify it. The annual growth rate of the state's economy, which averaged six per cent from the late fifties to the early seventies, dropped below two per cent after 1973 and is now one per cent or less. Unemployment is running at about six per cent, which is less than on the mainland. There is a lot of part-time employment, in the tourist industry and elsewhere, and there is much concern over the continuing influx of immigrants, which averages seven thousand a year, and over which the state has no control. Appraising the over-all outlook, Thomas Hitch, a senior vice-president of the First Hawaiian Bank, said gloomily in a speech late in 1980, "Hawaii is experiencing in 1980-81 one of the most prolonged periods of stagnation that I have observed in my over thirty years of watching this economy."

IN 1978, Hawaii became the first state—and it is still the only one—to adopt a "comprehensive state plan" giving general objectives for improving and diversifying its economy, expanding its markets, protecting its environment and resources, creating alternative sources of energy, and building up its services for the welfare of its citizens in a variety of fields, including education, housing, transportation, health, and recreation. A dozen bulky "functional plans," designed to implement the objectives of the general plan, were prepared for the legislature to deal with these areas and others in itemized fashion and to formulate a general scheme for the next several years, but at the final spring session, in April of this year, the Senate, dominated by an unusual Democratic-Republican coalition, refused to pass them after the House had. Governor Ariyoshi thereupon issued a proclamation setting forth the intent of the plans and delineating guidelines for their administration and implementation, but without legislative approval they are not likely to get very far. The new legislature will probably take them up again next January. Ariyoshi, a methodical, low-key politician who took over for Governor Burns when Burns became ill in 1973, and who has since been reelected twice, is running for another term in November—he is the only governor of Japanese ancestry in the United States. His opponents, in what promises to be a knock-down-drag-out contest, will be State Senator D. G. Anderson, a Republican; Lieutenant Governor Jean King, who is per-

KEEPER OF THE FLAME.



THE NUMBER ONE NAME IN
LIGHTER FUELS AND FLINTS.
RONSON
CORPORATION®



Enjoy gracious hospitality
THE MONTECITO INN

(where wishes do come true)

- 60 luxury rooms and suites • Full European services
- Complete health spa with • Classic 65 ft. Herreshoff yacht
- Nautilus equipment • Wishing well

For brochure, please write:
Dept. TN, 1295 Coast Village Road, Santa Barbara, Ca. 93108
Call Collect (805) 969-7854

SHOES & CLOTHING from the BRITISH ISLES Men & Women



Send \$1.00 today for your catalog. Kilts, scarfs, and handbags in your own tartan. Liberty print dresses. Beautifully tailored clothes of handspun and handwoven fabrics. Color coordinates of skirts, sweaters, jackets, and coats. Shoes by the shoemaker to the Queen. Curly lamb coats. Hacking Jackets, Irish handknits of incredible beauty and originality. And much more. Most never offered in U.S. before. Stocked in N.H. ready for Christmas ordering.



**British Isles
Collection, Ltd.**

Dept. 8A, Main St., No. Conway, N.H. 03860

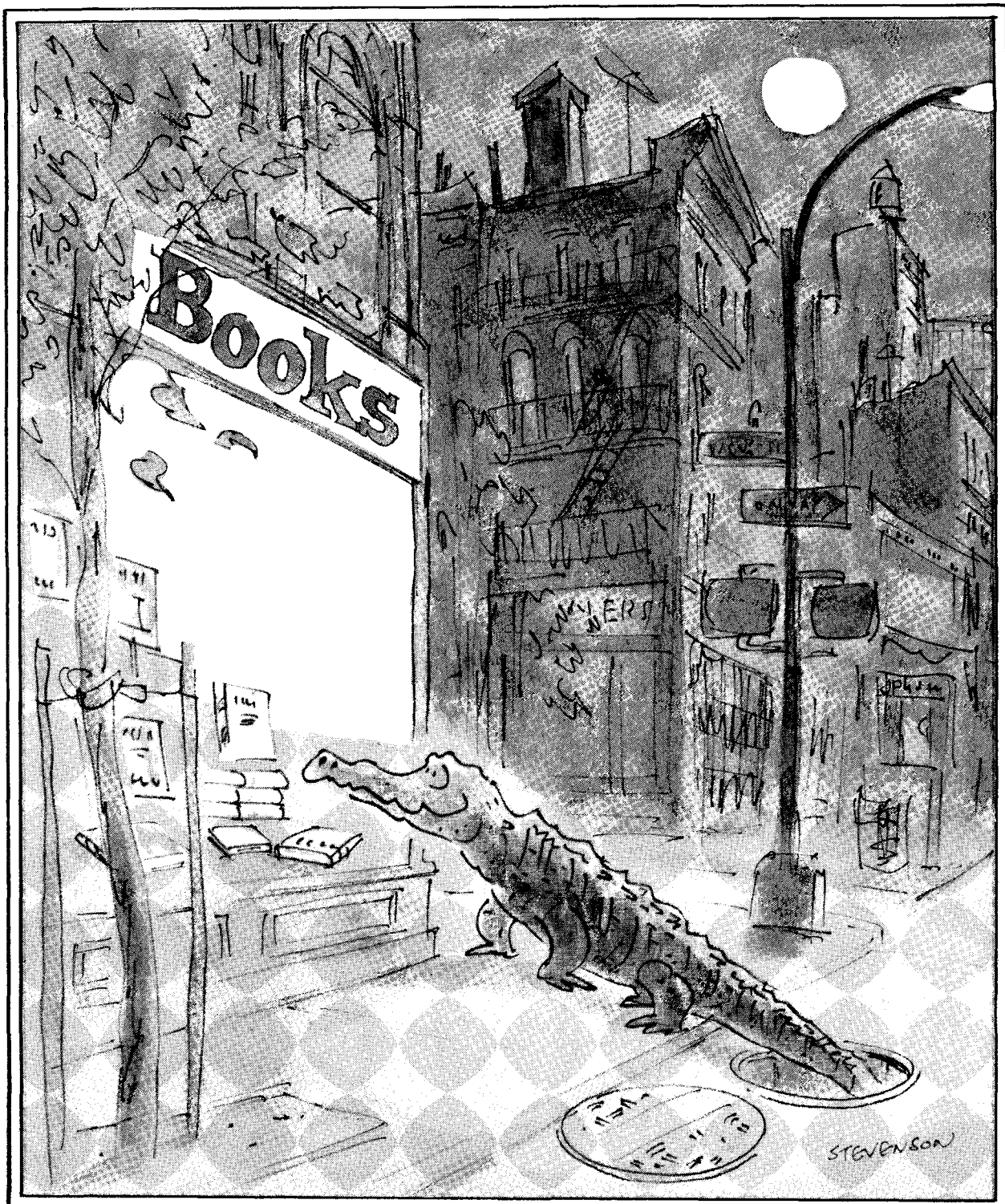


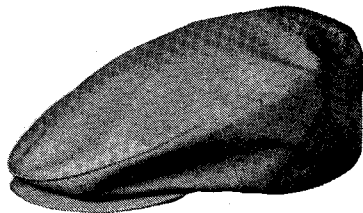
Illustration by James Stevenson

Come to the Fair!

New York is Book Country

Sunday, September 12 • Fifth Avenue • 47th-57th Streets • 11am-5pm

The fourth annual street fair celebrating the world of books



Our London Midlands®
Lightweight Poplin
Touring Cap \$12

Whether you're driving with the top down, strolling along the avenue or walking on a windy beach, you'll find this lightweight poplin cap to be an excellent and distinctive way to protect your head from the elements. In water-repellent Dacron/cotton poplin. Fully crushable for packing or pocketing. In tan, white or navy. Sizes 6 3/4 to 7 1/4.

Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

☐ Please send catalogue.

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt.Kirk, Ltd. A1J062
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Cap (71627A): Size _____ Col. _____ Qty. _____

☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card # _____ Expir. _____

\$1.85 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name _____

Address _____ Zip _____

"ANNIE"
MUSIC BOX



Annie and her unforgettable dog, Sandy, revolve and play the tune "Tomorrow." A perfect gift for all ages. Bright, hand-painted ceramic. 6" high. Full refund if not satisfied. By Applause.

Applause™ is a trademark of Knickerbocker Toy Co., Inc. © 1982
• 1982 Tribune Co., Sun, Inc.
• 1982 Columbia Pictures Ind., Inc.
• 1977 MPL Comm., Inc.

Send only \$29.95 (California: add 6% sales tax) plus \$2.00 shipping to

SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX COMPANY

Dept. NY1, P.O. Box 26433

San Francisco, CA 94126

Send \$1.00 for color mail order catalog

In San Francisco, visit our store on Pier 39.



San Francisco's

favorite small hotel.
Warm country inn
charm. Superb
Union Square
location. Continental
breakfast included.
From \$42 to \$75.

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Toll Free: 800-227-4742
In Calif: 800-622-0557

Operated by the Andrews Family

Brochure Available

sonally popular but doesn't have much of a machine of her own, and Frank Fasi, a controversial former three-time Democratic mayor of Honolulu and also a Democrat, who is running now as an Independent Democrat—he has lost two previous primary races for the governorship. In a long talk I had with Ariyoshi at the time the functional plans were made public, he said, "We have to figure out what kind of Hawaii we want. What will the future be like—will the state grow by chance or through some degree of control? One of the reasons for the current unrest is that people don't know what's happening. We have to make up our minds about controlling development through zoning and other restrictions, and complementing and supplementing tourism. If we're going to have any significant agricultural development, for example, the government has to open state lands, so farmers can come in and use them, and also provide marketing facilities. There has been no direction to all this so far."

In one area, energy, Hawaii has taken the lead, developing programs to make the state completely self-sufficient by the end of the century through the use of a variety of alternative sources—ocean thermal, geothermal, windmills, the burning of waste materials—and through other means of reducing its dependence on imported oil, which is higher on a percentage basis than that of any other state. Hawaii is also in the vanguard of an effort to foster cooperative sources of energy among other island areas in the Pacific, including American Samoa, Guam, and the Commonwealth of the Northern Marianas, and to formulate common

programs with them on fisheries and assistance to small business enterprises. What is called the Pacific Basin Development Council, a group composed of representatives from these islands, has established a headquarters in Honolulu. Some business leaders—among them Christopher Hemmeyer, who designed and owns the plushiest and most imaginative hotel in Waikiki, the Hyatt Regency—have campaigned for Hawaii to start a world-trade center and a free port that would make it the commercial hub of the Pacific between Asia and the American mainland. The idea of Hono-

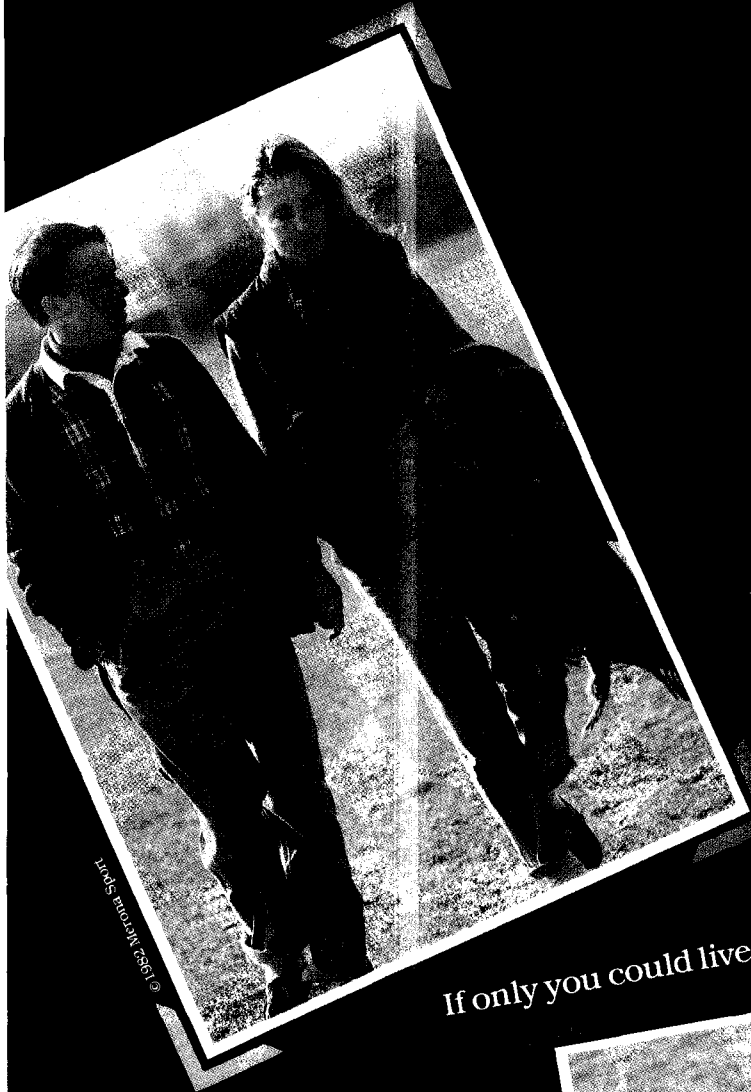
lulu's becoming a center of technology and communication has been around for some years, but nothing has yet come of it. Critics contend that in the jet age this isn't feasible, since non-stop flights between Tokyo and the United States and between Hong Kong and the United States are now flown regularly, and there is no real need for anyone who is doing business in Asia or America to stop off in Hawaii.

In a recent long, analytical paper entitled "The Party Is Over: Hawaii's Political Economy Since Statehood," Noel Kent, an assistant professor in the Ethnic Studies Program at the University of Hawaii, comments that Hawaii lacks "a genuine political economy informed by a deep historical analysis of the forces that have shaped [its] institutions and structures." There is no literature "analyzing the transformation of a plantation-monoculture economy to a tourism society," he says, and he argues that "the transformation of the crusty Big Five plantation agencies into dynamic multinational corporations" and the "overseas penetration of the Hawaiian economy" do not support "authentic development" but have "reinforced Hawaii's historic dependence upon and subordination to advanced capitalist centers in the metropole." Since statehood, Kent argues, much of the Hawaiian economy has been geared to specula-



le-Tan

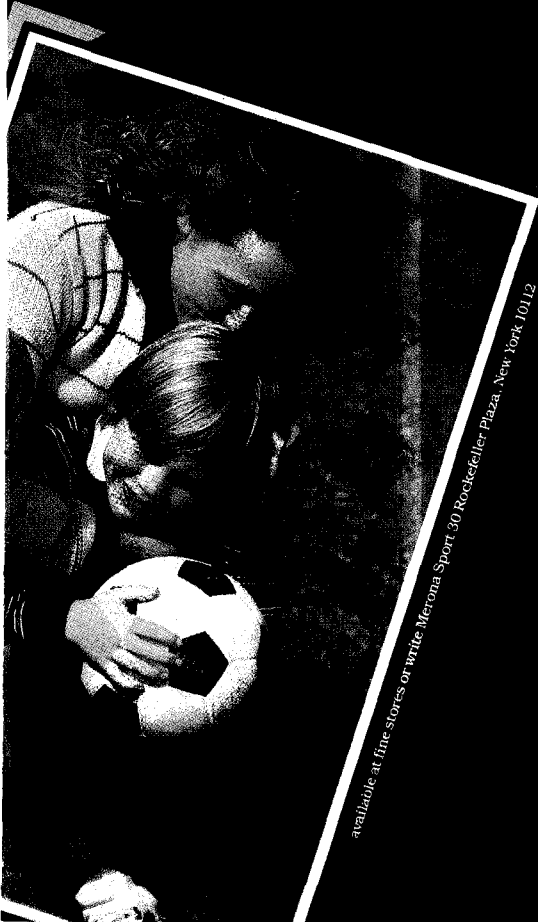
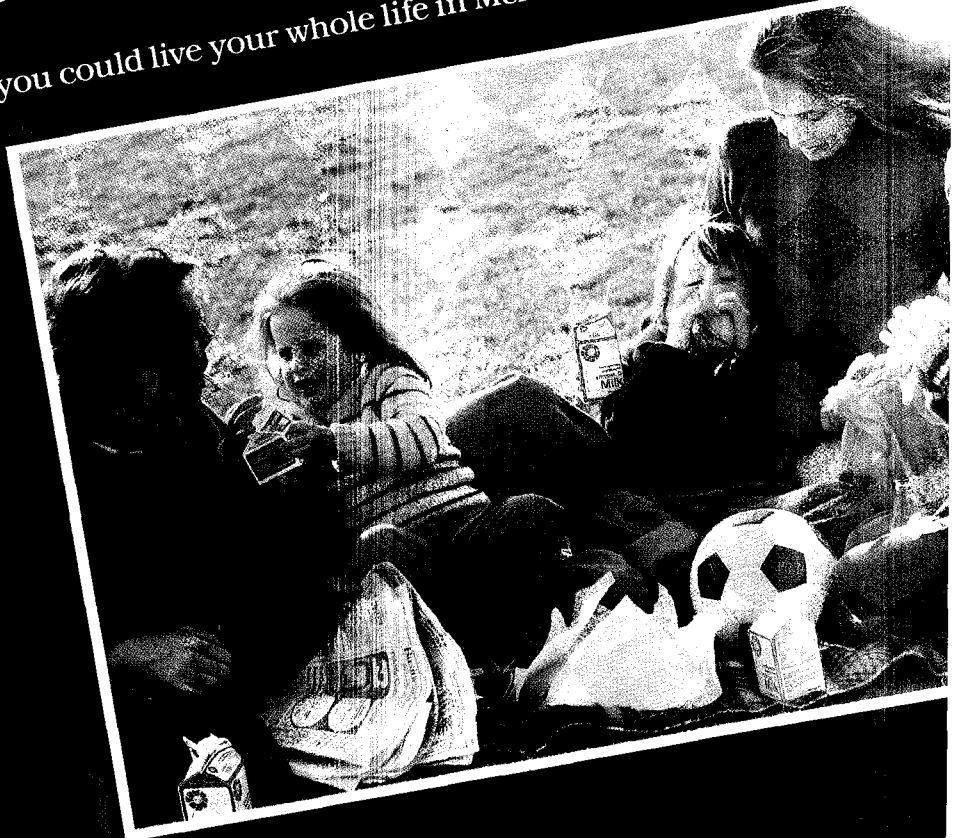
tive profit seeking and marked by "a cascade of corruption, petty graft, influence peddling, land speculation, nepotism and favoritism in awards of government contracts." Tourism and land development, sponsored and financed by big mainland banks and insurance companies, and supported by the state, became the "new developmental model," and any promises or plans to redistribute the land went by the board. Inevitably, therefore, Hawaii became "an intensely vulnerable tourism society dependent upon the whims of international capital and tourists." The Big Five have paid a penalty for their own transformation, Kent notes. "If multinationalization has been a viable strategy for maintaining profitability," he says, "it has also exacted a bitter price from the once haughty local oligarchy; they have lost control of companies that were run as family heirlooms for generations. Inevitably



Lips & Brown 2061 ©



If only you could live your whole life in Merona Sport



available at fine stores or write Merona Sport 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10112

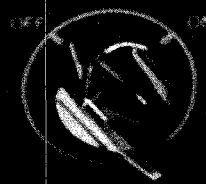
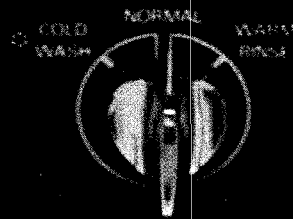
Merona
SPORT

Seven Cycle Programmed Washer with Mini-Wash

Variable Water Level

Options

Extra Rinse Cycle



22 continued

Quick Fix System

Water Valve Assembly for Washer

Do it yourself. This package contains a General Electric or Hotpoint replacement part and easy-to-read directions.

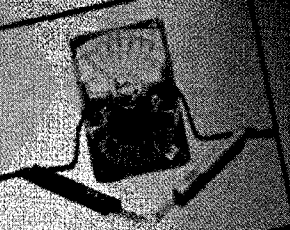
35 min.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Locating and replacing Water Inlet Valve



Step 1: Be sure all washer controls are turned OFF. Turn the washer



Step 2: This procedure requires the use of an ohmmeter. For instructions on how to use an ohmmeter, please refer to Tools and Equipment.

GE RESTORES YOUR FAITH IN YOUR OWN TWO HANDS.

There's nothing more frustrating than having an appliance break down.

General Electric can replace that feeling of frustration and helplessness with a feeling of accomplishment.

We've devised an innovative repair system that's relatively inexpensive, always available, charges nothing for labor and employs a technician you've probably never considered: you.

INTRODUCING THE QUICK FIX™ SYSTEM.

Let's say, for example, there's water leaking from your washer. Now you don't have to be an expert to fix it.

The Quick Fix system and you can do it together.

Once you've spotted the problem, reach for your Quick Fix system repair manuals. There are five altogether—one each for GE refrigerators, ranges/ovens, dishwashers, washers and dryers.

THE NEXT STEP: GETTING TO THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM.

In the Problem Diagnostic Chart, you'll find a list of

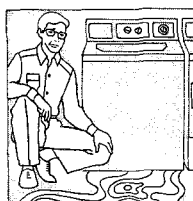
common problems: things like "washer leaking water".

Next to that, you'll find a list of possible causes, like a deteriorated hose connection, which

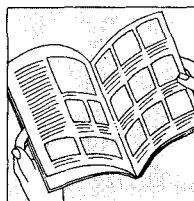
back in working order. And you did it all yourself.

GE CAN LEND A HAND.

If for any reason you don't want to do it yourself (if you don't have the time or the faith in your own two hands),



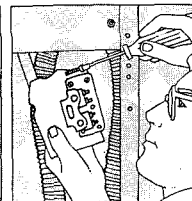
Discover the problem.



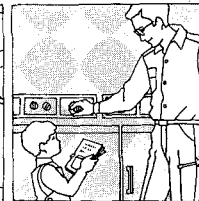
Diagnose.



Select the part.



Fix it yourself.



It works!

means you should check the water valve. If you don't have the faintest idea what that looks like or where you'd find it, there's an entire illustrated section to help you identify that part or any other.

Now you know the cause of the leak is a broken valve.

"WHERE ON EARTH DO I GET A NEW VALVE?"

The answer is simple: at the Quick Fix system display at many GE dealers.

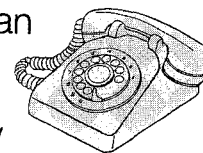
Each replacement part comes in its own box describing exactly what tools you'll need and how long it should take you to fix it. Your repair manual will show you exactly how to replace it, step by easy step. In about 35 minutes, your GE washer should be

GE is ready to help there, too—with a full network of GE factory-trained technicians. Our service organization virtually blankets the country, so no matter where you live, you can be sure of quality repairs.

ANSWERS RIGHT AT YOUR FINGERTIPS.

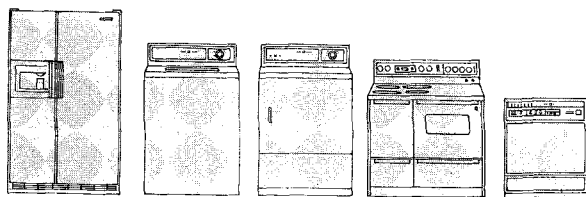
There's even more help on the way from the GE Answer Center™ information service. Our experts can give you valuable information on any GE consumer product or service, including the name of the nearest GE dealer where you can pick up Quick Fix system parts.

You can call day or night, 7 days a week at 800-626-2000. It's toll-free.



WE BRING GOOD THINGS TO LIFE.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Now you can fix your own refrigerator, washer, dryer, range, or dishwasher



**264
INDISPENSABLE
HOUSEHOLD
HELPERS**

You could shop for months and never find all the items in our brand new "Homewares" catalog! It's loaded with useful, no-nonsense products specially made to help you cook, clean, sew, travel, and take better care of yourself. And in the Brookstone tradition, we've chosen the finest quality merchandise, all thoroughly tested and **unconditionally guaranteed** for life.

SEND FOR OUR HOMEWARES CATALOG, FREE FROM BROOKSTONE.
Just fill out the coupon below, mail it in, and we'll send you a Homewares catalog, free.

Send me your FREE 48-page Homewares catalog.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
70 Vose Farm Road Dept. LA173A,
Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458

**Brookstone
HOMEWARES**

**"THIS MAY BE
THE FINEST HOTEL
IN THE NEW WORLD"**
Boston Globe



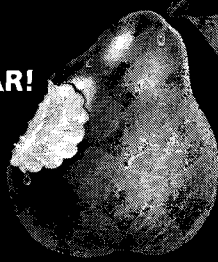
L'ERMITAGE

hôtel de grande classe

Beverly Hills, California

**THE RARE
COMICE PEAR!**

Elegant gift boxes and baskets for Thanksgiving and Christmas.



6½ lb. Gift Box
delivery included \$14.95

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE



**PINNACLE
ORCHARDS**

441 S. Fir • Rm. 20N • Medford, OR 97501

drawn to major overseas capital markets to finance their expansionist plans, the *kamaaina* soon found themselves under the thumb of some of the largest financial organizations in the world." In this new complex, Hawaii became "simply an item on a corporate balance sheet." Foreign investors, including many Japanese corporations and wealthy Japanese entrepreneurs, such as Kenji Osano, who owns five hotels and controls a quarter of the rooms in Waikiki, moved in. Hawaii today has a larger proportion of foreign investment in proportion to its gross product than any other state. Kent nevertheless concludes on a hopeful note, by stating that, while Hawaii finds itself in a condition of "utter helplessness," there are signs that anti-development, anti-tourism movements are gaining ground. "A base is being laid here for a new politics that repudiates the 'New Hawaii' developmental model and seeks to mobilize its victims for real economic, political, and social change," he says.

Whether that base is solid enough, and whether the sputtering nationalism, in some ways reminiscent of the radical movements of the sixties on the mainland, can gather enough force and cohesion to reshape and redirect the future of Hawaii is not yet clear. Emmett Aluli, the inspirational leader of the Kahoolawe Ohana, is aware of the difficulties that lie ahead and of the fact that the nationalist movement in Hawaii has historically peaked every two or three generations and then died down. Aluli and his fellow Ohana organizers feel that they have more hope of sustaining themselves, because "the spirit of our Ohana coöperatives is a more effective weapon than before—there is a deep philosophical motivation and belief based on our faith in land and resources that belong to us." George Kanahale, the spiritual leader of the so-called Hawaiian renaissance, agrees that there is an increasing economic as well as cultural awareness on the part of the Hawaiians of their capacities as well as of their rights, and that there are now about a hundred young leaders, like Aluli, whom he describes as knowledgeable "system manipulators," who are "getting their message across peacefully, by working within the system, without resorting to a single terrorist bomb." It is too soon to tell how this movement, as it gains momentum, will coordinate with the more restrained groups, such as the new Office of Hawaiian Affairs and the Native

Winterthur™
**Gifts from America's
foremost museum of
decorative arts**



**32 pages, full color
Send \$1.00 for postage and
handling to Winterthur Museum,
Marketing Office, NYM,
Winterthur, DE 19735**



One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres of gardens in glorious settings. Privacy, seclusion and fun of life are combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our Club House with its superb seascape; luncheon at the Pool Terrace. Tennis and entertainment.
See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell.
200 Madison Ave. N.Y.C. 10016. 212-371-1323.



FINE FOOD • SPIRITS

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS

Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.

Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.
68 Homer, Drw. 048, Palo Alto, CA 94301

Hawaiians Study Commission, both of which the activists persist in regarding with suspicion.

One cannot but admire the dedication and the idealism of people like Aluli and Haunani-Kay Trask, but at the same time there is something sad about their rebellion—an inchoate quality that generates skepticism even as it commands respect. Anger, resentment, and remorse are part of it, but it is apparent to a non-tourist visitor that in Hawaii today discontent and disillusion have come to transcend the laments and complaints of the activists alone. These feelings provide fuel for what may prove to be a larger political awakening, and it is one that could be evolutionary and controlled or, as some fear, could become dangerous. "We're not yet at the Watts stage, or like Detroit, but it could happen here," says George Chaplin, the long-time editor of the Honolulu *Advertiser*. "But I'd like to believe that sanity will continue to prevail."

For the moment, the fiftieth state is in serious trouble, with all its commercial eggs in a rickety tourist basket. If the Hawaiian paradise is lost it may not be regainable without some sort of drastic change, the nature of which no one has yet been able to define. Many suspect that it may be too late to set a new course in the hope of achieving some of the common objectives of the activists and the moderates without causing the tenuous ethnic framework to snap under the strain. A number of people I know, disturbed by the growing crime and violence, by such apparent miscarriages of justice as the Nanakuli rape case, and by the overall discord and the lack of firm direction demonstrated by the state and county governments, are concerned about their own futures as well as Hawaii's. This mood was summed up in the comment of an old friend: "For the first time in the forty-eight years that I have known Hawaii, I guess I have to ask myself, 'Do I really like it here anymore?'" —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From the Times]

"It seems to me," Clair Bee observed, "if you're bitten by a dog once, you don't walk down the same road again."

San Francisco walked down the same road too many times, always slightly out of step in college basketball's heady musical game. Now, the music suddenly has stopped for the Dons, and all of the chairs are taken.



Nice Catch!

A Fleur Nouveau
Dinner Service
Designed and signed by

Georges Briard exclusively for:

WILTON RWP ARMETALE
Elegant. Yet, so practical.

SEVERAL OF NEW YORK'S BETTER STORES STOCK THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW ROLLEI SL-2000F.

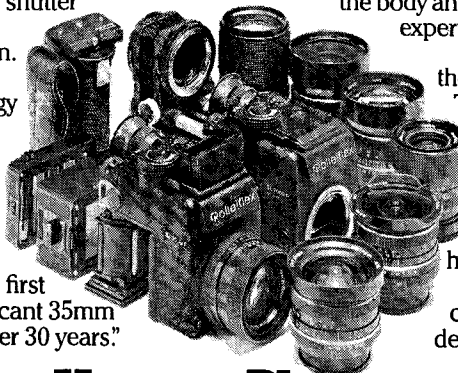
ONLY ONE STOCKS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

The first built-in eye and waist level viewfinder system in a 35mm SLR.

The first interchangeable in mid-roll film magazines.

Built-in motordrive. Interchangeable power packs. Dual shutter release buttons. Dioptric correction. Carl Zeiss optics. German technology and assembly.

The Rolleiflex SL-2000F is filled with enough unique features and refinements to be cited as "the first historically significant 35mm SLR concept in over 30 years."



That's why the only place to be introduced to this remarkable system is at Ken Hansen Photographic.

At Ken Hansen, when you ask to see the Rolleiflex SL-2000F, instead of just showing you the body and a lens or two, a camera expert will show you the entire system (and explain it thoroughly, as well).

This "hands-on" familiarization with a camera plus its complete support system is a unique service.

Not surprisingly, it has helped make Ken Hansen Photographic the first choice among New York's demanding photographers.

Ken Hansen Photographic

If we sell the camera, we stock the system.

19 WEST 34TH STREET, 11TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 • TEL. (212) 279-8690
WRITE FOR A FREE ROLLEIFLEX SL-2000F CATALOG.

©1982 KEN HANSEN PHOTOGRAPHIC

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Action

THE ROAD WARRIOR" is intense, and it's all of a piece. The Australian director George Miller grabs you by the throat—or lower—and doesn't let go until it's over. The picture probably won't leave you feeling crummy the way junk-food movies usually do, because in visual terms, at least, "The Road Warrior" is terrific junk food. Miller must have the jittery nervous system of an exploitation filmmaker linked to the eyes of an artist. The picture has its own distinctive tautness (there's nothing left to trim) and its own special dark, almost violet light that doesn't suggest either night or day—it's as if the outdoors were lit by torches. The film might be taking place in the lustrous, paranoid dreams of a man who had gorged, happily, on action movies—on "Death Wish" and "Death Race 2000" and "Walking Tall," on A.I.P. wheelers and samurai epics, on images of Vikings, Apaches, sadomasochists, and hot-rodders, on Bronson and Eastwood, on demolition derbies and medieval jousts. Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, "The Road Warrior" is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's an amazing piece of work; it's like "Starsky and Hutch" at switch blade speed. The jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that

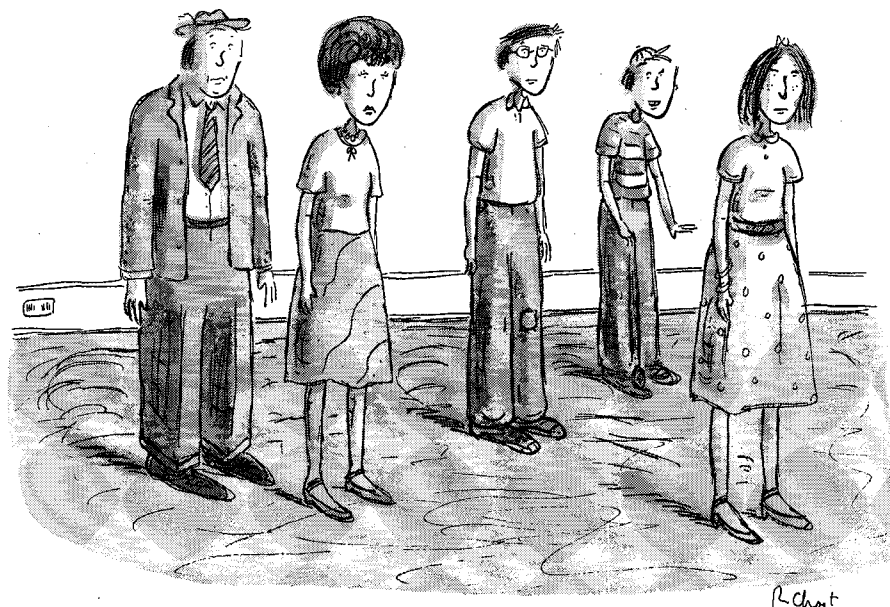
cuts across the desert nothingness. Australia is certainly the right place for this fantasy—the parched horizons tell you why men would turn into motor maniacs. "The Road Warrior," which is in Panavision and Dolby, could be the prototype of future road movies—perhaps of all action movies. But I didn't find it great fun to watch. The crashes, the flames, and the persistent instant-myth music (you barely need to add water) are rather wearing. (If there were such a thing as Jungian music, this would be it—unless Carl Orff staked an earlier claim.) The picture doesn't mean anything to me—not, at least, what it does for a lot of men I know, especially the ones who haven't had a real fix since the last Sergio Leone picture, a decade ago. (At times, "The Road Warrior" could be a spaghetti Western directed by George A. Romero.)

That was Wasteland with a capital W. "The Road Warrior," which in other countries is known as "Mad Max 2," is a sequel to Miller's first film, the 1979 "Mad Max"—an openly sophomoric bash. "Mad Max" was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon; the constant car-wrecking had a two-fisted deliriousness. It was of the exploitation genre that the critic David Chute, with no pejorative intention, calls "crash-and-

burn," and it was Australia's biggest international box-office success ever (though not in this country: a jarringly dubbed version played here, on the theory that Americans wouldn't be able to understand the Australian vulgate). But Miller—who, as he makes clear in an interview with Chute in the July-August *Film Comment*, looked for the reasons for the film's success and believed he had found them when he was introduced to Jung, via Joseph Campbell's "The Hero with a Thousand Faces"—became convinced that he had unconsciously struck something very deep. And so this new film comes equipped with a prologue describing its hero's past in prose poetry. Sample: "In the roar of an engine, he lost everything . . . And became a shell of a man . . . a burnt out, desolate man, a man haunted by the demons of his past . . . A man who wandered out . . . into the Wasteland . . . And it was here, in this blighted place, that he learned to live again." You can hear those dots, and the words are spoken in fruity, cultivated tones.

Maybe Miller's belief that he has tapped into the universal concept of the hero is what makes "The Road Warrior" so joyless. It isn't simply stupid—it's trying-to-be-smart stupid. It's abstract in an adolescent way. And though Max, the road warrior (Mel Gibson), is mythologized in that prologue, he doesn't have anything particularly heroic to do. "The Road Warrior" is much hipper than a Western such as George Stevens' 1953 "Shane" (which was already in the mythmaking business: Alan Ladd's drifter was meant to suggest Galahad on the range), but it follows the same basic pattern. The boy whose piteous cry "Shane!" clung to people's ears when the picture ended has become the Feral Kid (Emil Minty), a wolf-boy orphan with a deadly metal boomerang for a toy, who attaches himself to the loner Max. And the apathetic Max encounters a new version of the homesteaders: some few decent men and women have survived the Third World War (two big powers fighting over oil) and have banded together in a small, walled encampment around a dinky refinery, where they have been refining the last remaining oil into gasoline and hoarding it, so that they can get in their battered vehicles and make a run to the seashore, two thousand miles away. These homesteaders are under siege by punkish post-nuclear-war bikers—savages on motor-

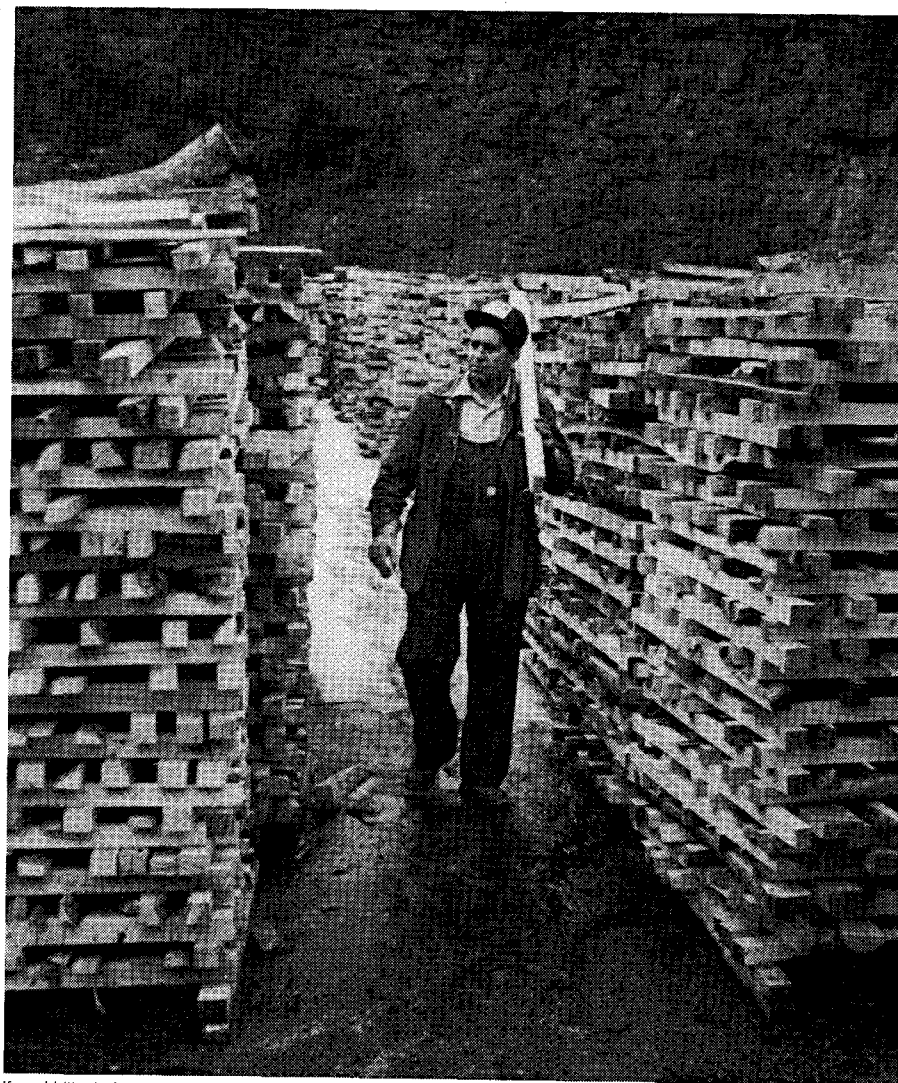
LOSS LEADERS



cycles, slightly updated from their Roger Corman days. Rampaging vandals who tear people apart for pleasure, they're led by a masked body builder, the Humungus. He wears leather-and-metal straps crossing his muscles, and his men are comic-strip terrors, each accoutred in his own rough-trade style—fashion plates of the newest in nightmare adornment. The huge, garishly strong Wez (Vernon Wells), whose yellow-haired punk boyfriend sits behind him on his bike, sports a fire-red Mohawk strip of hair on his shaved head, plumes and football pads at the shoulders, a studded codpiece, and a hideously businesslike metal cross-bow on his gauntlet. His buttocks are bare. These nouveau barbarians, who look ready to storm an s-m bar, are determined to get the homesteaders' gas, and have set up camp just a few miles away from the enclosure.

Miller doesn't show any interest in characterization, except for what can be obtained by astute casting. His performers aren't required to act—only to present their faces and bodies to the camera. Yet he has a gift for placing them in the very wide frame so that even if they are almost silent we respond to them as individuals. The people at the refinery are decked out in what looks like homespun burlap (and, when the weather changes, what looks like homespun fur)—they're clothed in virtue, like early Christians in a De Mille epic—but each face makes an impression, no matter how brief its screen time. And there's a real film instinct at work in Miller's treatment of Bruce Spence, who plays a stork-legged, rotten-toothed aviator who uses snakes to guard his autogyro. The first time we see him, he appears out of the sand, like a trapdoor spider. This fellow looks like an assemblage of hopeless parts, and in most movies he'd bite the dust, yet with his gummy, horsey grin, his overexcited jumping up and down (is there a punk record playing in his head?), and his talking to himself—muttering about the things he remembers from the era when there were arts and traditions—he somehow survives. He's like his ragtag plane and the other pieced-together, souped-up vehicles that can still go. By the end, he has even managed to get himself a pretty girl, with a loyal spirit. Bruce Spence's aviator is more hopeful and tenderhearted and adaptable than Mel Gibson's glum Max, whose parts match up quite handsomely.

Bruised and puffy, Max has no edges; he stands about blandly, uncer-



If you'd like to know more about our charcoal mellowing process, drop us a line.

WE BURN quite a few ricks at Jack Daniel's. That's because it takes a lot of charcoal the way we smooth out our whiskey.

The oldtime way we mellow our whiskey calls for seeping every drop through charcoal vats that stand as tall as a good-sized room. Just to fill one vat takes the charcoal from three ricks of hard maple burned in the open air. That's why our rickyard gets pretty full. And why it'll never get empty. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll be glad of that.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

L.L.Bean®

Outdoor Sporting Specialties



FREE Christmas Catalog

Features Bean favorites for men and women as well as new ideas for practical, functional gifts. Quality apparel and footwear, woodburning products, home furnishings and winter sports equipment. Many items of our own manufacture. All guaranteed 100% satisfactory.

Mail order shopping at Bean's is fast and efficient. Order any time, 24 hours a day, by phone or mail. We ship promptly and pay postage on all orders in the United States and its possessions.

☐ **Send Free Christmas Catalog**

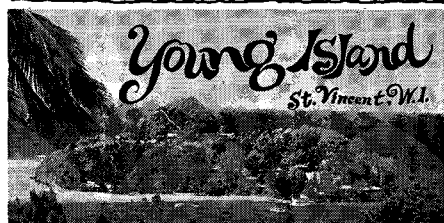
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
851 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

Fed up with the cost of London hotels?

For less than half the price, two and three bedroom luxury service apartments at Draycott House with all the freedom and privacy of your home are the perfect alternative. Prices from £425 per week. Reservations: Miss Linda Coulthard, Draycott House, Draycott Avenue, London SW3 2SA. Telephone: 01-584 4659 Telex: 916266

Draycott House



Impossibly romantic private island resort.
Limited to 50 guests. YOUNG ISLAND
offers everything that large resorts have
...except the crowds. Info., reservations:
Ralph Locke, 315 E. 72nd St., N.Y. 10021
(212) 628-8149 • (800) 223-1108

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

tainly, on the sidelines—Brutus in leather armor—while others make decisions. His finest moment—and perhaps Miller's most lyric, fairy-tale image—is totally passive: the wounded Max, carried on the tiny autogyro, floats high above the blasted desert landscape and the human debris. This vaguely Wagnerian shot is beautiful on its own; it doesn't have any dramatic meaning, because we don't know what has been going on in Max's mind. And when he is partly healed and has decided to join the homesteaders, who have nursed him, he still seems split—it isn't clear whether he has become fond of the good folk or just wants revenge on the bikers. It's because Mel Gibson is carrying all of George Miller's mixed ambitions on his shoulders that he has no stature as a hero. And it's because of this underlayer of indecisiveness that the action doesn't have a real kick. We're told in the prologue that Max has lost his reason for living; this film is supposed to be about his spiritual rebirth and the first stirrings of a new civilization, but he remains sullen and withdrawn. And civilization may be a long time coming: Miller, following the moldiest Hollywood tradition, cues us to exult along with the good guys whenever one of them kills a baddie. The picture gets whatever charge it has from the spectacle of devolution.

Miller is barely in his mid-thirties (he studied medicine and worked as a doctor while he was making short films that prepared the way for "Mad Max"), yet if you think of him as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and Romero, he's a giant. And his chase sequence with Max driving an oil truck makes the comparable truck chase in Spielberg's "Raiders of the Lost Ark" look lame—as Spielberg, who has expressed admiration for Miller, might be the first to acknowledge. But Miller apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with, and he has given it an art-film aspect. I don't mean the visionary shots, such as the bikers circling in the dust (as if they had all the gas in the world), riding round and round the enclosure, like old movie Indians on horses terrorizing the fort. Since this is basically a mindless film, I don't fault Miller for sacrificing credibility to beauty. And it's amusingly sloppy that in order to stage the climactic chase and battle, which is a variant of the settlers in their wagon train heading out through

Indian territory, Miller asks us to accept a piece of visual idiocy: the refinery is surrounded by flat, dry desolation as far as the eye can see, yet when Max believes he's leading the homesteaders on their run he heads straight *for the bikers' campfires, as if that* were the only route he could take. What I regret is George Miller's thinking there's mythic depth in sickly-stale elements—the lonely Feral Kid who worships Max, and the aviator's devotion to Max (like Walter Brennan's fealty to Bogart), and



 Wez's love for his blondie, and Max's not allowing himself to have any fellow-feeling except for his dog (a great-looking bandy-legged mutt, with a black monocle around one eye, a white around the other), and all the other familiar bits.

Miller gets effects, all right, but they're not the perverse, erotic effects that seem promised; the picture is weirdly not kinky—maybe because he's trying to be seriously kinky. "The Road Warrior" is sappy-sentimental, and, for all its huffing and puffing, it doesn't blow any houses down; it has no resonance of any kind. Something rather solemn comes across in the prologue and the afterword, and in the use of actual documentary shots of warfare to substantiate the film's apocalyptic claims (a terrible mistake in judgment for a comic-strip movie, no matter how elegant), and in the important-person, Charlton Heston-like poses that Max assumes—especially the cantilevered-hip position, with all the weight on one leg. Miller consciously uses Mel Gibson as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor.

At a point near the end of the picture, after the tanker chase, the limitations of action-genre moviemaking stare right out at Miller: this is when we discover that while we've been watching Max driving, and fighting off the big brute Wez, the important things have been happening elsewhere. The decent folk in burlap have used their heads and planned their strategy; what we were watching was the kid stuff—"action." For once, Miller seems at a loss; he doesn't appear to know whether or not this revelation should be treated as a joke on Max, and so he muffles the scene. The script (by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant) has provided this ironic episode—a twist on "The Treasure of Sierra Madre"—that undercuts Miller's serious approach to the crash-and-burn genre, but as a

director he's no longer willing to laugh at himself, and he retreats to the safety of muzzy mythologizing. And so the wolf boy (who is our narrator) grows up and, like many of his kind, learns to talk like a BBC announcer, but with an Australian accent. And Max, who has to remain a loner so he'll fit the Jungian hero pattern, is left behind, brooding. He's like Steve McQueen at the end of each episode of his old bounty-hunter TV series, with nothing to look forward to next week but more killing.

George Miller is enormously gifted as a moviemaker, and he has fused his crazily derivative material; this cultural compost heap has yielded a vision. But when you get caught up in his way of thinking, you can convince yourself that the more indebted to old movies your material is, the richer it is, and the more archetypal—and that junk food is the only true nourishment. There's nothing under the film's clichés—nothing to support the visceral stress that Miller's single, continuous spurt of energy puts on us. And there's no humor, finally, under that incessant music. If Max had it in him to laugh at how he was used—to laugh the way Walter Huston did at the end of "Sierra Madre"—there might be some point to the picture. The introspective Max never gets past his own joylessness. We're supposed to regard him as a hero because he's a fearless driver. Is he fearless because, not caring if he lives or dies, he has less to lose than his enemies? Or is it that he's a survivor because he's alone? Either way, he never acknowledges that he has anything at stake, and he's no hero to me. This is a phony genre picture. Genre pictures are meant to be entertaining; this one wants to be much more. It's an abstract presentation of male paranoid fantasizing, with an air of intelligence. The male audience can think it's prophetic (Max was used); maybe the male audience can even think it's deep. (It's definitely

not a picture for heterosexual couples on dates.)

We may not feel crummy after the movie, but we feel hollow. I would think that even those who are elated while they're watching it feel hollow. "The Road Warrior" is for boys who want to go around slugging each other on the shoulder and for men who wish that John Wayne were alive and fifty again.

The film has been greeted by superlatives from reviewers, because of what I think may be a tragic misunderstanding of the appeal of movies in earlier periods: the widely expressed idea that what people used to go to the movies for was simply action and fireworks, a basic, easy-to-follow story, and the good winning out over the bad—that all they wanted was genre films. It might be closer to the facts to say that people accepted the routinized genre pictures when they couldn't get something wonderful, because they understood that great movies didn't come along every day. It's scary to read critics praising action pictures that are no more than embodiments of male dynamism and suggesting that these are the only real movies—what the people want—even after TV has done action to death. I know that I didn't go to the movies to see car crashes or galloping horses or gangsters shooting each other, though I often went to films in which these things happened; I went because I wanted to "see the picture"—to become involved in the characters' intertwined lives and to experience the worlds that all the hacks and craftsmen and artists who worked in the movies could bring into being. We're often told now that moviegoers never sought anything more than they get from "Star Wars" or "Raiders," and I want to testify that this is a falsehood. It's one that movie and TV executives have been known to embrace. When critics in the press and on TV embrace it, they're engaged in another form of shoulder-punching.

—PAULINE KAEI

CORRECTION

Bell Canada's class B, series B redeemable convertible preferred shares, which pay a dividend of \$3.34 and have been called for redemption Aug. 15, are convertible until earlier this year but is not convertible as reported last week. The shares are being redeemed at \$52.50 a share, about the same value as three common shares were worth last week.

The \$3.20 preferred issue mentioned last week was convertible until earlier this year but are not convertible now. The shares have been called for redemption Aug. 1.

—Financial Times of Canada.

You can certainly admire the spirit in which the correction was made.

Jeeves Your personal clothes care service.

Hand Finished Dry Cleaning,
Leather, Suede and Fur
Service.

Hand Laundering of
Shirts and Fine Linens.
Alterations, Cold Storage,
Collections, Deliveries.
Nation wide postal service

Send for a brochure

NEW YORK LONDON



Jeeves of Belgravia
770 Madison Ave (66th St)
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570-9130

® Jeeves Logotype is a trade mark
© 1974 Jeeves International Limited

incomparable



AT SOMERSET BRIDGE • BERMUDA

See your travel agent or

David B. Mitchell, 200 Madison Ave. NY 10016 • (212) 371-1323
SAN FRANCISCO (415) 546-1311 LOS ANGELES (213) 625-0911
Same Mgmt.: SUGARBUSH INN, Warren, Vt. (802) 583-2301



Mobil 4****

Just out of Santa Fe
there's a place that's
out of this world.

... a warm, elegant, casual,
intimate ranch-resort in a
magnificent setting 15 minutes
north of Santa Fe. Superb food
and accommodations,
including new Pueblo
Encantado condos adjacent
to the 'enchanted ranch'.

RANCHO ENCANTADO

Route 4, Box 57C ny
Santa Fe, N.M. 87501
(505) 982-3537

KNIFE & FORK INN...

ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



MUSICAL EVENTS

Arrangements

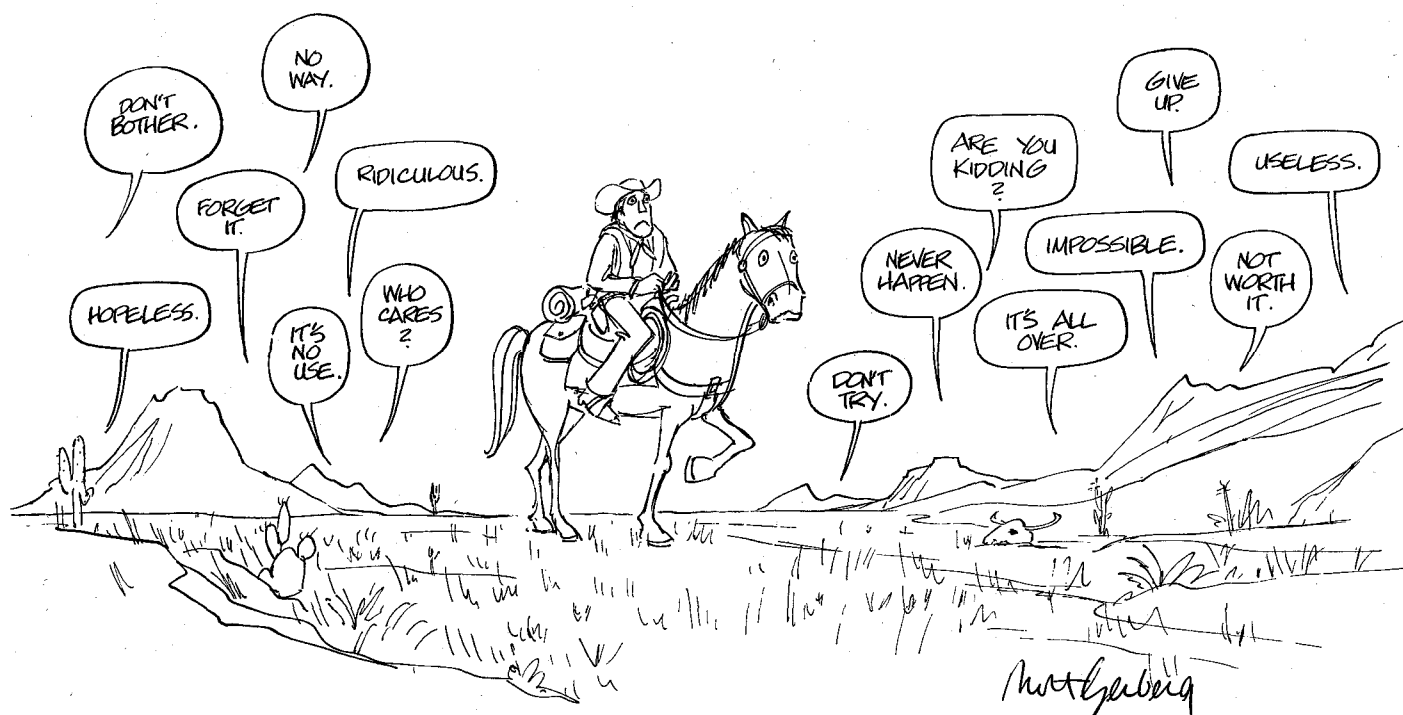
THE Chamber Opera Theatre of New York, beginning its new season before the city's major companies, gave performances of Cavalli's "L'Ormindo" at the end of August in the Marymount Manhattan Theatre. The choice of work was adventurous, and was not less interesting because what was billed as a New York première turned out to be the second hearing here. (Juilliard gave the opera in 1968; the Chamber Opera Theatre withdrew its claim with admirable directness and courtesy.) The piece was given in Raymond Leppard's realization, prepared for Glyndebourne in 1967 and published by Faber. This is, I suppose, the only practical course for a company unversed in the procedures and styles of Baroque opera; yet it seems an unhappy restriction if we are always to hear one imaginative twentieth-century editor's interpretation of Cavalli's flexible score, with its many different possibilities. When the editor provides as many layers on top of the original as Mr. Leppard does, the result is analogous to listening to Bach's D-Minor Chaconne always in Busoni's transcription. In a preface to the published score (which provides more information than some of his other scores on exactly what he has altered), Mr. Leppard remarks, "If we wish to use large numbers of continuo instruments the parts have largely to

be written out. The difficulty then is to preserve the freedom to mould them to the particular situation on stage." That is true, and it is a problem that few performances of Mr. Leppard's editions manage to solve: few musical experiences are more depressing than hearing players struggle to "read" every rushing scale and swooping arpeggio that Mr. Leppard has written for them, and having that instrumental noise dictate the pace and the drama of the singing onstage, rather than vice versa.

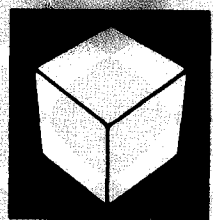
Within these restrictions, however, the Chamber Opera Theatre gave an accomplished rendering of the piece. There was some fine singing. Ronald Naldi, as Ormindo (a tenor role in this version, an alto in the original), though he cultivated a vocal style better suited to the nineteenth-century repertory, was strong, impassioned, and well focussed. And, as Erisbe, Pamela Coburn (who was making her New York operatic début after winning a prize in the Met's National Council Auditions) had a warm, well-placed voice, which in her more serious moments proved most affecting. Some of the singers were allowed to bellow—a quite unnecessary procedure in this small theatre. Stephen Markuson, as Erisbe's aged husband, Ariadeno, dominated those around him by sheer weight and force. A

more appropriate scale was set by Sharon Munden's Mirinda (though she had difficulty joining her registers smoothly) and Sally Mitchell Motyka's clear, penetrating Sicle. But Peyton Hibbitt, who conducted, seemed content to beat his way solidly through the score, underplaying the fluctuations of tempo and the rhythmic life that should be heard, especially in Cavalli's recitatives. And his orchestra trundled along behind him, making many of Mr. Leppard's added string parts sound more glutinous than they need.

The opera is set in North Africa and concerns rival suitors for the love of Erisbe, who (this being Venetian opera of the sixteen-forties) is already married. The plot, though convoluted, is intelligible. As the company had wisely chosen to sing the work in the original Italian, it might have been good to allow us to follow the synopsis in the program book or the libretto that was on sale by providing some light in the auditorium—the practice when Handel's Italian operas were given in London. Thaddeus Motyka's production did not always succeed in clarifying the action, since it inhabited an uneasy world between jokiness and bland seriousness. One of the funniest scenes in the first act—and musically the finest—in which Erisbe is courted successively by two lovers, was filled with pert jokes (cloaks were pulled and people collided and faces were contorted), but the substance of the music, with its sudden alternations between



America's finest traditional foods belong on
America's finest traditional serving pieces.



ONEIDA

The silver cube. Our silversmiths' mark of excellence. Made in America.

Shown: Round tray in silverplate and Toujours pie knife in stainless. Complete selections at fine stores.

© 1982 Oneida Ltd.

For more detailed information, visit our Custom Banking offices on Fifth, Madison, or Park Avenues, Sutton Place, Avenue of the Americas, or Wall Street. Or call Ms. Mary Ellen O'Brien, Vice President, (212) 536-4841. Member FDIC.

**CUSTOM
BANKING**
**THE
BANK OF
NEW
YORK**

*Discover the banking service customized
to meet the very special needs of the most
affluent and demanding people in the world.*



aria and recitative, was not reflected. More effective were the scenes for the witchlike trio of Sicle and her companions, among whom Tom Poole's travesty Erice was sometimes amusing. But they were overburdened with the most extravagant of Beni Montresor's ostentatious costumes, rich in color and vague of outline. It was a remarkable coup for the Chamber Opera Theatre to have acquired this designer's services, but that was no reason to let his imagination blind us throughout the evening: his lighting for the grotto scene looked like that of a faded disco, and his sets, with tiled Egyptian motifs shining all around, made the opera look as if it were being played out at the Cairo Hilton.

IN the Mostly Mozart Festival, Heinz Holliger introduced to New York an Oboe Concerto by Ludwig August Lebrun, who was a member of the Mannheim court orchestra in the middle of the eighteenth century. It is not an outstandingly original piece, but Mr. Holliger made it seem so: the dark D-minor unfolding of the first movement and the long-spun melodies of the *galant*-style Grazioso were projected with remarkable force and control. Only the last movement, with its rumbustious fanfarings, seemed too vulgar for Mr. Holliger; yet he made the music dance and sing. In the same concert, Youri Egorov gave a disappointing account of Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto, in which the phrases were uneven, with little sense of direction; the music had no force. This mostly minor-mode evening also included a smooth account of Haydn's superbly original and thoughtful Symphony No. 39 in G Minor, conducted by Charles Dutoit, in which the four horns rasped splendidly.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

David Bair, a junior from Brooklyn, Iowa, feels the same way. Bair is student manager of the Northwestern football team, an opportunity he may have been denied at a larger school. He thinks football and fundamentalism are compatible.

"Just because we're Christians, doesn't mean we're pansies," Bair said. "You need that meek character of the Lord, but the Lord wasn't meek on the football field."

—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

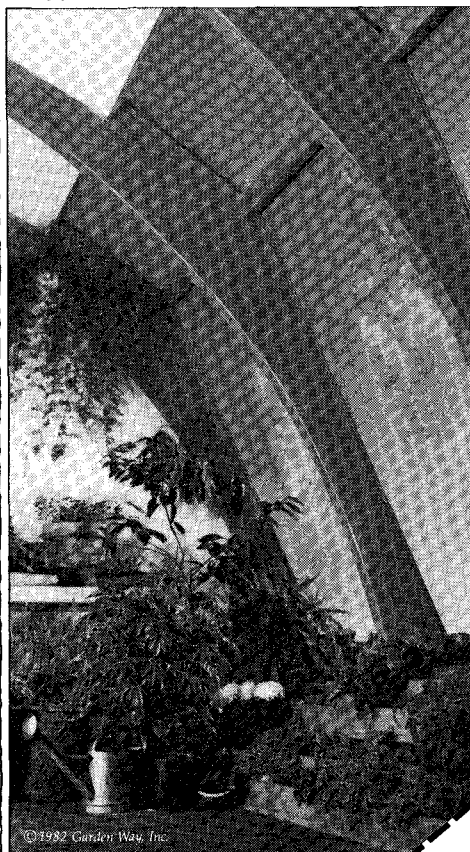
Furthermore, He made the varsity.

REAGAN REPORTEDLY
WON'T SING SEA TREATY

—*Poughkeepsie Journal*.

It's probably for the best.

The Garden Way SunRoom/Solar Greenhouse



Designed as an efficient passive solar collector, using a totally integrated system of solar components, to heat itself, and to help heat your home as well.

It is also a sunny, energy saving room addition—for year-round gardening and comfortable family living.

To find out more about Garden Way's impressive SunRoom/Solar Greenhouse, send \$3.00 to receive complete Information Portfolio: 16-page color brochure, complete planning guide, specifications, financial information, a thorough report on "State and Federal Tax Incentives," a useful 16-point checklist on "How to Shop for a Solar Greenhouse" ...and more!

I am enclosing \$3.00 to receive your complete Information Portfolio. Please rush to:

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____



Garden Way
SunRoom/Solar Greenhouse
Dept. A2032S, Ferry Rd, Charlotte, VT 05445

FOR YEARS, YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING OFF THE BEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE.



Cruise America aboard the luxurious Mississippi Queen® or the legendary Delta Queen® and experience all the fun, excitement and pageantry of Steamboatin'. And, if you act now, our Steamboatin' Advantage fare can save you 10%. Don't put off the cruise

of a lifetime any longer. See your travel agent today.

Cruises from 2 to 12 nights.
FREE COLOR BROCHURES
Distribution Department, Box NR 22
The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.
511 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202



STEAMBOATIN'

MISSISSIPPI QUEEN • DELTA QUEEN

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

My travel agent is _____

BOOKS

Home, Sweet Home

IN "Never Done: A History of American Housework" (Panthéon; \$22.50), Susan Strasser describes, one by one, particular tasks, or clusters of tasks, that women performed on our Colonial subsistence farms and follows them down to the present, to show what has become of them. Some of women's domestic duties have been taken over by factories (the first American machine spinning mill, for example, opened in Providence in 1790), and some (emptying chamber pots, tending fires) have disappeared. Others have been eased or simplified by home machinery that depends on waterworks and electric grids. Miss Strasser's outstanding merit is detail. Her research retrieves what history usually discards—the taken-for-granted minutiae of the everyday life of ordinary people—and her documentation enables us to visualize how nasty and unhealthful homes used to be. Until electricity made an indoor flame unnecessary, the threat of setting fire to the house or of being burned was constant. Since neither hearths nor stoves provided adequate heat during American winters, people used to try to seal their houses against the cold, and, Miss Strasser tells us, the fires for heat and the fires for light (candles or oil, kerosene, or gas lamps) polluted the air with carbon monoxide and permeated the furnishings with soot—necessitating those legendary spring cleanings, to shift the dirt out-of-doors. Students of historical style may not be taught that Victorian swags were filthy; I know of no other writer who has explained so clearly what until just yesterday was the noisome reality of the American interior. Miss Strasser's details also allow us to see how fastidious we have become—when, for example, she describes the standard procedure for washing dishes before running water was available. And it may take you a moment, as it took me, to appreciate the implications of her explanation of why Monday was washing day: "because most people changed their clothes on Sunday."

Home cooking turns out to have been as unsatisfactory as it was arduous. Until railroads, refrigerator cars, and canned goods made variety available the year round, the American diet was monotonous and—especially in winter—approached malnutrition. Not until the end of the nineteenth

century did metallurgy improve so that pots and pans no longer rusted or released poisons into the food. Home canning was rare before 1900, when factory-produced glass jars became available. Home baking was also rare, because oven building was not a common skill in early America, and until cast-iron stoves with ovens became widely available, in the middle of the nineteenth century, country people mostly ate pancakes and city people bought bread from professional bakers. The recently published "Middletown Families: Fifty Years of Change and Continuity"—the latest restudy of Robert and Helen Lynd's famous Midwest community—reported that as of 1978 four out of five Middletown housewives "regularly" baked bread, in contrast to the original "Middletown" study (1924), which found that "two out of three business-class families and four out of five working-class families" bought bread. Where preserving, cooking, and baking in the home are concerned, the present is the good old days.

And no wonder! The toil that was required to accomplish every task strains belief. Laundry, for example. Miss Strasser tells us:

One wash, one boiling, and one rinse used about fifty gallons of water—or four hundred pounds—which had to be moved from pump or well or faucet to stove and tub, in buckets and wash boilers that might weigh as much as forty or fifty pounds.

Men thought that lugging any amount of water was women's work, and Miss Strasser quotes a columnist, Aunt Nellie, who in the magazine *The Country Gentleman* advised farm wives to lie in wait and try to inveigle their husbands into filling the main household water tank. So much for rustic chivalry. Historically, one of Miss Strasser's more

appalling—indeed, nearly unimaginable—statistics is that as late as 1941 only thirty-five per cent of America's farm homes had electricity.

Aunt Nellie had many colleagues, whose advice in women's magazines, cookbooks, and housekeeping guides mingled practical instruction with moral admonitions. Miss Strasser's remarkable work originated in her study of such writings and her outrage at their message: that the sexes had "separate spheres," the home being women's, and that it was women's duty to create a refuge for men from the rest of society. Miss Strasser argues, rightly, that no household was segregated from the world, and that as industrialization reshaped the nation it reshaped the household to the point where women who needed money—whose fathers, husbands, sons, or brothers did not support them—were driven to work outside the home. Unfortunately, anger at outdated moralizers has driven this excellent historian into a monumental sulk. Though her facts are a paean to the gifts of modernization, her reading of the record is imbued with embitterment. She nags us with reminders that the enterprises that make and sell flour, say, or soap do so for a profit. But economic enterprises make profits or vanish; on the Colonial subsistence farm the profit was the subsistence. She inveighs against the seductions of the market economy, sounding like Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, the Puritan in Ben Jonson's comedy "Bartholomew Fair"—a portrait of "the market" more accurate and certainly more diverting than that of most economists—who enjoyed the fair while attempting to spoil everybody else's enjoyment. In her passion to find fault, she zigzags between revulsion at exhausting work and (for example) nostalgia for the competitive display—whose wash is the whitest?—on back-yard clotheslines on Monday afternoons. This conveys emotional confusion rather than a realistic sense of acceptable losses in exchange for substantial gains.

Though Miss Strasser philosophizes poorly, she has researched magnificently. She has clarified more good and important ideas than she herself may recognize. First of all, that the industrial revolution transformed the household from an economic enterprise into a nonprofit organization—from a



workshop producing goods into a clinic providing services. It is not surprising that few early observers understood what was happening to the home—for example, Charlotte Perkins Gilman argued in “Women and Economics,” in 1898, that women had become economic parasites—since it was only after the Second World War that the whole American economy began to employ more people in service than in production. The housewife seems to have preceded the rest of the economy by some fifty years, but because she did not receive cash she received scorn. Nowadays, we would not call a surgeon a “parasite” because he does not produce his own instruments, or accuse a museum curator comparison-shopping for a Rembrandt of being a “mere” consumer. It surprises me that a contemporary writer such as Miss Strasser should praise Mrs. Gilman for her prescience. Since we are still in the turmoil of social and economic transformations, I think we should avoid rhetorical sneers; perhaps, just as not every family needs the services provided by a home computer, not every family needs those of a full-time homemaker.

Because the industrial revolution occurred in historical time—in contrast to, say, the prehistoric development of agriculture—we know a good deal about it, but I do not think we understand all its effects. They have been too swift and too far-reaching, and they keep right on happening, often forcing us to respond before we can reflect. Because we do not understand change, we may miss continuity. A case in point is Miss Strasser’s attack on fast-food chains. The fact is that the business of providing prepared food, but not serving formal meals, has existed for millennia wherever there were a good many people living without full kitchens and without much money; the vast tenement population of ancient Rome was such a group. Street vendors and takeout cookeries of all sorts were probably more common in bygone cities than in

modern ones, and the effort to add pizzazz or flimflam to standardized cheap food was begun many years ago by American chains, including the Automats and Childs. Fast-food franchises do not seem to me to be a slimy new tentacle of the corporate octopus, as Miss Strasser alleges; their main originality was probably their early grasp of the needs of the modern slurb.

I think everybody does agree, however, that the industrial revolution emancipated many human beings from brute toil. Its greatest beneficiaries have been the poor. The spread of liberty and equality that under earlier technology had been no more than a philosophical phantom became a possibility. Feminism is only one component of the multiform movement toward liberty and equality, but feminists have not invariably remembered their less fortunate sisters. Miss Strasser approvingly cites one nineteenth-century reformer, Melusina Fay Peirce, who proposed cooperative housekeeping, with families combining to hire cooks and laundresses. She herself regards the victory of home laundries over commercial laundries as a disaster, because home laundries lead to more laundering. However, it is by no means certain that all the family wash is nowadays done by working mothers.

What troubles me is that laundry workers have always been poorly paid for doing the kind of tiring work that feminists might hope machines will abolish. (In some cases—washing or ironing fine or rare fabrics—laundry workers should be paid like curators.) Like Mrs. Gilman and Mrs. Peirce, Miss Strasser accepts the persistence of unpleasant, tiring, and low-paying work for women. Realistically, I suppose the world will wag on indefinitely with poorer people doing the dirty work for richer people, but that is not an inspiring goal. Technology has allowed many American families to make a more egalitarian choice than Miss Strasser’s; they can manage a decent part of their housework with the help of machines. My own hunch is that we should think in terms of further mechanical and technological innovations on the order of those that have changed cooking from a task into a hobby for many men and women. And perhaps, while waiting for good times to return, we might encourage feminist architects. Another great installment of material uplift depends, of course, on our finding new cheap, safe sources of energy. Miss Strasser’s peroration inveighs against “sexual massage parlors” and microwave ovens; its tone implies contempt for the public



“I wonder whether Sonny Bono is having a good time tonight.”

FREE Christmas Gift Books

- the one-and-only FRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®
- our world-famous Royal Riviera® pears
- homemade cakes and pastries
- Wild 'n Rare® prize-winning preserves
- cheeses and smoked meats
- gorgeously got-up gift baskets



For your FREE
Christmas Gift Books,
write us today —

Harry and David®

Dept. 503-A Medford, Oregon 97501
Visit our Bear Creek Store in Medford

© 1982, Harry and David

Please send me FREE,
your new Christmas Gift Books.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Harry and David®

Dept. 503-A Medford, Oregon 97501



CAMBRIDGE BEACHES

(The Original
Cottage Colony)

IS BERMUDA

See Your Travel Agent or
Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
1270 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 757-2444

Country Inns and Back Roads

8.95 ppd.

North American Edition

Norman T. Simpson

THE BERKSHIRE TRAVELLER PRESS

Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262

allegedly to be helped, and it overlooks all the shrewdness of common life and all the private negotiations and idiosyncratic arrangements—who takes out the garbage, who shops for what—that families or households work out for themselves. Like advertisers and Marxists, the author seems to be setting universal standards—telling us what we should want and do—and ignoring the enormous diversity of our population. These flaws do not invalidate Miss Strasser's rich and acute investigation; her main argument—that homes and everybody in them are intimately involved with and profoundly affected by the world around them—is undeniable. No polemics about women's place and women's work, though, can substitute for plenty of hot running water. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE COLOR PURPLE, by Alice Walker (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$11.95). An epistolary novel set in rural Georgia in the years between the two world wars. The writer, who addresses herself (in hope and hopelessness) to God, is one Celie—black, bright but ignorant, married off by a father by whom she has had two children to an older man whom she serves as a virtual slave—and her letters relate the almost unbroken misery of her days and nights. They are not, however, outpourings of complaint. Celie is durable, and she endures: "I'm pore, I'm black, I may be ugly and can't cook, a voice say to everything listening. But I'm here." She is also, through Miss Walker's wizardry, a woman of marvellous sense and sensibility, and her letters, barely literate as they are, burst with a kind of poetry—sometimes terrible, sometimes darkly funny, sometimes microscopically observant: "Harpo mope. Wipe the counter, light a cigarette, look outdoors, walk up and down. Little Squeak run long all up under him trying to git his tension. Baby this, she say, Baby that. Harpo look through her head, blow smoke." This is fiction of the highest order.

AUTUMN, by A. G. Mojtabei (Houghton Mifflin; \$9.95). Miss Mojtabei has imagined a man in his sixties, a retired accountant recently widowed, watching the summer end and the fall begin in an empty house in a resort village in Maine. The

OLD WESTBURY GARDENS



listed on The National Register Of Historic Places

One of the great gardens of the western world, Westbury House overlooks 100 acres of avenues, lakes, ponds, fields and woods. There are eight formal gardens in bloom throughout the season. Westbury House is exactly as it was during the family's occupancy — 1906-1958 — the furnishings and paintings are English 18th century. The spacious rooms are all kept filled with fresh flowers, re-creating the gracious, unhurried atmosphere of a vanished era.

Open Wednesdays thru Sundays and holidays thru Oct., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Gardens	House
Adults \$3.00	Adults \$2.00
Children 1.00	Children 1.00
Senior Citizens, House & Gardens, \$2.00	

A picnic area is available for visitors.

EXHIBITION—“Supper at the Hunt Ball—1912”

Sunday, 9/12 Fall Festival

Sale: Chrysanthemums, apples, cider, crafts

Sunday, 9/19 Antique Auto Show

(rain date, 9/26) Greater New York Regional Auto Club

10/9-31 Holiday Table Settings

Friday, 10/8 Reception 6-8 pm. \$35. per couple.

Old Westbury Rd., Old Westbury, N.Y.
516-333-0048

Traditional Sag Harbor

Delightful living in
a waterfront home
Tennis, swimming, adjoining
marina. Great value too.

from \$169,900

The Villas at Sag Harbor

By appointment

Phone: (516) 725-4455 or (212) 867-6280

Weekends/Weekdays Weekdays

Offering by prospectus only

MORE LITERATE T-SHIRTS!

Schopenhauer, T.S. Eliot, Sartre, F.S. Fitzgerald, Trollope, Machiavelli, Charlotte Bronte, Faulkner, Nietzsche, Kerouac, Agatha Christie, Samuel Johnson, Hemingway, Tolkien, Camus, Adam Smith, Wittgenstein, Hegel, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Thomas Hardy, Plato, Kafka, Bertrand Russell, Jung, Bach, Jane Austen, Dickens, Homer, Orwell, Steinbeck, Proust, Nabokov, Darwin, Whitman, Cheshire Cat, Dostoevsky, Dante, Chaucer, many others.

Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-shirt:
(white, lt blue, or red) \$10,
4/\$36. Sweatshirt: (grey)
\$17, 2/\$30. Shipping 75¢
per piece. Illus. brochure: 75¢.

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
Box 220 XP Cambridge, MA 02238



GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of
libraries and individuals
have been buying regularly;
you can too! Send a
dollar for 20,000 typical
titles and prices classified
in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y.
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

action covers only a couple of days, and nothing much happens—he encounters a lonely and willing widow, there is a big, end-of-season storm, he finds a young boy sleeping in his son's old tree house—but story is not Miss Mojtabai's purpose here. She writes to define, to depict, the loneliness, the enervating emptiness, of the bereaved, the survivor, and although the man she has chosen is perhaps excessively passive, she achieves a very considerable degree of success.

GENERAL

THE DIARY OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, Volume IV: 1931-1935, edited by Anne Olivier Bell, assisted by Andrew McNeillie (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$19.95). This volume opens as Mrs. Woolf is polishing off "The Waves;" by its end she has turned out "The Second Common Reader," "Flush," and "The Years" as well as a study of Walter Sickert and the "Letter to a Young Poet," and has begun work on "Three Guineas" and her biography of Roger Fry. The strain of such non-stop invention tells: the diarist's moods vary, depending on how well the day's work has gone and how often it has been interrupted, and by whom. Some interruptions arise from her work for the Hogarth Press. And besides the claims of her and her husband's families there are the claims of her continuing friendships, among them a stormy one with Dame Ethel Smyth and a cooling one with Vita Sackville-West. Mrs. Woolf also suffers losses—notably the death of Lytton Strachey. Her irritability (at her servants, for instance) seems more acute than ever, as does her vanity, when her growing fame makes her worry about how she looks to strangers. Yet her pleasures and warmth seem greater, too. Her sense of fun can be giddy, as in her transcriptions of G.B.S. and Yeats talking about themselves, and her affection gives us a sense of the personal quality of, say, T. S. Eliot, to whom at this time she is very close. The general impression of this engrossing book is of a woman near the limit of her capacity—not as a writer but as a social being in a too demanding society.

WHERE THE SKY BEGAN: LAND OF THE TALLGRASS PRAIRIE, by John Madson (Houghton Mifflin; \$13.95). The tallgrass, mostly big

Announcing autumn in Vermont, and a place where lovers can have it all to themselves.

Come to Hawk for a romantic week-end, a honeymoon or a second honeymoon, and experience autumn in Vermont as never before. You'll stay in a luxurious home of your own deep in the Green Mountains.

Your home will be part of a Hawk community that is run like a fine hotel.

You check in at Hawk Center where there's a 24-hour reception desk, a comfortable lobby and bar, and a gourmet restaurant called Annabelle's.

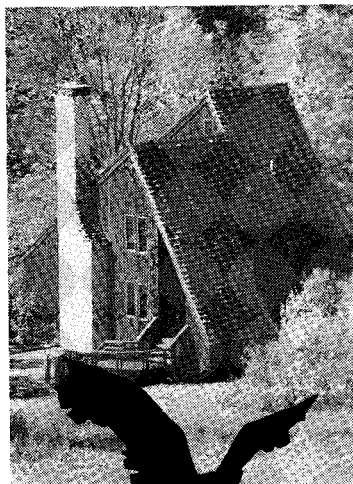
We supply every-

thing you need for love and comfort. Down to dishes on the table and great, plush towels and fancy soap in the bathrooms.

The price of a 3-night Lovers' Holiday is only \$44 to \$66 a night per person, including champagne and caviar when you arrive, a continental breakfast and one four-course dinner at Annabelle's. Rates effective to December 19, 1982.

**Call toll-free
800-451-4109.**
Ask for Dept. NY9.

From Vermont and Canada
call 802-746-8911.



HAWK

VERMONT'S MOUNTAIN RESORT

Route 100, Pittsfield, Vermont 05762

The Aschaffenburgs' home has seventy-five bedrooms and a great kitchen.



The Pontchartrain Hotel

2031 St. Charles Avenue
New Orleans, LA 70140
(504) 524-0581

Albert Aschaffenburg, President

Toll free number 1-800-323-7500
Member: Preferred Hotels Association

AUDIO-FORUM offers

the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes, featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Japanese, Arabic, Chinese, Greek, and many others.

Learn a foreign language on your own! Free catalog.

Call or write Audio-Forum, Suite 826
On The Green, Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

CHINA

EXPLORE THE HIDDEN CORNERS WITH SOCIETY EXPEDITIONS.



Only Society Expeditions offers in-depth cultural and archeological programs accompanied by expert lecturer/guides.

Stay in China's most luxurious accommodations in Beijing and Shanghai — State Guest Houses formerly used only for visiting dignitaries.

Follow the historic Burma Road into southwest China, and encounter people of remarkable ethnic diversity. Cruise the Yangtze River. See the terra cotta army at Xian and the 51,000 statues of Datong's stone cave temples. Visit Inner Mongolia's grasslands.

Venture beyond customary tourist routings to areas little-seen by Westerners. Very small groups. Very high standards.

The Burma Road Through China
Historic Grand Canal and Ancient Capitals
Ancient Cities and Yangtze River
Marco Polo's China • Ancient Silk Route
Mongolia • The Peking Express
Trans-Siberian Special, Ltd.

Society Expeditions

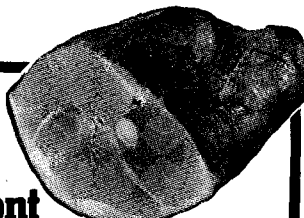
Dept. NY8209C 723 Broadway East, Seattle, WA 98102
Please forward your 24-page brochure.

Name _____

Street _____

City/State/Zip _____

Treat yourself to our famous



Vermont Corncob Smoked Ham
at special introductory savings

... and we'll treat YOU to our Smoked Bacon and our Aged Cheddar **FREE!**

We smoke our Hams and Bacon over slow fires of corn cob and maplewood, the way we've been doing it here in Vermont for over 100 years. The flavor is beyond compare — so much better than hickory smoked.

If you've never tried one, we'd like to send you a 6-lb. Cob-Smoked Ham (serves 6 to 8) at our one-to-a-customer Introductory Price of only \$21.95 plus \$3.00 postage and handling — a \$33.25 value; you save over \$8.00. Order now, and we'll ALSO include 12 oz. of our cob-smoked Bacon PLUS a half pound of our special Aged Cheddar — both FREE. Satisfaction guaranteed.

-----HARRINGTONS-----

5019-2 Main St., Richmond, Vermont 05477

Send 6 lb. COB-SMOKED HALF HAM at special Introductory Price of only \$21.95 plus \$3 postage and handling. Include my FREE GIFT of smoked Bacon and Aged Cheddar. 7765

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Charge my ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express ☐ Diner's Club acct. (include card no. and exp. date). Offer expires Nov. 30, 1982.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone Orders: (802) 434-3411

Perfect Fit—by Mail!
We guarantee it!



Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes

- Wide style selection, sizes AAA to EEE, 6 1/2 to 16.
- Unsurpassed comfort.
- Immediate delivery.
- Money-back guarantee.

FREE CATALOG

Executive Shoes, Dept 1522, Box 488
Brookton, MA 02403

Send FREE catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Hilo Steiner

CORDLESS Portrait Lamp

Accent your paintings. 9" adjustable head. Satin brass finish. Recharger and batteries included. \$75 prepaid U.P.S. Yes, major credit cards. Hilo Steiner, Rt. 35, Shrewsbury, NJ 07701, (201) 741-5862.

"LONDON ...

I usually stay at the **Dorchester** or, if I'm feeling frugal and want understatement and comfort, at **NUMBER SIXTEEN Hotel.**"*

16 Sumner Pl. London SW7 Tel. 01-5895232
*From Bill Fine "Travel & Leisure"

bluestem, stood ten or more feet tall, and the enormous prairie that was its natural home embraced the states of Illinois and Iowa, western Indiana; northern Missouri, southern and western Minnesota, and the eastern edges of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma. This heartland (and its related shortgrass plains, which reached almost to the Rockies) was rivalled only by the grasslands of eastern Europe and western Asia, the South American pampas, and the African veldt. Willa Cather, who grew up in tallgrass Nebraska, immortalized the look of the prairie in wind: "The whole country seems to be running." Mr. Madson, too, is a prairie man, a native of Iowa, and his book—part old-timer tales, part personal experience, part scientific research—examines the nature of the prairie, its soil chemistry, its flora and fauna, its weather, and man's struggle with it. He even attempts to explain its elusive origin: why and how the forest ended and the grasses took over. He is a true and instructive and entertaining grasslander. He feels not only that it is man's preferred habitat but that "our genesis was in grassland; perhaps our Garden of Eden was prairie." Illustrated with line drawings by Dycie Madson.

LETTERS FROM AMELIA: 1901-1937, by Jean L. Backus (Beacon; \$14.95). A biography based on a recently discovered cache of family letters amounting almost to a self-portrait of the American aviator Amelia Earhart (1897-1937). The public, which nicknamed Miss Earhart Lady Lindy, was keener than perhaps it realized, for, like Lindbergh (the two fliers knew each other), she was a shy person who disliked the flimflam and hullabaloo that were the price of fame, and was a romantic who concealed her yearning for transcendence behind preoccupations with mechanics and records. (Miss Backus appends a list of records set by Miss Earhart between 1922 and 1937; though they seem quaint in an era of space travel, the text makes it plain that each was a daring feat.) The author finds no substantiation for the legend that Miss Earhart was spying on the Japanese when her plane disappeared in the Pacific; the trip was exceedingly dangerous, and Miss Earhart's radio equipment was not adequate for the great unpopulated

SAVILE ROW'S
Most famous Tailor and Shirtmaker

HUNTSMAN

have pleasure to announce the visit of their representative Mr. B. Lishak.

Place your order for custom or Ready-to-Wear suits, jackets, shirts from the wide range of samples he will be showing at the following cities:

		SEPT.
NEW YORK	Carlyle	212.RH4.1600 13-17
WASHINGTON	Madison	202.944.1000 20-21*
CHICAGO	Whitehall	312.944.6300 22-23*
HOUSTON	Westin	Galleria 713.960.8100 24-25*

*Available until noon on day of departure

Hours at Hotel:

9:30 am-1:00 pm & 2:00 pm-5:30 pm

SPECIAL 20% DISCOUNT
AVAILABLE ON MADE-TO-MEASURE SHIRTS
THIS VISIT

H. HUNTSMAN & SONS
LIMITED

11, SAVILE ROW,
LONDON, W1X 2PS.

For the twelfth year we invite fourteen discerning travelers who are interested in ecology, wildlife and photography to join our leisurely yacht cruises to

Discover Galapagos®

JANUARY 21 to FEBRUARY 2, 1983
MAY 20 to JUNE 1, 1983
AUGUST 19 to 31, 1983

We provide a full week at these unique islands, with ample time for daily shore expeditions under expert guidance; and, before the cruise, we enjoy three days in Quito, Ecuador's lovely capital, with excursions in the Andes and then make the spectacular road journey to the coast.

Detailed brochures of the cruises and a copy of our newsletter which lists all our fascinating travel programs, available from:

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
705 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014
TELEPHONE (212) 691 7429

Flowers? Again?
Call Balloon Bouquets instead

balloon bouquets® **1-800-424-2323**
(In Washington, D.C. 202-785-1290)

"Now being delivered to boardrooms, offices and front doors all over the country."

VISA • MC
AM EXPRESS
BIRTHDAY • ANNIVERSARY • GET WELL • CONGRATULATIONS

HOUSE & GARDEN

Cooper-Hewitt Museum
The Smithsonian Institution's
National Museum of Design

Fall lectures on antiques, architecture and design, day tours and craft workshops
For information call (212) 860 6871 or write for a free brochure: 2 East 91 St, NY NY 10028

distances over which she was travelling.

THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME, by Robert MacNeil (Little, Brown; \$13.95). The author—one half of the team of journalists on Public Television's groundbreaking "MacNeil/Lehrer Report"—describes his active life in broadcasting, both here and in England, and tells some wonderful stories of adventures in the field: of being held incommunicado in a Havana hotel with a handful of other foreign journalists during the Cuban missile crisis; of covering the civil-rights violence in the South; of waking up in Berlin the morning they were putting up the Wall; of running into the Texas School Book Depository in the first panicky moments at Dealey Plaza and having a brief conversation with a young man, who he is pretty sure was Lee Harvey Oswald. Mr. MacNeil also tells us about being on the receiving end of the Nixon Administration's sneak attack on Public Television. In discussing his and his colleague Jim Lehrer's work in creating "The MacNeil/Lehrer Report" from scratch, he offers intelligent and constructive criticism of the way news is now presented by the commercial networks.

THE WIDER SEA: A LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN, by John Dixon Hunt (Viking; \$25). This biography of perhaps the most protean of the great Victorians is a model of selectivity, and of narrative gracefully commingled with interpretation. Ruskin's industry was prodigious: he left thirty-nine volumes of prose works, along with studies, notebooks, and sketchbooks, devoted to his principal interests—painting and architecture, geology, mineralogy, botany, political economy, philology, and ornithology. The author threads his way through Ruskin's long life (1819-1900), and goes far to explain why Ruskin's impact on his times was profound and why he is still a presence in Western consciousness. Among the illustrations are many examples of Ruskin's accomplished sketches, some of which show the influence of his artistic god, J. M. W. Turner.

RUSKIN AND THE ART OF THE BEHOLDER, by Elizabeth K. Helsinger (Harvard; \$25). Of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Charlotte Brontë said, "This book seems to give me eyes." Whatever Ruskin



SUBSCRIBER SERVICE



1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to *The New Yorker*, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name _____

Address _____

Apt. _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

☐ One year: \$28

☐ New subscriber

☐ Two years: \$46

☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada \$6.00 per year; other foreign \$12.00 per year.

☐ My check for \$ _____ is enclosed.

Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa

Account # _____

Signature _____

4362

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.

☐ One year: \$28 ☐ Two years: \$46

To _____

Address _____

Apt. _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Gift card to read "From _____"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

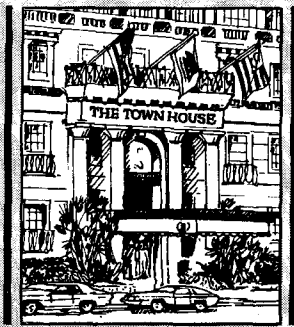
Please give us 4 weeks' notice. Attach your magazine label here; print your new address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

CLASSIC STYLE in Mid-Los Angeles



Gardens, greenery, tennis and swimming; service with exquisite care. A delight to the visitor since 1929.

From \$63 to \$250.

Toll-Free 800-325-3535

Wilshire Blvd. 1½ mi.
to Downtown

**Sheraton-
Town House**
SHERATON HOTELS & INNS, WORLDWIDE
2961 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90010 213/382-7171

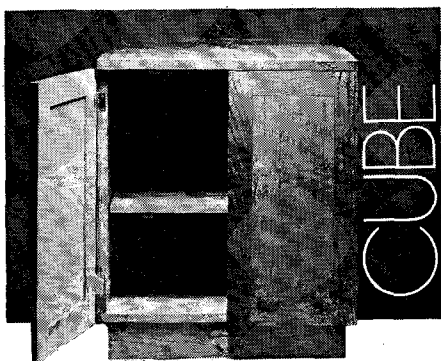


Antique Autumn

Take time out this Autumn to relax in a gracious atmosphere of Cobridge china and early-American antiques, as well as delightful dining and a congenial bar. And outside? Stockbridge antique shops, Norman Rockwell Museum, and brilliant fall foliage.

The Red Lion Inn

Since 1773. Stockbridge, NY9
Massachusetts 01262. (413) 298-5545



Solid cherry, 21" x 21" x 21".
Linseed oil and wax finish. One of many designs in our collection. Catalog: \$3.00

One Cobbs Bridge Road
New Gloucester, Maine 04260
(207) 926-4446

**THOS. MOSER
CABINET MAKERS**

SEPTEMBER 6, 1982

looked at—a waterfall, a street in Venice, a painting by Carpaccio, a sprig of edelweiss—he saw into its essence, and as he developed his astonishing verbal energy and his powers of graphic description he taught others to see. This study of Ruskin the critic starts with an examination of the reforms in perception that his first works effected, and branches into wider consideration of the evolution of a new critical and aesthetic tradition in Victorian England and the part Ruskin played in it. The book is learned and subtle—a brilliant piece of work. The illustrations include more of Ruskin's sketches.

NOTE: "Atlantic High," William F. Buckley, Jr.'s account of a thirty-day voyage under sail from the Virgin Islands to Marbella, Spain, has been published by Doubleday (\$22.50). Some of the text originally appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

STATE'S EVIDENCE, by Stephen Greenleaf (Dial; \$15.95). This is Mr. Greenleaf's third version of the classic Hammett-Chandler-Macdonald California private-eye novel, and it establishes him without much question as the leading contemporary improviser in that not uncrowded field. That is to say, he has embellished the form with his own style, his own imaginative perspective, his own distinctive grasp of character. The story he tells us here involves his usual lawyer-turned-detective, John Marshall Tanner, and explores the gritty origins of a seemingly routine hit-and-run accident in an ugly little city he calls El Gordo. It is a pure and total pleasure.

Few know the names of the men who brought sepsis to modern hospitals, and immunology, yet millions of us now living would not be alive now except for those men. Millions of diabetics are following healthy and productive lives because of insulin—but how many know the name of the man who saved them? Children are now in school who would have died except for the men who formulated vaccines for diphtheria and smallpox and poliomyelitis, but how many remember them?

Scores of these heroes suffered ignominy, exile, ridicule and dishonor to save us. Some were driven mad and to suicide. Yet, they persisted.—From the foreword to "Testimony of Two Men," by Taylor Caldwell.

We'll bet it slowed them down a little, though.

OVERWEIGHT?

Watch your shadow

disappear on beautiful Hilton Head Island. Join us on this famous resort island for a

comprehensive, 26-day weight control program designed to modify a lifetime of habits which contribute to overweight problems.

Controlled dieting, nutritional education and exercise are effectively taught under close professional supervision.

Guests reside in private villas near the ocean.

For further information, call or write today.



**The Sea Pines
Behavioral Institute**

Dept. NYR, Sea Pines Resort, Hilton Head Island, SC 29928

(803) 671-6181



the
OWL
\$92.

Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010

sculptured by
AYNSLEY

The English member of
the Waterford Crystal Family.

THE HALF MOON CLUB

HOTEL, COTTAGES, APARTMENTS AND GOLF VILLAS
Home of All American Sports Tennis Clinics in Jamaica.
Heinz E.W. Simonitsch - Managing Director
Rose Hall, Jamaica, W.I.

**GOLF · TENNIS · SQUASH · WATERSPORTS
SAUNA · MASSAGE · PRIVATE BEACH**

See Your Travel Agent or Call
RR 800-223-6510 • JRS 800-327-5767

tiecleaning

who else but
Skilled tie crafters refinish ties like brand new. Restore brightness. \$2.50 ea. Min. 4 ties.
MAIL ORDERS
Add \$2 for shipping
Free Folder: "Tips on Ties"

WIDE TIES
NARROWED
Like buying new ties for only \$5.00 ea. Name your width.

tiecrafters

116 E. 27 St., N.Y. 10016
(212) 867-7676 DEPT. V



BRITISH BY DESIGN
SOFT-TOUCH AUTUMN PLAID
FROM AUSTIN REED
WOMENSWEAR

Ahhh! The British genius for country living. Beautifully expressed by Austin Reed of Regent Street, for this fall's tailored woman. The jacket: a luxurious rust-and-blue autumn plaid, mist-soft to the touch. British inspired, yet tailored in the U.S.A.

AUSTIN REED
OF REGENT STREET®



Womenswear

101 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606. ©1982 Hart Services, Inc.

The video recorder you buy today may be obsolete tomorrow unless it has everything this Panasonic has.

This new Panasonic Omnivision® PV-1780 embodies everything imaginable in a home video tape recorder and more. Imagine playing stereo video tapes through your hi-fi. Imagine 8-hour recording on an NV-T160 cassette. Imagine special effects without the usual jitter or snow. Imagine

Stereo
8-hour recording
Wireless Remote
Omnisearch
Slow Motion
Freeze Frame
Programmable
105 Channels
LED Clock

being able to control all this from across the room by wireless remote. And while you're away, imagine programming up to 8 TV programs from different channels for 2 weeks. The only thing hard to imagine about this new Panasonic Omnivision VHS® video recorder is how it will ever be obsolete.



Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

WARNING: One Federal Court has held that recording copyrighted TV programs is infringement. Such programs should not be recorded.